The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

VOLUME XX. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1868. NUMBER 1039.

TERMS.

BY MAIL, $2 50 FOR 52 NUMBERS in advance
1 50 " 26 " "
88 " 13 " "
3 00 " 52 " after 3 mos.
3 50 " 52 " after 6 mos.

Delivered in New York or Brooklyn, by carrier, $3 cts. per year additional.

PAPERS are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made, as required by law.

No names *entered* on our books without the first payment in advance.

SUBSCRIBERS are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, with or without further reminder from this office.

THE RECEIPT of the paper is a sufficient receipt for the FIRST subscription. RECEIPTS for money remitted to RENEW subscriptions are attached to the wrapper of the paper; but when a postage-stamp is received, they will be sent by mail.

REMITTANCES must be made by Post-office Money Orders, Bank Checks or Drafts, or Registered Letters. Address

HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher,
Box 2787,
New York City.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the pay.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

The Independent.

CLOSE OF THE CANVASS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THE most arduous and intense political canvass that ever agitated this or any other country closes with the present week. Many meetings will be held on the following Monday, but rather for preparation than discussion, as the vote is to be polled and the Nation's verdict rendered on Tuesday, Nov. 3d—before another appeal through these columns can reach any of their readers.

There has never been any room for rational doubt as to the popular judgment in the premises. If no meeting had been held, no speech made, no argument addressed in any form to the understandings or the consciences of the People, Gen. Grant would have polled a large majority of the popular as of the electoral votes, and been duly chosen President—*provided* all legal voters had been allowed to vote as they wished, and the ballot-boxes had not been polluted by fraud.

But, unless the Republican masses had been aroused to extraordinary enthusiasm, energy, vigilance, the purposed frauds would have corrupted and falsified the Nation's judgment, as that of Pennsylvania was corrupted and falsified last year. In the absence of determined, systematic, all-pervading effort by the Republicans, the Reaction would have triumphed, and the Rebels and their allies have reconstructed Congress as well as the Southern States on the basis so vividly and tersely outlined by Gen. Frank Blair in his Broadhead letter.

Even as it is, the verdict of important States is likely to be thus corrupted. It is perfectly certain, for instance, that a large majority of the legal voters of Georgia desire Gen. Grant's election; but it is all but inevitable that thousands of them, being poor, humble, and dependent, will be constrained, by a combination of aristocracy and rufflanism, either to vote against their own rights and wishes or not to vote at all, and that the State will thus be made to choose electors for Seymour and Blair. Tremendous exertions are being made in every Southern State to secure a like result; but with unequal chances of success. It is quite probable, however, that the South will cast as many electoral votes for Seymour as for Grant, though there is no Southern State wherein the legal voters who desire Grant's election are not a large majority.

While the South is thus imperiled by undisguised coercion, the North is to be carried, if possible, by naked, wholesale Fraud—by the polling of tens of thousands of votes from those who are not legal voters or who shall have already voted in this election at least once. Thus, and thus only, has it at any time been possible to carry even fifty electoral votes in the Free States for Seymour and Blair.

The naturalizing of immigrants in defiance of law is an old device. Henry Clay was beaten in 1844 by votes thus fabricated. But the number willing to swear falsely, in order that they may be clothed with a franchise to which they are not entitled, has become glaringly inadequate. To elect Seymour this year, as to elect Sharswood in Pennsylvania last year, it is requisite that counterfeited naturalization papers shall be as plentiful as electioneering placards, and that every alien who will take one shall be supplied and urged to vote thereon.

The manufacture of these fraudulent certificates can be traced back no further than to Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, where they are not known to have been in use earlier than in 1864. By their use, the Democratic majority in that county has been swelled from 1,000 to nearly or quite 8,500. There are election-districts in Wilkesbarre, Scranton, and other boroughs of that county, wherein no Republican challenger or scrutinizer of the canvass is tolerated, and where the Democratic vote returned is practically limited only by the prudence or sense of shame of those who concoct the returns.

Ill weeds grow apace. The Democratic managers of other counties made haste to avail themselves of the efficient machinery which had already insured such gratifying results in Luzerne. They, too, discovered that Democratic clerks of courts could be induced to leave the seals of those courts where they could be taken and used *ad libitum* in the fabrication, by the aid of forged signatures, of sham Naturalization Certificates, which would serve to make Democratic voters of freshly-landed Irishmen or Dutchmen, as well as though certificates and voters were genuine. In a thorough investigation before the Senate, last Winter, it was proved beyond a shadow of doubt that a gang of Irish railroad hands were last Fall taken out of one Senate district into another where the choice of Senators was doubtful, each supplied with a freshly forged and duly attested and sealed certificate of Naturalization, which was stained with coffee in order that its freshness should not seem too glaring; and, thus equipped, every one was marched to the poll and "put through"—a Democratic Senator and a liberal contribution to Sharswood's fraudulent majority of 923 in the full vote of the State being the net result of the operation.

This year, such certificates have been fabricated by tens of thousands. By their means, the late Republican majority in Pennsylvania was reduced many thousands, and at least three Democratic Congressmen returned from Republican districts. By their means, we are swindled out of three or four Congressmen in Ohio and Indiana, while the majority for our State ticket in Indiana is reduced from thousands to hundreds. And not less than fifteen thousand of these villainous fabrications have been issued in this City, where some of the leading operators have just been detected and arrested. This, however, does not recall the certificates, which have been distributed to every quarter, and on the strength of which thousands of illegal votes will be offered, and many of them polled.

Friends of Grant and Colfax! I have hurriedly epitomized the leading facts in the case as a ground for my earnest entreaty that you each and all give your time henceforth, till the vote be polled and counted, to the work of detecting and preventing fraud. The election may even yet be lost through your neglect of duty. If the frauds now meditated and arranged for shall actually be perpetrated, they will give the vote of this State, of New Jersey, of Connecticut, and possibly of others, to Seymour and Blair. You can and must prevent this, by vigilantly searching out beforehand every case of intended fraud, and providing effectively against its consummation. Look to it at once, and let not the week close until you *know* that no doubtful vote can be polled in your district until he who offers it shall have been thoroughly questioned and his right scrutinized to the fullest extent permitted by law. Resolve now that you will grudge no time nor effort that may be needed to insure a pure vote at your own poll, and, so far as your power or influence extends, at others as well. And, on the eventful day of election, let no thought of business or of pleasure interfere with your thorough, untiring discharge of your whole duty to your country!

REUNITED.

BY EMILY S. OAKEY.

With one I love, within a pleasant wood,
Where Summer green the Summer gold subdued,
I walked all day, nor ever wearied we
Of pilgrim fare, nor each of other's company.

"How beautiful," I said, "this fine accord,
This mutual trust, this helpful hand and word!
As sing the birds above us, Heart, sing on,
Nor longer tread thy homeward way alone."

But while I rested one who was our Guide
Did gradually our linked steps divide;
While, for the clasping hand, did intervene
The sighing boughs, the wall of leafy green.

And, when I could not see the way for tears,
I heard the Guiding Voice: "Forbear thy fears;
A little season bear to walk alone;
Only the way divides, the end is union."

A rift of sunshine through the branches dim,
The dear, dear face, the echo of a hymn;
And its sweet calm within my soul expressed,
"Both way and end are blest, and shall be ever blest."

THE DECISIVE HOUR AT HAND.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

THE presidential election is now so near that, in the course of another week, the decision of the people will have been recorded for weal or for woe, and heralded with lightning rapidity throughout the civilized world. Whatever that decision may be, THE INDEPENDENT deserves high commendation for the able and faithful manner in which it has borne its testimonies in rebuke of the party of misrule, sedition, and tyranny (audaciously claiming to be democratic), and in support of the party of constitutional liberty and law. With its extended circulation—eagerly read as it is from week to week by hundreds of thousands of intelligent men and women—it will have contributed largely to a right conclusion and a cheering triumph. Possibly some may have thought that it has occupied too much space to the discussion of political matters for a journal claiming to be distinctively religious. If there are such, their mistake is in divorcing religion from politics; or in not clearly perceiving that, when a pending conflict involves all that is precious in freedom, all that is sacred in human rights and interests, as in the present case, it is eminently religious in its bearings, and quite as important to the church as it is to the state. How read such the Scriptures? "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." That, surely, was a deeply religious concern; and is as vital to-day as it was when uttered by the psalmist. "The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor; his mouth is full of cursing, and deceit, and fraud; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent; he plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth; he has drawn the sword and bent the bow to slay such as be of upright conversation." Is not this an exact description of the yet unsubdued rebellious spirit of the South? Was David less devotional when, in an overwhelming agony of mind, he exclaimed: "Lord, how long shall the wicked triumph? How long shall they utter and speak hard things? and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves? They break in pieces thy people, O Lord, and afflict thine heritage. They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless. Yet they say, The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it." Is not this the horrid spectacle now presented to us in every part of the South? And is not the approaching election to determine whether it shall be allowed any longer? Can the religious press be too earnest or too much occupied, for the time being, in crying out against the perpetration of such hellish deeds, and confronting to its ignominious overthrow whatever political party connives at their commission? What a fitting opportunity will be presented to every occupant of the pulpit on Sunday next to "cry aloud and spare not" in reference to those who gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous and condemn the innocent blood! What a powerful bearing this would have on the national election on the succeeding Wednesday! Who that professes to revere the divine law, to follow him who gave himself for the world, will shrink from bearing a faithful testimony?

I see it stated that Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, during his recent partisan visit to South Carolina by rebel invitation, uttered some sentiments that were creditable to his frankness, and that could not have greatly pleased those who listened to him. But his auditors appreciated the value of his adherence to the party around whose revolutionary flag they rallied too highly to take any serious umbrage at anything he advanced in their hearing. And, indeed, what signify any words from his lips, counseling moderation and fraternal feeling, so long as he stands in affiliation with all the rebel forces for the election of Seymour and Blair, and for the enforcement of the treasonable doctrines adopted on the last 4th of July by the National Democratic Convention? It appears that he saw no indications of disloyalty or malignity toward loyal whites and blacks, and would fain give the impression that all is peace and amity in that quarter! There are those who have eyes, but see not; ears, but hear not. He appears to be one of them. For, as to the actual condition of the South, there is no new light to be shed upon it, no intelligence to be communicated that has not already been conveyed through a thousand channels. It is a condition characterized by anarchical outbreaks, murderous assaults, fiendish machinations, with the hope of regaining the "Lost Cause." The rebel cry is borne to the North on every breeze:

> "What though the field be lost?
> All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
> And *study of revenge, immortal hate*,
> And courage never to submit or yield."

This is the inspiring sentiment of the defeated rebel crew, uttered openly and defiantly on all occasions; and no assurances to the contrary by Mr. Adams are worthy of credence. If he is really self-deceived, he can easily rectify his error by a more extended investigation. Let him read, for example, the following doggerel verses, extracted from "A Rebel Waif of the Past, by an Active Participator," as printed in the Richmond (Va.) *Southern Opinion:*

> "But, thank the Fates, there's one the less—
> Old Thad has gone to hell;
> As will Beast Butler by 'express,'
> With execration's yell;
> The same with Brownlow, Sumner, Wade,
> And all the infernal crew;
> Through life a devil's part each played,
> And all to hell must go!
>
> "Their routes laid down, their places taken,
> Old Stevens leads the way
> Of that damn'd clique, all Christ forsaken.
> Wasting—wasting—grain a day.
> The nation's odium and disgrace;
> Infectious, impious slaves,
> Eternal tortures blast that place
> Apportioned as their graves.
>
> "Eternal tortures rack their bones,
> Cramps goad their writhing joints,
> Mountains crush their hearts of stone,
> Their feet tread needles' points,
> Lightnings blast their demon vision,
> Jarring thunders rend their brain,
> Mocking fiends, in fell derision,
> Chant their acts in choral strain.
>
> "*This the rebel patriot's prayer*,
> The soldier of the past;
> That man who lives to do and dare,
> Defiant to the last."

Now, vulgar, brutal, seditious, infernal as such an outpouring is, it is the spirit which pervades every rebel sheet at the South, as Mr. Adams can ascertain by a very slight examination, and which baffles every attempt of Congress (because opposed by a factious President) to reconstruct that chaotic section of the country on the basis of impartial freedom and exact justice.

General Rosecrans (of whose recreancy far too little notice has been taken), you will remember, went to the Virginia Springs "to ascertain the sentiments of that body of brave, energetic, and self-sacrificing men who, after sustaining the Confederacy for four years, laid down their arms"—when forced to surrender! "Brave" violators of all their obligations and duties as American citizens! "Energetic" traitors, who perfidiously sought to destroy that Union and dishonor that flag which they had sworn to defend! "Self-sacrificing" secessionists, who stole everything belonging to the National Government that was within their reach! This is not only a monstrous perversion of language; it is the next door to treason itself. So Mr. Adams goes to South Carolina for light and guidance at this perilous crisis, deeming it of no consequence what the loyal people of the North think: their intelligence and patriotism, their love of justice and devotion to liberty, are as dust in the balance against rebel ideas, counsels, and asseverations! Nor is it of the least consequence what Gen. Grant, or Gen. Sherman, or Gen. Thomas, or Gen. Sheridan thinks; but it is of prime importance and altogether conclusive to know what such "brave, energetic, and self-sacrificing" spirits as Lee, Beauregard, Toombs, and A. H. Stevens think ought to be done in order to insure a true reconstruction of the South.

If there has been a state of lawlessness and bloody violence for the last three years in ten states of the Union, to what has it been owing? Certainly not to the patient, forbearing, and singularly exemplary behavior of the freedmen! Not to the small minority of loyal whites, who have been too conscious of their numerical inferiority to court any danger or difficulty! It has been exclusively the work of Wade Hampton, Robert Toombs, and their associates in mischief, under the sanction of Andrew Johnson. Is it for such to dictate terms to the American people? As rebels in arms, they forfeited all their constitutional rights. Nevertheless, they have been treated with a clemency which finds no parallel in the history of international or civil wars. Not one of them has been punished, tried, or even arraigned for treason. With scarcely an exception, they have been released by a general amnesty from all liability to loss or suffering. More than this—they are in full possession of all their constitutional rights, and have the political power in their own hands to control every election. But this does not suffice. "They desire relief from oppressive misrule." That means, they claim the right to drive out by violence all Southern and Northern white Unionists in their midst; and, especially, to wrest from the hands of the freedmen the elective franchise which has been secured to them by a loyal Congress. This villainous claim they presume to call "the right of self-government," whereas it is the acme of injustice and dastardly usurpation.

May the next number of THE INDEPENDENT convey to its multitudinous readers the glad intelligence that the verdict of the people has been authoritatively recorded at the polls in favor of that reconstructed form of government at the South which gives freedom and protection to all who dwell upon its soil; which knows nothing of rank, or fortune, or pretension, but recognizes and honors manhood alone; and which, being securely established, will bring peace and prosperity to the whole country, and greatly exalt us in the eyes of all mankind!

ADVERTISING THE GOSPEL.—The latest novelty is the formation of a society to do the tract work in a new form. It proposes to publish short evangelical tracts as advertisements in the newspapers of the land. Officers of the various tract societies and of the Young Men's Christian associations are interested in the movement. It is calculated that these tracts will cost but ten dollars a million.

HORACE GREELEY AS FARMER.

BY JOEL BENTON.

IF some modern Plutarch were to draw an American parallel to Cincinnatus, the Roman patrician who left the plow for the salvation of the state—ready on occasion to give his energies to either—could he find it better illustrated than in Horace Greeley? To be sure, the kind-hearted editor of the *Tribune* is not our chief magistrate, if he sometimes makes one for us, and is far as can be from being dictator; but he has been called to wield the pen that, more than any other, has molded the later politics of the Republic. More than one has said: "I had rather be editor of the *Tribune* than be President of the United States." Yet Mr. Greeley is a farmer by taste and choice, and would have always been one, perhaps, had not his broad, unquenchable love of race drawn him from the furrow.

He says, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life": "I *should* have been a farmer. All my riper tastes incline to that blessed calling whereby the human family and its lesser auxiliaries are fed. Its quiet, its segregation from strife, and brawls, and heated rivalries, attract and delight me. I hate to earn my bread in any calling which complicates my prosperity in some sort with others' adversity, my success with others' defeat. The farmer's floor may groan with the weight of his crops, yet no one else deems himself the poorer therefor. He may grow one hundred bushels of corn or forty of wheat to every arable acre, without arousing jealousy or inciting to detraction."

But the exacting duties of a daily paper, which, melting soul and body into labor, are more remorseless than any other human employment, leave only one work-day for home; and these Saturdays, on which it falls, when public affairs do not call him too far from the city, are sacredly given to the farm. Some day, when the sea of politics grows smoother and seems settled, the single day must serve the *Tribune;* and the primitive pursuit, mingled with "poetry and fishing," shall have the remaining five.

At least, this is the golden future for which our editor toils and hopes. Purely unemployed leisure would be little else than misery to one whose nature and habit flow to constant occupation. He would ameliorate labor for the race by all sensible and judicious schemes; but he sees too clearly the empiricism of the eight-hour folly to be caught by it. Having worked sixteen or eighteen hours so long himself, he would be glad, personally, to "strike" for ten or twelve.

Mr. Greeley's farm is at Chappaqua, a little village on the Harlem Railroad, about six miles east of Sing-Sing and thirty-five from the City Hall and *Tribune* office. He confesses its original poorness, and selected it for its woods, cool springs, and the bubbling cascade and brook. The woods are his favorite field; and here, shouldering the ax, on Friday night, before eating, an hour's labor clears his over-tasked brain for a social evening with his family and the chance guest. It is a charming walk to the woods from the present residence, curving and winding as it does around the hill, and amidst the tall, sky-piercing trees. Here and there a bountiful, cool spring gurgles from the hillside, and we find cups ready placed, as we pass along in the early morning, which invite the stroller to drink. Mr. G. is fonder of this water than a gourmand would be of *Chateau Lafitte;* and it is certainly a beverage that, for quality and sparkle, is worthy Gough's celebrated apostrophe.

But these woods are something of a marvel too, as well as a beauty. You do not often see their like. Mr. Greeley's mode of treating them is to cut out the witch-hazel, dogwood, and other interlopers, and the trees themselves he trims far up. On most of the trees he uses a ladder, and trims from the top down. The hemlock he manages to mount by its "bristling limbs," and some of these he has trimmed to the hight of fifty feet. This pruning increases the rapidity of timber-growth and the value and capacity of the tree. Profit and recreation are thus mingled; and the recreation is *profit* too, for it yields an income in health and vigor.

I thought myself tolerably familiar with our native trees; but the proprietor quite easily bewildered me on two—the pepper-ridge, known in the South as the gum tree, and the wild or yellow poplar. But a tree whose bark characteristics are not specially visible in a woodland shade is chiefly told by its foliage; and some of these lofty denizens of the forest, persuaded by art, carry their leaves quite beyond the determination of your eye.

I spoke of walking from the house to the woods; but the residence to which I referred, on the edge of the farm, skirting the village, where the private road enters, is only a temporary abode. The original house, containing the library, statuary, and paintings, is in the heart of these woods. The removal was a necessity, owing to the unhealthiness of the lately-grown shade; but when some trees, that treat it as Alexander did Diogenes, are sacrificed, the old house will be resumed.

On the porch of this cottage—which is a plain, unpretentious wood building, painted white—you are within car-shot of the "babbling brook," which winds and rumbles through a deep, wild ravine, making two or three foaming, tumbling cascades.

> "Down in yon watery nook,
> Where bearded mists divide,
> The gay old gods whom Chaos knew,
> The sires of Nature, hide."

Its voice, subdued by depth and distance, is like the murmur and rustle of multitudinous leaves. A long stairway takes you safely to the bottom of the gorge, where you may wander within sight of the falling water. At the foot uprises a little spring, cool as the hidden waters of Arethusa, which no sunlight ever touches, and at which we stop to drink. Some rogue has stolen the cup, and we double and fold a leaf till it holds a small quantity of water, and so taste its flavor.

These cascades, were they not included in the privacy of a home, are such as one would go miles to see; and the table-land above would serve better for a pic-nic than do the spots such gatherings usually obtain.

Mr. Greeley has made his farming—though he can give it but a seventh of the year—tell in valuable results. I do not refer now to the commercial balance-sheet, though his preserved health must go into that; but to the enterprises accomplished. He has cleared the hillsides of rock, dug extensive underdrains, run his plow lower than our farmers dare to go, and been persistent in all approved methods of fertilizing. These have all responded in enlarged crops; but he will plow deeper still, by-and-by. His farm contains about seventy acres; but he has recently purchased an eighty-acre lot additional, for the growing of timber, the most of which he devotes to locust, a small portion being given to larch. Mr. Greeley is firm in the belief that timber-growing should be encouraged, and that it will pay. He would cover all barren ledges and bony land with trees, and cultivate the kinder and more tractable soils.

One of his achievements is a barn. Its walls are built entirely of stones blasted or gathered from the hillsides; which, laid after the concrete fashion, with lime and sand, make a building solid as the rock itself. You can drive into the basement and two stories above, the roof is of tile, and the whole is a model of convenience.

At the foot of the hillside you see a twenty-acre field as level as a prairie; but when Mr. Greeley took possession of it it was covered with bogs and alders—a plague-spot and a pest.* It has now been so thoroughly drained that it will take rank with the best and most fertile lands. We walked along the brook that skirts it, to the boundary on the southern highway, and saw the outflow from the main which unites the subterranean tile-streams. It ran over a slight fall with decided force, bearing along a steady volume—cool, clear, and even trout-enticing—that must have been eight or ten inches in diameter. No back-water from the brook can permanently check its flow or clog its channel.

A unique feature in connection with the green-house and garden is worth referring to. On the northern and bleak exposure has been erected a wind-break of evergreens, that towers up to a lofty hight, sheltering and warming the fruit-trees and plants within its range. Not far from this spot, on the hillside, two dams were formerly built across the stream, and the ponds so formed were stocked with fish; but a sudden freshet on a time swept them away, and sent the restrained waters down the hill, gullying their route and flooding everything within their path.

I think Mr. Greeley did not design these entirely for fish, but built them partly for the beauty they would add. In the shimmering moonlight they must have shone like jewels; and to the day, no less, given beauty.

> "All things have something more than barren use.
> There is a scent upon the brier:
> A tremulous splendor in the Autumn dews;
> Cold morns are fringed with fire."

But this fine doctrine of the poet is hardly accepted as yet by the prosaic, business-driven world. We are so accustomed to make the words *money* and *value* synonyms that we are slow to conceive of the latter applied to something which will not produce the former. Mr. Greeley has added his clear-sightedness to the defense of a noble faith in buying, not merely acres, but scenery. While he is willing and anxious to reap corn and wheat, he has left an aftermath for the painter's easel and the poet's pen.

We left Chappaqua and its wreath of hills just as the rosy twilight,

> "Which gives to seas and sunset skies
> Their unspent beauty of surprise,"

touched with faint glory the hushed landscape. The foretokens of autumn fell with the August shadows, and the blue sky bent low with its whisperless benediction. We linger until the screech of the approaching train pierces with warning our ears. On it comes like a great Juggernaut; crushing over the tenderest fancies; waiting for no farewell-shout of Nature, and hardly for those of etiquette. We are in time to take the dustiest seat, and in a moment are whisked away. And now memory, linking itself with this final day of a summer vacation, still purples with pleasant suggestions its choice experience.

THE "LONDON TIMES" AND THE "RING."

BY "A MAN OF LETTERS."

WHEN Prince Napoleon was in New York, he remarked to an American acquaintance that the one thing which most surprised him was the slight amount of influence exercised here by the public press. This may appear a paradox at first to many readers who know how wide and general is the influence of the American press over political and even social affairs; and it will, perhaps, seem absurd to some unfriendly critics of American society, who think, as Charles Dickens does, or did, that "that press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a president to a postman." But Prince Napoleon did not speak of the general influence of the press, or the net practical result of its combined operations. He is a shrewd observer, with the eye and the tastes of an artist; and he was speaking in what I may call an artistic sense. What he meant was, that no man's writing, no single article, or series of articles, can produce in New York anything like the immediate and direct effect which it may produce, and, indeed, commonly does, in Paris or in London. In Paris, all the combined efforts of the Liberal press for half-a-dozen years will not affect the practical government of the country half so much as a few paragraphs in the New York *Tribune* may do here. In London, three-fourths of the people who read the daily papers care nothing at all about politics or progress, and are insensible as barber's blocks to any preaching or writing on such subjects. But in Paris the whole city thrills with some brilliant leading article; all society, all conversation, foams and bubbles over with it; the man who wrote it becomes famous; he is followed in the street, he is photographed in the shops, he is challenged to fight half-a-dozen duels because of it, he is persecuted or "decorated" by the Government, he hears the echo of his own words ringing after him wherever he goes. In London, too, though the effect be less startling, yet a leading article is often fame. A letter in a newspaper is talk for the metropolis and the provinces. A column of writing has frequently exiled a whole plantation of houses. And there, too, the man who writes hears, if his writing be good for anything, the echo of his words ringing after him. "Jacob Omnium," "S. G. O.," James Greenwood, and many other men, might be mentioned who have made quite a name and a power for themselves in England, without doing anything whatever beyond penning a letter every now and then to a newspaper. I fancy this is what Prince Napoleon meant when he spoke of the greater influence exercised by the press of London or Paris, as compared with that of New York.

The *Times* is, of course, even still the most influential paper in London. I say "even still," for its influence is relatively on the wane. Its circulation now is next to nothing, when compared with that of other daily papers. Probably it does not print more than one-third as many copies as the *Telegraph* or the *Standard*. The *Morning Star*, owing to its advanced opinions and its frequent defiance of the public caprice of the hour, has to put up with a restricted circulation; yet it must certainly exceed the *Times* in its issue. But the *Times* is still the British Philistine's gospel of life. What he thinks, or would think, if he could, it says. The majority of people only think a thing wise or right because it exactly represents what had been vaguely coming up in their own minds. I once heard a lady observe that she thought Shakespeare a very clever man, because he described the flower "lady's-smock" as silver white; and she had often noticed, before she read his line, how very white and silvery the flower was. Therefore, Shakespeare was to her a clever man. He confirmed her idea as to the color of a flower. So the British Philistine admires the *Times*. It confirms his notions about the color of everything.

The *Times* is emphatically a corrupt paper. Its atmosphere is tainted — I should rather say polluted. Its political work is corrupt; its financial articles and city editing are corrupt; its literary and theatrical reviews are corrupt. I do not mean that anybody ever hands a purse of gold to the editor, or places a bank-note under the critic's plate. Operations are not done now in this indelicate and bungling way. But the desired results are obtained. The editor of the *Times*, Mr. John Thaddeus Delane (the name was Delaney; but, as that seemed more Irish and less nice, it was refined into Delane), is a coarse, heavy, vulgar sort of man, rough and sometimes even brutal in manners, except to those whom it is necessary to conciliate and flatter—a man of considerable taste and some power of talk—a sort of combination of Wagg and Bludyer, as these gentlemen are described in *Pendennis*. Lord Palmerston used to cultivate Mr. Delane immensely, knowing the man's influence and how to command it—and, doubtless, having his own very distinct opinion as to the personal graces and virtues of the journalist all the while. Lately there was a commotion in the management of the *Times*. Mr. John Walter, the principal proprietor, came at last to see how perversely and disgracefully wrong the journal had been on American affairs. He came out to the United States to see for himself; and he went back to England convinced that Delane had, by blindness or by design, set the paper all astray. There was a quarrel; and for a time Mr. Delane's fate trembled in the balance, and his friends talked big of a rival *Times*, to the support of which a vast *client tèle* was to follow him. I suppose the quarrel was made up somehow, for Delane still edits the *Times;* but the *Times* no longer denounces America with the old ferocity and venom—Delane had to "draw his dogs." I have heard many anecdotes of Mr. Delane's suavity of manner to his subordinates. One I may relate. I was told it by a clergyman of the Church of England, who said he was present at the agreeable scene. A young *attaché* of the paper—a scholarly, gentlemanlike, polished young man—had written something or other—a descriptive article of a literary review, or some such affair. Delane glanced over it in "proof," and summoned the writer. The latter entered. Delane gazed at him for awhile in silence. Then he rang a bell: enter a servant. Mr. Delane said: "Go out and bring me a cab-driver." "A cab, sir?" wildly asked the servant. "No!" thundered the great editor; "a cab-driver—the first cab-driver you meet. *He* can write me a better article than this stuff before me!"

It is only justice, however, to Mr. Delane to say that no man can be more conciliatory and flattering to anybody powerful enough to make it worth while pleasing him. Why should the poor be flattered?

The two great men of the *Times*, after Mr. Delane, are Mr. Mowbray Morris, the manager, and Mr. Sampson, the city editor. All the outer world knows of Mr. Mowbray Morris: that he lives in magnificent style on a comparatively moderate salary; and that he was once mixed up in some "row," which came before the courts of justice, and in which Mr. Morris was accused (no doubt unjustly) of taking too deep an interest in somebody else's wife. Of Mr. Sampson's city editing I should not like to say all I have heard. Ask any city man in London, or any American who has anything to do with the English money market, and he will tell you something. Mr. Delane, Mr. Mowbray Morris, and Mr. Sampson are concerned in a good many companies, and speculations, and such things; and I have never heard more than one opinion of the principle on which the city editing of the *Times* is conducted. It is simply corruption reduced to a system. I say deliberately that to all men actively engaged in London Stock Exchange affairs this is perfectly notorious. You will ask, perhaps, how, if everybody knows it, this sort of thing can have any influence or be worth buying. I have only to answer that the people whose money goes to support shady speculations, and to float water-logged companies, are not stock-brokers and experienced speculators. *These* men do not believe in the commercial integrity of the *Times;* but they know what its influence still is on the vast mass of ignorant, and uninitiated, and careless, and foolish persons outside—and they make use of it accordingly.

Of late the corruption of the literary columns of the *Times* has come to rival in notoriety that of its financial articles. Once the reviews of books in the *Times* were scholarly, brilliant, powerful, and, whether right or wrong, independent. Of late, a pitiful change has come over all this. Literary men in London began to notice with growing amazement a series of reviews of books in the *Times* the like whereof they had never read in that or any other journal before. Day after day some new novel (the subjects of criticism were nearly all novels) was described, through two or three columns of brainless eulogy, as a masterpiece of fiction. Every week there came a new masterpiece of fiction. The literary world had never heard of the books or the authors before; and, after a short run through "Mudie's," the literary world never heard of them again. The books thus panegyrized were chiefly written by women, and their subject was generally adultery. I have forgotten their names now, and the names of their authoresses; but I know that two of the ladies thus in the favor of the *Times* had titles. I know, too, that a respectable publisher, beguiled by the praises of the *Times*, bought, unread, a novel from one of these ladies, and published it. It was no sooner published than, his attention having been called by the *Athenæum* to its real character, he felt himself bound to withdraw it from circulation. He could not lend it the sanction of his name. "Once," said a distinguished writer, himself on the staff of the paper, "it was an honor to a man to have his book praised in the *Times;* now it is a disgrace." At last people began to see that certain coteries (perhaps I ought to say petticoteries) and certain publishers could always depend upon the support of the *Times* for their friends. The thing created immense scandal, wonder, and laughter among writers, and publishers, and literary people generally in London. I heard lately that the editor of the *Times* had at last made up his mind that the thing must be stopped, and the old repute of the critical columns recovered. For, whatever the moral tone of other departments of the journal, the writing was always brilliant and vigorous. In this department the literary style was as contemptible as that of the very works it delighted to praise.

The literary critic of the *Times* is, unless some change has actually been made, Mr. E. S. Dallas, author of one or two volumes of criticism, and husband of the good and gifted woman who bears on the stage the name of Miss Glyn. She has lately had to return to the stage; and she has the sympathy and respect of all her friends.

The musical critic of the *Times* is Mr. Davison, husband of Arabella Goddard, the celebrated pianist. The dramatic critic is Mr. John Oxenford—a rubicund, jolly old man, the remains of a scholar and writer—a man who greatly admired the acting of the late Adah Isaacs Menken, and is said to be too good-natured ever to refuse to praise a friend. Mr. Tom Taylor sometimes does dramatic criticism, too; and, being himself a dramatist, he naturally has his friends and allies. Why not? What is friendship made for, if it is not the same through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame? Is it because a boon companion or literary colleague's play is stupid that a critic on the *Times* is to say so? Surely not. At least, not such is the spirit that animates the columns of the great London journal.

These are the principal men who work the *Times*. These are the captain and ship's officers. The writers of leading articles, the foreign correspondents, and so forth—although on them the real fame of the paper rests—are of comparatively little influence in the working of it. I doubt if Mr. W. H. Russell, for example, is anything of a power inside the *Times*. I don't suppose even Mr. Robert Lowe is. Yet Mr. Russell's letters and Mr. Lowe's leaders have done more than anything else, of late years, to sustain the public influence and keep up the old renown of the journal. New York readers will understand at once what I mean when I say I have described the *Times* "Ring." I must leave for some other day what I have to say about other London journals.

KEARSARGE.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

PERHAPS from no other eminence in all the country is so varied and beautiful a prospect obtained as from this mountain, Kearsarge, which in Merrimack County, New Hampshire, rises alone, three thousand feet above the sea. Forests of oak and maple, of beech, and birch, and pine, spring from the valleys at its base and climb its sides; but its brow is the bare granite on which the winds and storms of countless ages have wrought their will, without changing its features or disturbing its repose. Unlike Mount Washington, its summit is not a mass of fragmentary rocks; but a smooth, rounded ledge of dark gray stone—a solid cone, whose foundations seem to be in the very center of the globe.

Ascending by the new road, which avoids the difficult acclivities of the old path, you emerge from the woods, where partridges and wild pigeons hide, and gain the naked steep above. The air is pure and sweet, and, if the wind is still, there is not a sound to disturb the calm. You are above the song of birds and the hum of men. The frets and cares which disturbed you below vanish in that high, serene atmosphere, and leave you tranquil as the scene. And when you reach the topmost ridge of rock, lo! New Hampshire lies spread out before you, from Canada to the Atlantic and from Vermont to Maine.

From Mount Washington, grand as is the view, you see little but mountains. You are but the center of the hills, that in great waves roll away from you on either hand, with nothing human to soften their savage sublimity, unless it be a momentary glimpse of Crawford's, or the Glen House, from some point of the ascent. All their features are vast and forbidding. They are giants lost in their own unfathomable thoughts—now shrouded in gloom, and now glittering from afar with a splendor which led the Indian and the early explorer to believe them the abode of the Great Spirit and the treasure-house of uncounted gems. But this Kearsarge—lofty enough for inspiration, but not enough for awe—wooes you to companionship. Though it has its precipices and its great tracts of forest, yet farm-houses, set in the midst of cultivated fields, are on its lower slopes; and there is no crag that you may not climb, nor woody dell whose secret you may not fathom. Looking north, through an atmosphere in these October days as transparent as that of Syria, seventy miles away the White Hills rise bold against the sky: to the left Franconian Mt. Lafayette, with the "Haystack" beside it, regular in outline as the Jungfrau from Neufchâtel; and to the right the majestic pyramid of Mt. Washington, and twin-peaked Kearsarge of Conway, and beautiful Chocorua, and all the illustrious hights that make up our American Switzerland. Gazing upon them, you seem to hear the dash of the Flume, the roar of the Saco and Amonoosuc over their stony beds, and the sad, soft sough of the wind among the pines. To the west the Green Mountains fill the horizon, Mt. Mansfield and Camel's Hump conspicuous above the rest; and beyond, like slumbering clouds, or phantom tents pitched in air, lie the high peaks of the Adirondacks. Though unseen, you know that between them and you the Connecticut glides through its green meadows, and Lake Champlain shines in the morning sun. Southwest rises Monadnock, the peer of Kearsarge in hight and loneliness; southeast the undulating country slopes away to the coast, and, like a line of molten silver, you behold the sea! Perhaps, even while you gaze, weary voyagers on homeward ships turn longing eyes to Kearsarge, the first land that greets them as they approach the shore. In the nearer distance Ascutney Mountain, in Vermont, with Moosehillock, and Cardigan, and a hundred lesser elevations, in New Hampshire, diversify the scene. Twelve miles below, at Franklin, the Pemigewassett and the Winipiseogee unite to form the Merrimack. You can trace its windings between its elm-shadowed banks to Concord, whose spires and domes gleam across the intervals, a score of miles away. Watching its peaceful upper flow, it is grievous to think of all the tumult and buffeting that await it at Manchester, and Lowell, and Lawrence, before it finds the ocean. It may be fancy; but it always seems to me that in the last few miles of its course, when dams and wheels are left behind, it runs languidly and as if exhausted. There is "a dying fall" in the murmer of its waves, and they steal feebly into little bays and coves, as if they would fain rest and ripple there forever. All about you, within a circuit of twenty miles, are villages, and lakes, and streams, and a thousand separate homes dotting the landscape; while now and then a long line of wavering smoke shows where some railway train finds a path among the hills. At this season the gorgeous colors of the woods lend enchantment to the scene. Turn which way you will, you behold new tints with each play of sun and shade and each breath of wind that stirs the boughs.

To all these natural charms Kears

The Independent.

AUTUMN SONG.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

O, LOVE, can you guess what my heart is saying,
As we stroll by the glitter of Autumn seas,
With winds on the crag-skirted headland swaying
The pomp of its frosted trees?

I challenge this gaudy woodland color,
This rainbow mirth of the matron year,
To find me a tint that will glow not duller
Than beauties I gaze on here;

A richer light in the maple's blushes,
A shade in the hickory's gold more fair
Than the rose of my darling's cheek when it flushes,
Or the gleam of her sunlit hair:

And I challenge the stately, unclouded skies, love,
To match from their sapphire curve aloft,
One tinge with the exquisite blue of your eyes, love,
Star-lustrous, and pure, and soft!

Dear eyes, that I fancy divinely given
To turn my thoughts with their meaning fond,
From the glimpses they show of an earthly heaven,
To the Heaven God keeps beyond!

A LETTER FROM THE BORDER.

HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VIRGINIA, OCTOBER, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE moment the cars struck westward from the Relay House we entered the land of desolation. Hitherto the Patapsco had made all the charm of the journey from Baltimore to Northern Virginia. This evening its sunny face reflected only tragedy and horror. It is one of the most picturesque of rivers. As the cars bound and leap above and around its rocky banks, it is impossible to imagine a succession of pictures more varied or exquisitely beautiful. It is narrow and rapid, and in these early autumn days crystal clear. Now it sinks low in the meadows; now it shouts musically loud as it struggles down through the locking mountain gorges; now it gurgles like a happy child, as it runs in and out through the sheltering woods, whose sumachs and alders kiss its face. But oh! it is such a wicked little river! Looking on it now, smiling so innocently, it is hard to believe that less than two months ago it was a pitiless and murderous foe. It looks like a peaceful trout-stream; yet every year, gathering into its narrow bed the mighty forces of the mountain torrents, it tears down everything before it in wrath and destruction. Thus in August it almost entirely destroyed the beautiful villages of Elysville and Ellicott's Mills. In the dreary ride through Western Maryland the latter village had always been rest to my eyes. I never forgot to look out for its wild, beautiful face. Its pleasant homes peering from among the hills, its thrifty factories lining the river-banks, with their ivyed walls and grassy lawns, recalled New England to the eyes of an exile. With absolute consternation, the other evening, I looked in vain for this prosperous village. Its extensive factories no longer exist. Immense heaps of fallen stones lie where they stood. Its once busy streets are empty and silent. Its houses, a little while ago so populous, now stand in disjointed fragments, or lie in piles of ruins. Here and there a solitary chimney, or a beautiful house, with roof and windows and doors torn out by the flood, tell something of the terrors of that awful night. The debris from the river's bed is lodged in the branches of the tallest trees, remotest from its banks; hundreds more lie prone, torn up by the roots. Words cannot portray this scene of utter ruin. Nor can imagination conceive of the horror and anguish endured by human beings on that fatal night when the floods came and tore down their homes above their heads! Think of that husband and father watching his wife and five children escape from roof to roof, only to see them perish in the mad waters at last, and he powerless to save! And this no terror-picture from a novel; but the reality of the other day. O wicked river, my heart cried, you have made a like path to the land of desolation, Virginia! And yet it is so touched with the October glory, this morning, it scarcely looks desolate—this Valley of Virginia—as I look out upon it through my open window. Just below, the green waters of the Shenandoah meet the turbid flood of the Potomac; and through their mountain-walls their married voices come back in grand accordance, as, merged into one, they roll out of sight, toward the sea. Maryland Heights show grandly in this pure October light. We still see on its brave old head the scars of many battles. Yonder are the deep gorges into which the great guns were thrown and spiked on that day when the brave McGrau, who manned them, threw up his arms in anguish and cried: "Boys, we have no country!" He saw his iron darlings drop into their ignominious bed, and cursed the imbecile commander who had doomed them to such a fate. Higher up on the mountain we still see the crumbling earthworks of the dismantled forts, through which so many dogs of war have thrust their portentous noses and sent their terrific voices, till all the valley and mountains shook with their thunder. On the summit of this mountain (it seems to pierce the sky) we see still the staff of the true flag. Is it the very same that we watched with suspended breath that day when the battle-line throbbed before and behind it? We watched it till, before the eyes of cursing men and of wailing women, it dropped—dropped, and the yell of Jackson's army told us that traitors had triumphed, that the Heights were surrendered, that over twelve thousand of the "boys in blue" were prisoners. Then the "Red White and Red" arose on this very flagstaff, daring to stain the spotless azure with its lie. To have seen that sight, to have felt the anguish of that disgrace, was enough to fill the heart with gratitude forever at the sight of this morning. "John Brown's soul is marching on." It was from this mountain-top that it commenced its mighty march. Here, on this summit, eleven autumns ago, the heroic old man built his little hut, gathered his stores, and meditated the deliverance of a race. Rebecca Harding Davis says that "Harper's Ferry is one of the vats of the world, in which its storms are brewed." Certain it is that here were felt and heard the first low mutterings of that storm which at last shook the land from end to end. I wonder if John Brown heard it! Now that it is over and past, and I see these dreadful scars that it has left behind, I look up to the old mountain and marvel what life *was* to the old prophet in those days. Did he hear in the silence of his heart the far-off oncoming tramp of mighty armies?—in the still autumnal airs the bugles of victory?—by his solitary fire, above the howling wind of the mountains, the triumphant choruses of a redeemed people, shouting:

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

Or, all alone, with his faith in God, did he come down from the mountain-top to strike the first blow—no matter how unwisely, how madly—still the first blow for universal freedom, which sent such a prescient thrill through the nation's heart, and carried one grand old madman up to God? Six years afterward, I stood on this mountain-top. I looked down through the golden silence of an October Sabbath, and saw the arsenals which John Brown seized masses of shapeless ruin, the town which gloated over his fall torn and riddled by war; while on either side, in the Valley of Maryland and the Valley of Virginia, further than the eye could reach, stretched away vast cities of tents, while bodies of horse and regiments of infantry, moving to and fro in all the panoply of battle, told that not only John Brown's soul, but John Brown's work, was marching on. It is six years later, yet it is not done.

Going up Camp Hill yesterday (the hill which Sir Morton Peto said was steep enough to break his heart), I thought of the marvelous tales it could tell, if it only would. What a varied and illustrious host within ten little years have toiled up your dusty length, old hill! It was over this stony street that John Brown passed on his way to Charlestown Jail, and to the gallows. Down it dashed the knights and cavaliers of Virginia, who tore out the splendid machinery of the arsenals, and sent it to Richmond, to make the guns of the Confederacy. Before the gold lace on their sleeves was tarnished they were sent flying back over this hill into the Valley by the army of the Union. What a panorama of pictures moving over this hill my own eyes recall within the last six years! McClellan! He came, with the aura of his first success hovering about him, in golden sash, and glittering epaulettes, and splendidly mounted staff, pricking their spurs up the vexing road. Lincoln, in an old ambulance, the sad, far-gazing eyes looking out in the soldiers' faces, on the soldiers' graves. Lincoln again, in the early light of an autumn morning. The President, in rusty black clothes, on a jogging old horse. On one side of him, riding a prancing steed, Thomas Francis Meagher, in full uniform, the stars of foreign decorations glittering on his breast; on the other, General Sedgwick, with his purely cut, beautiful face. A picture of defeat—the great defeat of the Valley. An August day, the very air flamed, the road throbbing in white heat. Couriers flying with dispatches; women running from house to house, with scared faces and lowered voices; contrabands toiling on with their "traps"; pickets driven in; the gleam of bayonets, the rattle of caissons every moment drawing nearer; the horror of full retreat. Columns of cavalry, horses and men gaunt and jaded, gray with the grime of the road. Masses of artillery, flying on in inextricable confusion. Infantry, regiment after regiment, footsore, haggard, half dead, with the look on the worn faces never seen on a soldier's face save when his back is turned toward the enemy. Pictures of battle. Soldiers lying on their arms behind their crouching earthworks on the top of the hill. Sentinels pacing under the window; regiments marching over the stony streets, in the peerless September midnights. A perfect Sabbath; its peace torn by bellowing, bursting shells, tearing up the earth, terrifying the people in their hiding-places. Col. Miles riding past my window, through the powder-poisoned air, through the heavy cloud of cannonading, with all his staff in proud array, going to the battle-line to surrender! A few hours later, Col. Miles, a bloody mass, carried past by four soldiers; Stonewall Jackson watering his horse and drinking at the old pump across the street. Pictures of disgrace. The Army of Virginia marching in to take its booty and its prisoners. "The Black Horse Cavalry," the flower of the chivalry, mounted and defiant; the army on foot, woe-begone and half naked; the army of planters behind, coming in for their slaves; more than a thousand contrabands—men, women, and children—driven back into bondage at the end of the whip; twelve thousand Union soldiers marching by, without arms, the prisoners of rebels; one thousand Union cavalry (God bless them!) riding swiftly through the darkness of the night to cut their way through Jackson's lines—and they did it! The rebel army slinking away; the Army of the Potomac marching back, with battle-torn and glorious banners; its departure in the November rains; thirteen hundred of its sick and wounded left on the ground in tents on the soaking fields; the soldier dying by the roadside; the dead soldier, wrapped in his blue coat, lying on his stretcher, carried by his comrades to his grave on the stony hill. These "pictures of memory" to-day are but a part of the living realities which mine eyes have seen on this little stretch of steep hill-road, lying in perfect peace this morning, silent and solitary in the October sunlight. Below the hill, beneath these windows, Montgomery Blair came the other day and told what *he* had done! He portrayed the dreadful things that would happen if Grant was made president. The most dreadful of all was to be negro equality and negro amalgamation. There is an exquisite irony in coming to Virginia to threaten "amalgamation." Even this forlorn town helps to give it point. There is scarcely a hut in "Hog Alley," or a garret in "High Street," where we cannot find the straw-colored scions of chivalric Virginians, unclaimed and uncared for save by their negro mothers. While Montgomery Blair descanted on the *coming* horrors of "negro equality," the mob of Virginians around him indulged in a series of private fights, ventilating their opinions in their own way, till the gentlemanly speaker, despairing altogether of being listened to, seized his hat, and declared that he "would not try to speak to such a people." The conclusion was that Democrats and Ku-Kluxes lifted up their voices together and howled for "Old Virginia *as it was!*" At the street-corners, any hour in the day, they may be seen—these Virginians—in groups, gesticulating, denouncing the Radicals, picturing the horrors of the coming time when niggers are to be counted their equals, each man ending with the declaration: "All I want is Old Virginny as it was!" You poor souls, Old Virginia as it was is dead and buried. The land of desolation, it waits for new life to be breathed into its nostrils. In vain you cling to the past, to your traditions, to the ghosts of your imagined glory; all are dead. It is written in these crumbling ruins, in these empty shops, in these moss-grown houses, in this apathetic and demoralized people, that the old life is dead—that Time awaits the new. You cannot defy destiny, the progress of races, the development of the earth. The work begun in the old mountain yonder you call ruin; it is life. A new race will people this state, and draw from its rich heart the wonderful wealth which never could be wrung from it by the hands of slaves. Then men of intelligence and of enterprise will sow their moneys within the gates of this rich valley, and plant their industries beside these prodigal floods. Then these unoccupied waters will cease to trouble the air with the murmur of their discontent; these mountains, shaken so often by the thunder of battle, will thrill with the pleasant stir of peaceful machinery and the hum of happy thrift. The free school will take root in this degraded soil, and begin the development of two races. The church-bell will break the desolate silence of its Sabbath. Intelligence, health, and happiness will take the place of ignorance, vice, and desolation. *Then* Virginia, weeping mother of the degenerate brave, mighty mother of the great, will once more bear children worthy of her fame, and stand in the splendor of a new epoch, regenerated and redeemed.

M. C. A.

A REPLY.

Do not ask me why I'm crying, love,
For indeed I cannot tell
All the tender, saddening feelings
That within my spirit dwell.

Thoughts of scenes long past and endeu, love,
Thoughts of loved ones laid to rest,
Withered hopes and grievous partings,
Flutter in my sobbing breast.

Most of all I think I'm grieving, love,
Over memories that sleep
Down within my heart of hearts, love,
Never waking but to weep,

Do not watch me quite so closely, love,
Yet I cannot bid you go;
For it breaks my heart to miss you,
Though 'tis hard to pain you so.

When you took me to your bosom, love,
Don't you know I bade you wait?
Lest perchance you might regret it,
When regrets were all too late.

But you would not heed my warning, love,
So you must not blame me now
If sometimes a shade of sadness
Drives the sunshine from my brow.

There are voices whispering strangely, love,
In my soul by night and day;
And I scarce can tell myself, love,
What it is these voices say.

Only He who keeps it pulsing, love,
Knows this heart, so strange and wild;
Only He can still and comfort
His poor, weak, and erring child.

So, don't ask me why I'm crying, love;
Lay my head upon your breast,
Let me feel your sweet heart's beating,
And I soon shall be at rest.

J. A. S.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

A COUPLE OF QUEER LITTLE CUSTOMERS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

DURING my summer in Washington, two new insects, very curious and quaint little creatures, have fallen under my observation. The first is the *Mantis*, or Rear-horse, a species of grasshopper which, as its name would imply, has a resemblance to a horse *rampant*. It has six legs, if the foremost pair, which are serrated and look like the claws of a lobster, can be called legs. With these it catches insects, and, closing the joints, holds them impaled on the sharp little spines, while it leisurely devours them. It has a long, slender neck and a small head, the action of which is amusingly like that of a horse, especially when the creature is eating, which it generally is. About the mouth are set small feelers, or tasters, which are constantly in motion; and from between the eyes rise two long, flexible, hair-like horns, which are pricked up or depressed like the ears of a horse. The eyes are ludicrously prominent and wide-awake. If you scratch a Rear-horse on the flank, or pat his neck, he will turn his head and regard you with a startling amount of "speculation in those orbs." Like many other odd things, Rear-horses are said to be peculiar to this region—are seldom seen north of it, at least. Our late Chinese visitors regarded them with a pensive interest, saying that they had the like of them at home—only, of course, of a larger and handsomer variety. It may be the great sire and dam of our breed was imported from Hong Kong, in a tea-chest. Some gigantic poor relations of the Rear-horse, called, from their extreme attenuation, "Walking-sticks," or "Spectres," and, from their destructiveness, "War-horses," appear upon the farms of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. These seem to be vegetarians, as they do much mischief by destroying the buds and leaves of trees. A wood has been haunted by these same Specters to the extent of absolute defoliation, till the Dryades cried, "Take any shape but that!"

Rear-horses, on the contrary, are not only harmless, but useful in keeping down the population of noxious insects; but they, in turn, might give us too much of a good thing, had not Nature devised a check in form of a little ichneumon fly, which often stealthily deposits its eggs in those of the *Mantis*, which are thus destroyed. The interloper fly finds the eggs attached in little brown masses to the branches of trees, and looking like knots or excrescences. Those that escape the sly little enemy are hatched in June. The young Rear-horses are at first very frail and dainty-looking creatures, almost transparent; but even then they are astonishingly voracious. Indeed, a naturalist here asserts that he has known an infant Rear-horse or colt of the tender age of three days to capture and devour an *Apis*, without as much as saying, "Bee, mine"!

In youth Rear-horses mostly appear fittingly appareled in green, and later on in life don suits of brown and gray; yet I have seen old fellows still "wearing of the green," like Fenians, and very small ones in sober gray, like young Quakers.

After a season of leanness, the *Mantis* puts on a portly, well-to-do look, as though he had secured a "fat contract" from Congress. At first, too, he stalks around like a poor lobbyist on foot, "seeking whom he may devour"; but, in his better days, he takes not a carriage, but wings, with which he dashes about in the upper circles, from tree to tree, making havoc among all smaller insects. In this poetic stage of his career the Rear-horse may remind one of a fairy Pegasus. But the greediness of the creature grows with its growth; and is, I am sorry to say, more fierce and insatiate in the female than the male. Larger and stronger than her mate, indeed, the Rear-mare may be said to be "the better horse." She is, as was said of Wolsey, "of an unbounded stomach." Not even love appears to diminish her appetite. She turns from her wooer to make a meal of a stray miller; and woe to the bee that falls into her clutches, even in the honey-moon.

A very shocking proof of this weakness I am compelled as a faithful historian to adduce: She sometimes, in seasons of scarcity and "short commons," *devours her own husband!*

I have heard of an unfortunate Benedict, who once gave expression to pensive reminiscences and regrets in this wise: "When I was first married I loved my wife so dearly I could have eaten her; and many times since I've been sorry I didn't do it."

If not quite amiable behavior, is it not wise in Mrs. *Mantis* to provide against the possibility of any such vain regrets in her domestic life by making way with her young lord while they are on tolerably good terms and he is not likely to disagree with her. It may be she pounces upon him as he dozes in the sun after dinner, having feasted on flies of her catching, leaving her only a few wings and drumsticks, and speedily makes an end of him for the good of the family; for thus will not his substance go to nourish the eggs through which his race is to be perpetuated?

When first caught, the *Mantis* is exceedingly wild and restive, rearing back and striking out in all directions; but it can be subdued and tamed by a judicious course of feeding and petting, without resort to Rarey's strap.

A lady once captured an intelligent female, and kept it for a long time in her room. She taught it to come to her when called, and take flies and bits of raw meat from her fingers. But, though it became quite gentle and quiet, I am sorry to say, there was no decrease in its voracity. So it would seem

"We can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites."

In the autumn the Rear-horse gets so clumsy and heavy, so immoderately corpulent, that his airy wings will no longer support him. He falls to the ground, and is obliged to walk or hop for the remainder of his days, or be trodden under foot of men. The contractor has overreached himself. What sort of an end he makes at last I have never ascertained—whether he dies of a small variety of equine apoplexy, or goes off in a galloping consumptica. But there comes a time, doubtless, when Washington life grows as wearisome to him as to a poor loyal man with a claim against Government; when he feels the frosts and infirmities of age; when the grasshopper in him is a burden; when the horse of him rears and prances no more; when his race is run, and he vanishes from the earth.

My second queer customer is a sort of caterpillar, found hereabouts on the leaves of fruit-trees. This small new acquaintance, whose name I have not yet ascertained, bears about as much resemblance to a fat poodle-dog as the *Mantis* does to a rearing horse; only, by an odd mistake or whim of Nature, he wears on his back the very saddle the *Mantis* should have worn. His figure is short and round, with stout little legs. His color is brown, with the exception of a spot of vivid green, edged with gold, exactly in the shape of a saddle. He comes very near being a Cerberus; for he seems to have two heads—one at each end. With the moderately magnifying glass I use, I have not been able to decide which is the real *caput*. Both extremities are protected by ugly, bristle-like stings, which make this dog-caterpillar a pet not to be handled without gloves. He crouches on the leaf of the tree he affects, and clings with such tenacity that it is almost impossible to dislodge him. He believes in "Squatter Sovereignty." At a little distance, he looks like a large, discolored excrescence of the leaf—indeed, you can hardly tell where that *leaves off* and he begins.

While I was making a study of the Rear-horse, keeping my specimen when not exercising him in a small box, well ventilated and victualed—the children called it "the stable"—a friend brought me several of these canine caterpillars, attached to a large leaf of the pear-tree. There was a rough old dog, a female of more delicate make and coloring, with a couple of youngsters at her side. All these were simulating death, "playing possum," in the most perfect and obstinate manner; betraying not the faintest sign of life, even when menaced by pencil-points and hair-pins. Even the young ones showed themselves little monsters of deception—never stirring a hair's breath, allowing not even a bristle to quiver. At last, I concluded that the entire family group was indeed as dead as it looked—as dead as a renegade Republican; but, in order to be quite certain of the mournful fact, I placed the leaf to which they adhered with a death-grip under a tumbler, and left them for the night. In the morning I discovered that they had all revived, and were circling round the sides of the glass on a tour of exploration. I shook them off on to the leaf, where they immediately died again. I waited for a second revival; and, when that took place, I trotted out my Rear-horse, and confronted him with the parent caterpillar, which instantly proceeded to die once more, while the *Mantis*, evidently snuffing danger from those bristling stings, reared frantically and fell over on his haunches. Had each recognized an enemy? O the wis lom of these wonderful little creatures! Who shall say if reason or instinct be more divine?

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

LET us mothers, anxious to serve our Father faithfully, and full of hope for the children he has given, consider in a practical way how we may best perform this service and fulfill these hopes.

The highest wish of every Christian parent should be to see her children safe in the fold, the lambs of the Good Shepherd. But do we think of this early enough? Look at that perfect picture, painted by inspiration, in the first part of 1st Samuel, which we cannot too often study. Behold the "woman of a sorrowful spirit," even *before* "the Lord remembered her" vowing: "Then will I give him unto the Lord all the days of his life." Ah! we must consecrate our children from their *earliest being*. And this must be no mere form, remembered only when we look upon the little christening-robe. It must be an ever-abiding, inspiring motive every day and hour of the child's life; aye, and in its death even we shall be able to give to the Lord his own willingly, though tearfully, if we have truly realized that the treasure was his as well as ours.

This feeling will help us to look and work in faith for early conversion. In nothing more than this is that saying fulfilled: "As thy faith be it unto thee." Our children will be, in a great measure, what we expect them to be. One effect of prayer is not only to move the Divine Arm, but to strengthen the human heart. So the prayer of a mother *with* her child has a threefold might. The Saviour fails not to perform his part in the covenant; the mother feels her "strength made perfect in weakness," while lasting impressions are made upon a child, though in very tender years. If the twilight falls softly on a mother's bowed head, and the late twitter of birds outside the humble chamber is forgotten in the tones of a loved voice calling earnestly upon Jesus, will not that word become more than an empty name? Will not the young soul feel his sacred presence and be drawn toward him in love? One soul at least can here testify that the sure expectation of faithful parents that their child would early be a Christian had much to do with conversion. Remembrance of that consecration moved with a silent but irresistible force in the same direction with conviction of sin and thoughts of Christ's wonderful forgiveness. Blessed fatalism when a soul feels powerless against the influences of the Spirit and the faith of parents, and dares no longer resist what it feels must prevail.

That the child may be led to yield to the Divine will easily, let cheerful obedience soon become a habit. Said one young mother to another: "Why does your child obey so much better than mine? I don't know how or when to begin with a mere baby."

"Because I began when mine was so small a baby that I don't know how *or* when it was," replied the other.

How much wiser the mother, how much happier the little one, when this is the rule of the house, as it may become almost unconsciously, with few positive contests and no abridgment of the child's proper freedom! It may be, too, that our responsibility is greater than we think, and that the eternal welfare of a soul hangs upon this point. Said one: "I was naturally headstrong, and my parents did me great wrong through lack of control. I've always had my own way; and how can I give God his? I was never made to submit to any human being; and now my proud heart won't give up to the Saviour!

Since obedience of the right kind is not the mere outward acknowledgment of superior power, but must arise from the heart, we must make it our study to win and keep the respect, confidence, and love of our charge. We have great help here in the natural relation existing between parent and child, and which, ordained of God, shows his will in this respect. The child's instinct leads it to the mother with its first love, its first longings for help or sympathy; and this bond should be stronger as the years go on. But how often, through thoughtlessness, is the love cooled, the confidence repressed, the respect lessened! Mother, mourning because your child does not trust you as you wish, because your hold is loosened when temptations crowd and restraint is most needed, look back! Do you find no fault in yourself? Were you always at leisure to return your child's cares, or did "much serving" make you forget that a heart may go half starved while the body is fed? In your anxiety to fashion comely garments for your family, were you not slowly weaving a mantle of reserve to shroud the yearning soul from your sight? We have known interesting girls and boys to confide to the listening ear of a wise teacher things of greatest moment, with the remark: "I never could tell this to my mother; she never talks to me as you do."

"Won't you ever tell?" whispered a girl to a group of playmates.

"No, no; only my mother," answered a third.

"But you must not tell her."

"I will not hear what my mother may not know," she replied, and withdrew. And that girl was safe.

Oh! let us strive in every way to keep our children near us, to have them feel that mother is the best friend on earth. For this we must make home the happiest place, overlooking no trifle as beneath us, considering no sacrifice too great. We cannot be too intimately associated with all that concerns our children. Are we ashamed to "become as a little child?"

A young man was once heard laughing at the wife of a college professor, now a woman of fame in the world of letters. "Why, she takes her whole troop, and goes off down to the shore, playing around with them all day; and they come home shouting and muddy, with their arms full of weeds and shells, and such nonsense! How ungenteel!"

True. But we would there were more children taught by Nature and a mother at the same time.

"Now, my dear, do your best to day," and a tidy mother fastened her daughter's collar with a new, pretty tie, and sent her off to school with a kiss. Was the young girl any less studious or more vain, think you, for the glances she cast down upon the bright ribbon that day, feeling the love, sympathy, and appreciation all bound together in that one knot? The college student will love botany the more because his mother showed him the butterfly's wing in the sweet-pea blooming by the door when he was a boy. What a tie between mother and child would be a diary kept by the mother's hand, in its earlier years, recording the simple events in its life and the steps in its progress!

Why is not the happy custom of observing birthdays more common? Love is rich in devices, and a full purse is not needed on such occasions. Johnny will stamp his new boots the more proudly if he puts them on first the day he is five years old. What music sweeter than Susan's surprised laugh when she finds the breakfast-room decorated with wreaths on her birthday morning? To me a water-lily will never cease to be something more than a lovely flower; for once, upon my birthday, years ago, I found them in my room, the gift of a dear brother, who had obtained my favorites after a long walk and a hard row on the pond. Ah! the fragrance of those lilies will never perish! Will you miss regretfully the rich trimming from your next new dress, if you deny yourself its cost to buy a microscope, which will prove a source of entertainment and instruction to the whole household? To keep out bad thoughts and crush evil tendencies, give food for good thoughts and happy memories, and foster their growth.

Affection often fails to attain the best ends, through unwise direction. There was one known as a "devoted mother"—untiring, patient, faithful, and wishing to do her duty. But she failed to see that "many women are admirable housekeepers, but not home-makers." When her children were quite small, she was diligently caring for their bodily needs; and forgot the demands to be made by and by through "the many-sidedness" of the immortal nature. She neglected society; and so, for want of the necessary stimulus, grew careless in her dress, manners, and speech. Having, as she said, no time to spare, she gave up books and papers, until she had little knowledge of anything outside of her own home-world, which she was unconsciously making pitifully narrow. What was the consequence? Her family grew up with many natural gifts; but no grace of manner, taste in dress, or general literary culture. As they went out into the world, they began to blame their mother for being "old-fashioned," and to lament that some of the money so carefully hoarded to "give them a start in life" had not been spent earlier in making home pleasant, and in cultivating a taste for books and music. Correct language at home would, by the power of example, have done more for them than all the tedious rules studied at school. Simpler fare at table, with the hospitality affording more social intercourse, would have gained them life-long friends and an ease of manner which after-years could never supply. A wiser economy of time would have led the mother occasionally into the school-room, to show a hearty co-operation with the teachers and sympathy with the children in their work there. Perhaps these children grew up to be Christians, and accomplished much; but they might have filled a larger sphere, and been nobler in character, with a different training.

Ah! we mothers have no light task before us! Well, indeed, if we

"Stand with wondering awe before our babes
Till they rebuke us to a nobler life."

Said a pious widow: "Oh! but it's a great thing the Lord's given us to do. No two of my eleven's alike, and I may study all their points, and try to do my duty to every one; but it's all of no use, unless the Lord add his blessing. If aught's amiss with a single one, I say to myself: 'Ah! why did I not keep near to my God?'" And so, while we "add patience to patience, and keep at work," we must also "keep near to our God," waiting upon him for "every good and perfect gift" we need, pleading with an earnestness which will not rest content without his blessing, which alone can perfect and crown our work.

E. J. W.

CONGREGATIONAL CLOSE COMMUNION.

BY REV. SAMUEL LEE.

THE present day is distinguished by the growth of the spirit of Christian catholicity. Denominational peculiarities are tolerated; and not permitted, as formerly, to disturb the fellowship of the saints. And in many things different sects cheerfully co-operate for the attainment of a common end. Indeed, the great end of each is felt to be one and the same, and to be sought in love.

The practice of close communion by our good Baptist brethren we are accustomed to regard as out of keeping with the tendency of the age, and as a spot upon the brightening face of our holy religion. And such it is; and it cannot long survive.

But are not other of the evangelical denominations doing the same thing? First, in relation to the use of creeds. Admission to the church is conditional upon a public assent to a creed embracing not only the great essentials of the faith, but minute particulars, and sometimes nice metaphysical distinctions. Secondly, in the conditions of access to the Lord's table. The invitation to the communion is extended only to such as are "members of evangelical churches in good and regular standing."

To come to the table of the Lord, you must have had a formal induction to membership in some formally organized church. To become a member of such church, you must, as we have said, subscribe to a form of words of human construction, called a creed. In both these particulars there is "close communion." The principle is the same as that on which our Baptist brethren act.

Are any of these forms of close communion scriptural? We think not. Concede to the Baptist that immersion is alone baptism; to the Congregationalist that his creed is scriptural, and that the church is a divine institution; and none of these forms of close communion follow legitimately.

At the institution of the Lord's Supper there was no formally organized Christian church. There were "the twelve" and "the seventy," known as the disciples of Christ and his co-operators. And there were many others known to be the friends of the rising cause; but no church as the word is now understood of our local organizations. The Supper was administered *to disciples as such*; and to them *as such* it was said, "Take, *all* of you." And the command is now, as then, obligatory upon *all disciples* of the Lord Jesus Christ. And every minister of the Gospel, when about to administer the Lord's Supper, should invite "*all* who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth" to partake.

The persistency of the church in its present practice in the particulars under consideration illustrates the tenacity with which it adheres to the tradition of the fathers, and its excessive deference to that tradition. The Bible is very plain and very explicit on this point. The Saviour explicitly enjoins upon "all" disciples as such to "do this in remembrance of me." Baptism and connection with the church are duties also. But there is no specified order in which these duties are to be performed. If, instead of coming to water and proposing baptism, Philip and the Eunuch had come to a company of believers celebrating the Lord's Supper, and the young convert had said: "See! here are Christians at the Lord's Supper; what doth hinder me to partake with them?" the evangelist would have said: "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." And so of any and every other duty or privilege.

The duty or privilege that first comes to hand by the circumstances of the man is to receive his first attention.

The bearing of the fourteenth chapter of Romans is direct on this point. "Him that is weak in the flesh receive ye." The reception here spoken of is to the recognized relations of discipleship—to all its duties and all its privileges. It doubtless includes in these the right to be received to churchmembership; but also, and for the greater reason, the right to come to the Lord's table.

What are the conditions of the reception here spoken of? That "God hath received him," v. 3—in other words, that he is a Christian; nothing more. The same, in substance, is said in verses 17, 18: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink"—not the mode of baptism, or the formality of admission to membership in a particular church; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in a sanctified spirit. He that in these serveth Christ is acceptable (well pleasing) to God, and to be received by men. The word (*dokimos*) rendered "approved" in our translation is primarily applied to money, and signifies that it is current. To the churches of Christ, then, every man who in righteousness, and peace, and joy in a Christian spirit serveth Christ is *lawful tender* and to be received. And, so far as such reception is concerned, no further questions are to be asked. He is to be received as a Christian, and to be treated as entitled to all the privileges of discipleship.

But are not churches of divine authority, and is it not a duty to join some church? Certainly. So, also, is the Lord's Supper of divine authority. Membership in a church and attendance at the Supper are both duties. But the Bible prescribes no order of precedence. Historically, the Supper and attendance upon it are first; and the church and membership in it are second. Yet this order is not prescribed; and which shall be first may depend upon circumstances.

When I officiate at the table, I consider that table as not mine, but the Lord's; and that the language of the Saviour to the disciples present is, "Take of it, *all* of you." Hence, my invitation is to "all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth."

I had written thus far when the report of the Warren Association (Baptists), in relation to Rev. C. H. Malcom and his practice of inviting unbaptized Christians to the communion-table, came to hand. I bless God and take courage. That is the true catholic ground. Neither baptism nor churchmembership are the conditions of showing forth the Lord's death at the Supper. This decision will cure our Baptist brethren of close communion.

And it will have to be applied to Congregational churches, and it will cure them of the close communion which I have just imputed to them. The world moves. God is in all these changes, and by them is preparing the way for the fellowship of the saints, and an answer to the prayer of the Saviour "that they all may be *one*."

I have in the above spoken of "Congregational" close communion because I am a Congregationalist, and can with better grace propose correction to brethren of my own order. But the suggestions are equally applicable to most evangelical churches.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

REV. F. W. FLOCKEN, Methodist missionary among the Bulgarians, writes that he has apprehensions that the revolutionary movement in Bulgaria will unfavorably affect evangelistic labors.

—The English Baptist Missionary Society supports 58 brethren and assistant brethren laboring in Norway, Africa, India, and the West Indies. There are under its care 105 native churches and 6,200 members, of which 600 were added last year. The income last year was £35,000.

—The French population of New York alone is nearly fifty thousand; and yet there are but two French churches to accommodate them, one of which is Episcopalian. The French population of Chicago is somewhere about thirty or forty thousand; yet there is no French church in that great city.

—Mr. Bunker, a Baptist missionary to the Karens in Toungoo, writes that there are 177 churches, with a membership of 5,372. He says that there are many Christian villages never yet visited by a white teacher. Seven Romanist priests are now upon the ground, laboring among the heathen in the jungles.

—The *Liberal Christian* says: "The Congregational and Presbyterian churches sustain one foreign missionary to about every thirty-one ministers and three thousand members; while the Covenanters have one in foreign land for every seven ministers at home, and the Moravians have one for every sixty members of their church. In the same proportion, how many ought the liberal Christians of America to sustain."

—"Father Agapius" is now editing in San Francisco the *Alaska Herald*. In a late number he was guilty of the following scandalous item:

"We happen to be personally acquainted with the fact that J. King, D.D., of Athens, amassed a pretty fortune of over half a million while 'ministering to the benighted Greeks' at Athens. What a pity Moses did not cut off *all* the worshipers of the Golden Calf."

—In a dispatch of Mr. Seward, of October 7th, 1867, he directed Mr. Van Valkenburgh, of the United States legation at Yedo, to confer with the representatives of other powers, and with them to press upon the Japanese authorities, as he had already done, the policy of discontinuing the persecution of native Christians. Mr. V. had previously remonstrated with the governor of Nagasaki for his imprisonment of 63 native Christians.

—The Empire of Morocco, though lying within sight of the mountains of Spain, skirted every year by thousands of Englishmen on their route to India, and receiving a constant influx of visitors, either for business or pleasure, contains not one preacher of the Christian faith, unless we except a small Roman Catholic monastery at Tangier, under the protection of the Spanish embassy. The Moors are a fine, manly race, devoted to their religion, and would, if converted, exert a mighty power for good in Africa.

—Emigration on a large scale has begun to the Sandwich Islands, where the first consignment of Japanese "coolies" recently arrived. The Hawaiian consul at Yokohama has been allowed to engage 350 laborers, who leave their country for three years, on the faith of agreements between the two governments; and the advanced guard of immigrants, upon its arrival at Honolulu, has been greeted with hearty satisfaction. The Japanese took so kindly to immigration that they clamorously competed for the privilege of temporary and, as they hoped, profitable expatriation; and the same patience, dexterity, and industry that have made their civilization the most remarkable in the modern East may be expected to reward with prosperity their entrance into a field where, to good purpose, the Chinese have anticipated them.

—The United Presbyterians are rejoicing over the prosperity of their work in Oslout, in Egypt. In this important town the Copts have split into parties favoring or opposing the Evangelical faith. Some native converts started an evening Bible class, attended by quite a number of priests, and two of the bishop's nephews, themselves priests. The opposition was great; but the leading members of the laity said that it was a laudable thing to study the Scriptures, and should be encouraged. Hereupon the bishop appointed a meeting to be held each evening from two hours before till an hour after sunset, for the study of the simple Word of God in the vernacular Arabic. This was to be open to all; and the Protestants agreed to give up their meeting on condition that no other book should be read except the simple Bible—a condition that was agreed to by all. The meeting was kept up until they came to the study of Paul's Epistles to the Romans, which were found to be so evidently a Protestant treatise that they broke the compact, and now the two parties meet separately.

—The Bible, complete, has now been printed in the Tahitian, Samoan, Rorotongan, Tongan, Fijian, and Hawaiian dialects—all branches of the Polynesian language. Portions of the Bible have also been printed in the Marquesan, New Zealand, Gilbert Island, Marshall Island, Ponapean, and Strong's Island languages. To accomplish this enterprise has required an amount of literary and linguistical labor which can scarcely be appreciated except by those who have spent years in acquiring a foreign language, and additional years in the work of patient translation and revision; yet all this has been done exclusively by the English and American missionaries in the Pacific, besides all their other labors. A new revised edition has just been printed by the American Bible Society. It is sold as cheap as $3 per copy. Rev. E. W. Clark has spent two years in New York, reading and correcting the proof-sheets.

—In August, 1866, Mr. James Cassels, a young English gentleman at Oporto, began to hold meetings for reading the Scriptures and prayer, on Sunday afternoons, with a few Portuguese. The number attending gradually increased, until at the close of the year 1867 it amounted to 120, notwithstanding threatenings from the priests and taunts from the disaffected. To prevent these gatherings, twenty or thirty constables were placed at the door of the house; and for three months the meetings were held with closed doors, only twenty persons being admitted at one time. The constables, however, were, after three months, withdrawn, and the people in large numbers attended the services. The bishop caused those to be excommunicated who continued steadfast, and warned all good Catholics to have nothing to do with them. Six or seven months ago a prosecution was commenced against Mr. Cassels, under an article in the penal code of Portugal, which awards the punishment of banishment to any foreigner found guilty of proselytizing from the Romish faith; and in June he was arrested, and carried before a criminal judge, but released on bail, and is now awaiting trial at the session in October. He is now building a chapel, which, when free from debt, he intends to present to the Methodist connection.

—The style of missionary labor carried on by the Basle missionaries, combining the secular with the religious, and making missions

The Children's Column.

CAREFUL AND KIND.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

PRAY, be gentle, little sister!
Softly touch those painted wings;
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things!

Carefully, my petty wee one,
Press the sheltering twigs aside,
Just to view the naked nestlings
Safely sleeping side by side.

Gently stroke the playful kitten;
Kindly pat the patient dog;
Let your unmolesting mercy
Spare the worm, the snake, the frog!

Wide is God's great world around us;
Room enough for all to live;
Merciful creature's brief enjoyment,
Take not what you cannot give.

Ever let your heart be tender,
For the mute and helpless plead;
Pitying leads to prompt relieving,
Kindly thought to kindly deed.

HENRY HUDSON'S ADVENTURES.

BY ABBY SAGE.

Those children who have sailed from New York City up the river, which is sometimes called the Hudson and sometimes the North River, will remember how beautiful a stream it is. They will recall the banks on each side, dotted with handsome country-seats and lovely gardens; the pretty little villages which the railroad runs through; the hundreds of sailboats, ships, and steamboats which go up and down day and night; and the life and bustle everywhere. I am going to tell you a little story about the man for whom this river was named, and describe to you what sort of a place this looked to be two hundred and fifty years ago.

Henry Hudson was the name of this famous discoverer. He was born in England, and reared to follow the sea. The aim of all the great captains of his time—and, indeed, for a century before him—had been to discover a short route to India and China, so that they might not be obliged to sail such a long distance to trade for their teas, and coffee, and spices. They had to sail around the Cape of Good Hope; and thus the distance from London to China was about twenty-one thousand miles. If they could find a passage through the American Continent, it would be only nine thousand miles.

So, in 1607, Henry Hudson sailed to see if he could find a passage straight across the North Pole into the Pacific Ocean. Of course, he didn't succeed in this; but he was persevering, and his failure did not prevent his trying again and again. After he had made two voyages for some English merchants, they thought they couldn't afford to risk any more ships in such an undertaking; and then he offered himself as captain to the Dutch East India Company, in Holland—a company of very rich traders with the East.

They fitted him out again, and in 1609 he sailed on a third voyage. This time he touched the shores of North America further south than ever before. He anchored first on the coast of Maine, which was then a great wilderness of tall pine trees. Then he sailed all along the coast of New England, which looked very lonely and bleak, for this was thirteen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. and there was not one white man on all its shores. So Hudson sailed southward to New York Bay, and then up into the harbor, and at length into the mouth of this beautiful river. But his mind was so full of the passage to the Pacific Ocean, which he was always hoping to find by getting round some corner of this continent, and coming suddenly into the open sea, that he persuaded himself this great river was only a channel which led into this imaginary sea, from which he could sail into the Pacific and go straight over to China.

This seems very absurd to us now, when every little place on our whole globe is laid down upon the maps. But Hudson did not have such maps. He was one of the men who, by their discoveries, have helped us to make them. Two hundred and fifty years ago even the great sea-captains knew very little about geography.

Well, he sailed up and up the pleasant river, in the pleasant month of September. All along the banks, where now are the fine country houses and the pretty villages, were Indian wigwams and fields yellow with Indian corn. And the savages, hooting and yelling, trooped to the shores to see the strange big canoe of the pale-faces sail by.

Pretty soon the Indians began to venture to the ship, bringing corn and other vegetables in their boats. Hudson gave them, in return, axes, and knives, and shoes, and cotton cloth. Of course, these were all curiosities to the wild people of the forest, and they hardly knew what to do with them. The next time they came to the ship, the chiefs had strings of shoes around their necks, and axes and knives strung about their girdles as ornaments, just as they wore chains of beads and wampum.

At first the Indians were friendly; but, no matter how pleasantly the white men and the savages began by being, they were pretty sure to end in fighting. So it happened in this case, and in a skirmish they killed one of Hudson's oldest sailors. The others buried him on the shore, and left him there close by the river he had aided to discover, and where its gentle waters ebbed and flowed over his lonely grave.

When Hudson had got up as far as the spot where the city of Albany now stands, he found his supposed channel had grown narrower and narrower, until here he was stopped altogether. No longer was the stream deep enough to sail his ship. He sent boats on further; but they confirmed his growing suspicion that, after all, it was only a river which he had been exploring. So back he sailed between the shores crowned with oak forests, or fringed with fields of Indian corn, down between the rocky Palisades, which remain to-day unchanged by the hand of Nature or of man just as Hudson saw them so long, long ago, out into the Narrows, and back across the ocean to Holland.

You can see he was not a man to be baffled easily; so it will not surprise you to hear that he set out on another voyage the next year, 1610. This time he struck further north, and up into the ice region. First he lay-to near Iceland, which at night was covered with white mist. In the morning, when the cloud rolled away, they saw Mt. Hecla, her steep sides glittering with snow, and pouring out fire and smoke from her huge crater. That frightened the sailors not a little, to see this ice-mountain belching fire.

Thence they sailed round the southern coast of Greenland, with its white cliffs standing behind solid walls of ice, and over into Hudson's Straits. They were not Hudson's Straits when his ships first sailed there, however. They were unknown, unnamed waters then; but, like the river, were afterward called Hudson in honor of his memory.

All [illegible] here was ice—whole fields, and cliffs, and mountains of ice. Sometimes their ship went floundering round between the smaller pieces, which were broken up a little by the approaching warm weather. Sometimes they were stopped by large ice-fields, which stretched as far as the eye could see. Once in a while they moored their vessel to an iceberg, feeling it a kind of protection to float along in its company. Then the sailors would take the water-casks, and fill them with fresh, sweet water from the hollows in the berg, where the ice had melted.

But they had to be very careful about attaching themselves thus. Occasionally another ice-mountain would come swiftly gliding along, drawn by the tides from the Straits; and, striking against their companion berg, great portions of ice, broken off by the collision, would fall headlong into the roaring sea. So the ship must keep a good look-out, or it would get crushed to powder between the two icebergs. And the noise of all these moving masses, striking and dashing against each other, was indescribable; and, added sometimes to the howling of the wind and the dashing of waters, the seamen could hardly hear the loudest blast of the captain's trumpet.

At last they got into the bay which is now named for him; and the delighted Hudson thought surely he had found the open sea at last, through which to sail into the Pacific to China and the Indies. He allowed the sailors to land on one of the points of land which stretched into the bay, and pick sorrel and something they called "scurvy-grass," which were the first green things they had seen since leaving home.

The waters here were full of silver-bellied whales and smooth, shiny seals. The shores swarmed with herds of deer, with white and silver foxes, and dreadful brown bears. They saw many beautiful furry animals they had never seen before. The otter, and beaver, and mink, and marten, and sometimes the ermine, with exquisite white coat, which kings were proud to wear. This was the place where to-day hundreds of ships go for rich furs, and where a great deal of money has been made by those who deal in them.

Hudson cruised about three whole months, from August to November, trying to find a channel out of this open sea which would lead to the Pacific. It grew cold, and the crew began to suffer. Some of his sailors were discontented, bad men. One of them had committed a crime in his own country; and Hudson had taken him on board out of pity, to give him a chance to reform. And this ungrateful man incited the others to rebel against their captain.

One morning, as he came on deck, Hudson was suddenly seized and bound hand and foot.

"What are you going to do with me?" he cried.

"Stop your noise, and you will find out when you get into the boat," answered the ruffian who tied him.

They bound him, and threw him into a little boat, launched at the ship's side. Then they picked out all the sick, disabled soldiers, who begged all the time for mercy, and put them also into the boat. One strong and well man alone said:

"I will go with my captain. If you force me to stay with you, I will accuse you in England as murderers."

So, though they had wanted his help, because he was a carpenter, they had to let him go also.

Then the ship sailed away, leaving the frail little boat—eight souls on board of her—alone in the icy waters, without provisions or shelter from the storms and cold. And after this we read in all history the sad words: "*And they were never heard of afterward.*"

Alas! for the brave Hudson. Let us hope he soon joined his brother adventurers, who had died perilling their lives as he did, in that blessed heaven which encompasses the idlest regions of the North as well as the fairest seas of the Tropics.

FOREIGN GLEANINGS.

THE Nile has not risen to its usual hight this year by about four feet. A famine is apprehended in Egypt.

—It is said that Mr. Tennyson has another and longer poem in hand, and that it may be expected to appear by the end of the year.

—The foundation-stone has been laid in Glasgow, by the Prince of Wales, for the new university buildings, which are to cost nearly £3,000,000, and to be the finest in the United Kingdom.

—The Emperor of Russia has issued an ukase which prohibits the practice of homœopathy in any part of the Russian Empire, under pain of a fine of five hundred roubles and two years' transportation to Siberia.

—Bishop Gray, of Capetown, has left England for his diocese, without accomplishing the consecration of Mr. Macrorie. Mr. Macrorie goes with him, and will probably be consecrated in South Africa, as a rival to Bishop Colenso.

—The lowest death-rate in any considerable city of Great Britain is 20 in the 1,000; while in the country it does not exceed 17 to the 1,000. Thus, among the 3,000,000 of London, at least 9,000 lives are annually sacrificed to the passion for a city life.

—It is asserted that Victor Emanuel's daughter, queen of Portugal, is in the same unfortunate state as the Empress Charlotte. Private letters state that she is kept confined in a padded room. Domestic troubles are said to be the cause of her insanity.

—MM. Hachette & Co., the well-known Paris publishers, have made a gift of more than 100,000 volumes to the minister of public instruction for the school libraries of the people. They consist of light reading and instructive works, and will be distributed amongst 3,000 establishments.

—There are reports of Dr. Livingstone being within a week's journey of Zanzibar. This is where Sir Roderick Murchison expected that he would appear. It is earnestly to be hoped that the news may be confirmed. If so, he will probably bring with him satisfactory information as to the true water-shed of South Africa.

—The Austrian Government lately commenced a prosecution against the bishops who had refused to obey a recent law passed by the Reichsrath, intrenching themselves behind an article of the Concordat which exempts them from civil jurisdiction. The question being submitted to the Tribunal of Prague, that body has decided in favor of the priests. This decision, it is thought, will lead to the entire suppression of the Concordat at the next meeting of the Reichsrath.

—The English Colony of Queensland has just completed its census. There was in 1861 a population of 31,886. There are now 99,312 inhabitants. There are 60,000 males, to 40,000 females. There are 22,000 men over 20 years of age who are unmarried, and only 2,460 women. There is in the whole colony *one* old maid, who has reached the mature age of 60 years, and but 42 who have seen 40 summers. We are not informed how long these phenomena have been in Queensland. Possibly they came in the last ship from England.

—In his late charge to the grand jury, at Denbigh, Lord Chief-Justice Bovill said: "I have traveled thus far through North Wales, and have been able to congratulate all the grand juries I have met. At one place there was not a bill found for trial, and no cause on the list. In another place there were but few persons for trial, whose cases required little consideration at the hands of either jury or judge. I find that there are three prisoners whose cases will probably not occupy more than half the day, and there are no civil cases for trial. I certainly think Wales ought to be the happiest part of the United Kingdom, there being but few criminals found within its borders, and apparently no litigation."

—The Pope has issued a letter to Protestant and non-Catholic bodies in view of his Œcumenical Council next year. He deplores the social evils of modern society, which are due to the lessening influence of the True Church. He invites the Greeks, but not Protestants, to meet with the Council. The *Church News*, an English High Church journal, is greatly displeased because the Pope has confounded Anglicans with Protestants, and thinks he must have been badly advised from England. While sounding this flourish of trumpets in reference to social purity, he gives it a practical commentary by addressing to the pure Queen Isabella a warm invitation to make her home in Rome. Her chivalrous defense of social purity, to which she has fallen a martyr, has touched the paternal heart of His Holiness.

Selections.

THE GARDEN.

WHAT wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head:
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skillful gard'ner drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?
—*Andrew Marvell.*

OPINIONS AND WOMEN.

THE expression of opinion among men, when socially gathered together, does not take place, as a general rule, until the "ladies have withdrawn." Of all the allegations that have been so ungallantly urged against the fair sex, it seems to me that this is the best founded, that they do not interest themselves at all in matters which are most worth talking about. They are thinking of their dress, and (especially) thinking of what the other women are thinking of it. "They overwhelm society," says an American writer, "with superfluous dry goods. When ladies are present the whole affair becomes a mere question of costume. They dress, too, not for the purpose of giving pleasure to men; but for that of inflicting pain on one another. Besides, a lady who is carrying a considerable estate upon her person must devote a great part of her attention to the management of the estate. She may be talking to Mr. Smith about Shakespeare and the musical glasses; but thinks her mind is really bent upon inducing Mrs. Smith withher 'new lace.'" This is mainly true, except that it is rare to hear ladies talk of Shakespeare, unless the Prince and Princess of Wales may chance to have lately patronized one of his plays. Similarly, they do not speak of any religious question, unless some favorite clergyman has been recently ventilating it; nor have they any interest in politics (beyond a general apprehension that genteel institutions are in danger), and that there is even a possibility of there being no House of Lords, unless their husband or brother has been concerned of late with the blue ribbon or the yellow. Now, men (though there are more dull men, perhaps, than dull women, and though men have certainly the gift of prosing in a more full degree) do, to do them justice, take interest in other matters besides merely personal ones. Every one of them, however intellectually insignificant, has his own notions of how the state ought to be governed, and even of the eternal principles on which the administration of the universe is conducted. Each is prepared to go to the stake upon such abstract questions as the rights of property, the rights of horses, the benefits which guano confers on crops, the state provision for the poor, the genius of Mr. Browning, the voluntary theological system, and the vintages. Of course, the ideas expressed are often queer enough; but, however worthless in themselves, they are characteristic of their professors. They indicate at once to the intelligent observer what sort of man he has to deal with; and, as it were, buoy for him the channels of conversation, while the less sagacious skippers, unobservant of these danger-signals, go bumping, and grounding, and quibbling, till the confusion becomes inextricable, and there is perhaps a row.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE UMBRELLA.

UMBRELLAS are an older invention than some writers would have us suppose. Even the usually entertained notion that Jonas Hanway introduced the umbrella into England, in the year 1752, is proved to be false by evidence that can be cited. Ben Jonson refers to it by name, in a comedy produced in 1616; and so do Beaumont and Fletcher, in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Swift, in the *Tattler* of October 17, 1710, says, in "The City Shower":

"The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides."

The following couplet also occurs in a poem written by Gay, in 1712:

"Housewives underneath th' umbrella's silk shed
Safe through the wet in clinking pattens tread."

It is probable that Hanway was the first man seen carrying an umbrella in London.

At Persepolis, in Persia, are some sculptures, supposed to be as early as the time of Alexander the Great; and on one of these is represented a chief or king, over whose head some servants are holding an umbrella. At Takhti-Bostan are other sculptures, one of which is a king witnessing a bear-hunt, attended by an umbrella-bearer. Recent discoveries at Nineveh show that the umbrella was in use there; it being common to the sculpturings, but always represented open. The same is to be seen upon the celebrated Hamilton vases, preserved in the British Museum. In many Chinese drawings ladies are attended by servants holding umbrellas over their heads.

Loubère, who went to Siam as envoy from the king of France, describes the use of umbrellas as being governed by curious regulations. Those umbrellas resembling ours are used principally by the officers of state; while those several tiers in hight, as if two or more umbrellas were fixed on one stick, are reserved for the king alone. In Ava, a country adjacent to Siam, the king designates himself, among other titles, as "Lord of the Ebbing and Flowing Tide, King of the White Elephant, and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." This last title, although ridiculous to us, is supposed to relate to twenty-four states or provinces combined under the rule of the king, the umbrella being especially a royal emblem in Ava. The umbrella is also the distinguishing sign of sovereignty in Morocco.

The French name, *parapluie*, and the German name, *regenschirm*, express the rain-shielding use of the invention; but we have no name in English equally as consistent, for "umbrella" means simply "a little shade."—*Our Boys and Girls.*

"THAT'S How."—After a great snowstorm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man, passing along.

"By keeping at it," said the boy, cheerfully; "that's how!"

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller, until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment in fretting, do not lose a breath in saying "I can't," or "I do not see how"; but go at it, and keep at it. Study. That is the only way to conquer it. If a fault is to be cured, or a bad habit broken up, it cannot be done by merely being sorry, or only trying a little. You must keep fighting it; and not give up fighting until it is got rid of.

SONNET.

WHAT can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, . . . who has brought
the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take or leave withal,
In unexpected largess? Am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts I render nothing back at all?
Not so. Not cold!—but very poor instead!
Ask God who knows! for frequent tears have run
The colors from my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head.
Go further! Let it serve to trample on.
—*E. B. Browning.*

DANIEL WEBSTER AND JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and sent invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore, the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both houses of Congress. It happened that on that day several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Mr. Bodisco, the Russian minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden, and others came in. Whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried. After the applause with which these gentlemen had been received had subsided, and silence was once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia." At the close of the first verse, Webster's patriotism boiled over. He could stand it no longer; and, rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous, bass voice to the chorus. Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing; but it was of no earthly use. At the close of each verse Webster joined in; and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience were the most delighted. At the close of the air, Mr. Webster arose, hat in hand, and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo. Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Miss Lind recourtesied, the house reapplauded; and this was repeated eight or nine times.

THE CLOVE IN HISTORY.—In that multitude of islands which make up the Eastern Archipelago there were but five in that period where grew the clove—Ternate, Tydor, Motiel, Makian, and Bacis. Pepper and ginger, even nutmegs, cassia, and mace, were but vulgar drugs, precious as they were already to the world and the world's commerce, compared with this most magnificent spice. It is wonderful to reflect upon the strange composition of man. The world had lived in former ages very comfortably without cloves. But by the beginning of the seventeenth century that odoriferous pistil had been the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate wars, of so much vituperation, negotiation, and intrigue, that the world's destiny seemed to have almost become dependent upon the growth of a particular gilly-flower. Out of its sweetness had grown such bitterness among great nations as not torrents of blood could wash away. A commonplace condiment enough it seems to us now—easily to be dispensed with, and not worth purchasing at a thousand human lives or so the cargo; but it was once the great prize to be struggled for by civilized nations. From that fervid earth, warmed from within by volcanic heat and basking ever beneath the equatorial sun, arose vapors as deadly to human life as the fruits were exciting and delicious to human senses. Yet the atmosphere of pestiferous fragrance had attracted, rather than repelled. The poisonous delights of the climate, added to the perpetual and various warfare for its productions, spread a strange fascination around those fatal isles.—*Motley's United Netherlands.*

PEBBLES.

CALUMNY is like the cinders flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

DR QUINCEY being asked why there were more women than men, replied: "It is in conformity with the arrangement of Nature: we always see more of heave than earth."

BEN WADE says that the reason why Gen. McClellan didn't fight harder was that he early became a presidential aspirant, and didn't like to have any of his constituents killed.

THE Louisville *Journal* says pleasantly of the Radicals: "What infernal scoundrels these fellows are! The Devil's hell is not hot enough for their deserts. My God make it seven times hotter."

THE Blairs have lost none of their modesty. Montgomery says that the Democratic ticket has been bottom upward from the first. This means that his brother Frank should have been the nominee for the presidency.

THE following is a true copy of an order from a young woman in Essex, to the selectmen, for state bounty:

"Oct 2 186

"to the S lake Man of Esseeks mAssey to Mosaics knolton what munny B lont to me."

A TEMPERANCE lecturer, descanting on the superior virtues of cold water-remarked: so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was advised to give a thorough sousing in cold water." "Sir," replied a toper present; "but it died every critter on the face of the earth.

A NEGRO congregation was lately heard singing

"Jesus die on Calvary,
Jews, screws, do, fi, dum."

It was found by the reporter of the precinct that the second line had been rendered from the original of

"Jews crucified him!"

DR. MOSES MATHER, who was called for many years in what is now Dixon, Conn., in the time of the Revolutionary War, had a man in his parish who pretended to be a sort of half Quaker, half infidel, who was a member of the visitance committee. Meeting each other one day on the road, both mounted on horseback, the Quaker-infidel said to Dr. Mather: "Your Master used to ride an *ass*; he is it that you ride a *horse*?" "Because," said the Doctor, "I can't help it; *the asses are all taken up for committee-men!*"

A YOUNG gentleman, six years of age, was partaking pretty freely of the good things of this life at the dinner-table, immediately after his return from infant-school. An elder brother, eight years old, after eyeing him for some time said: "Charlie, if you were to eat much more, and it should kill you, you would weigh so much that the angels could not carry you to heaven." Little six-year-old hesitated for a moment, and then, licking up, replied: "Well, if they could do it alone, God would send Samson down to help them."

IT is stated that at Exeter the attorney-general was recently trying an Irish couple very hard for the old gentleman's vote. The old lady said: "My hand has promised to vote for the Liber." The attorney-general, however, was not be satisfied; and used all his specious loquence on the occasion. While he was trying to persuade the old man, his wife was fumbling over a book, and presently asked the attorney-general if he would be kind enough to read this chapter into Bible." He proceeded to do so, and pretty came to the words: "And there can a certain lawyer tempting him." Whelie looked up the attorney-general was gone.

AN out-speaking clergyman an article in the *Christian Inquirer*, thus alludes to some of his calls: "Once found four people about a table, each tending to be busy at something. I said a glance the truth. I looked about till I discovered the hidden 'pack'; and then drew it from its hiding-place, put it upon the table, and requested them to finish their game. And once I let a man's hot punch gloriously cool because he chose to put it behind him, where he couldn't see it, but I could, rather than own up like a man. Once, too, I detected grimaces in a truant glass as I came into the parlor; and I amused myself with the contrast between the truth of the looking-glass and the lie of the lip. I never called again."

Commercial Notices.

OFFICE and Manufactory of B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington street, New York City. Caution to dealers and consumers!

An inferior article of Soap is being thrust upon the market, bearing BRAND and LABEL similar to my own, and well calculated to deceive the unsuspecting.

Beware of imitations! Do not purchase box or bar unless you see B. T. BABBITT plainly marked upon both. Look well that the initials B. T. are prefixed to my name. None other is genuine, or equal in quality.

B. T. BABBITT.

THE BEST and Original Tonic of Iron, Phosphorus, and Calisaya, known as Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark. The Iron restores color to the blood, the Phosphorus renews waste of the nerve tissue, and the Calisaya gives a natural, healthful tone to the digestive organs, thereby curing Dyspepsia in its various forms, Wakefulness, General Debility, and Depression of Spirits. Manufactured only by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocer's, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?—Then select the paint made by the Averill Chemical Paint Company, of New York, and Newburgh, Ohio. Most of our finest residences throughout the country have been or are being painted with it. It is handsomer, more durable, and comes less than pure lead.

COLGATE AND COMPANY'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE TOILET SOAP is the best for toilet use. It is composed of healing ingredients; and, being combined with Glycerine, is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of ladies and infants.

ALL PERSONS desirous of having their silks, linen, and laundry washing of the most perfect whiteness, and without being spotted, should use the Patent Soluble Bluing Bag. It never fails. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, and by PLYMOUTH COLOR Co., 106 and 108 Fulton st., N. Y.

MATHUSHER'S LITTLE COLIBRI PIANO is becoming the *universal favorite*. Doubt no longer, but buy the best. Every piano warranted for five years. Send for circular to BARLOW & MATHUSHER, General Agents, 694 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCT. 20, 1868.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.	SHEEP AND LAMBS.
Choice..... 16¾@17¾	Extra, P lb..... 6 @ 6¾
Extra..... 15½@16	Choice..... 5¾@6¾
Fair to good..... 14½@15	Good..... 5¼@5¾
Second quality...13 @14	Fair..... 3½@4
Third quality..... 9 @12½	Common to fair.... 2 @3
Inferior..... 8½@9	Lambs..... 6 @8½
Average of all sales about..... @13¾	Common to Fair.. 5 @5¾

COWS AND CALVES.	VEAL CALVES.
Choice..... $105–125	Extra and Choice 12½@13
Good..... 85–100	Good..... 10½@12
Fair..... 70–80	Common to Fair.. 9¾@10
Inferior and Common..... 55@ 65	Inferior..... 8½@ 9

SWINE.	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed, prime to choice.....	9½@ 9¾	12¾@12¾
Corn-fed, common to fair.....	8½@ 9	11¾@12

EGGS.—There has been a scarcity of Eggs the past two days, and prices have advanced 5@6 cts. per doz. With increased receipts next week, prices will be lower. We quote:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz.....	36 @37
Canada and Western, per doz.....	35 @36
Egg Oats, per bush.....	50 @55

LIVE POULTRY.—There has been heavy arrivals, and the market is glutted. We quote:

Turkeys, per lb.....	13 @ 15
Fowls, per lb.....	11 @ 15
Ducks, per pair.....	90 @1 00
Geese, Western, per pair.....	75 @2 00
Chickens, per lb.....	13 @ 16

GAME.—All kinds are selling well. We quote:

Grouse, trapped, per pair.....	@1 12½@1 25
Woodcock, per pair.....	75@ 90
Pigeons, flight, per doz.....	1 00@1 25
Partridges, per pair.....	1 00@1 25
Quail, per dozen.....	3 00@3 25
Rabbits, per pair.....	50@ 60
Venison, Saddles.....	20@25
Whole Deer.....	16@ 17

BEANS.—Receipts have considerably increased, mostly Mediums and Pea Beans, and prices for such have declined 50@60 cts. per bush. since our last. Marrows, however, continue scarce and in good demand at last week's rates. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. @2 [illegible]	@4 50@4 75
Medium, "	3 25@3 40
Pea, "	@3 25

BREEWAX is the same as last week. 44@45 cts. for Southern and Western.

TALLOW is in good demand at 12½@12¾ cts.

DRIED FRUITS.—All kinds are dull, and prices have a downward tendency. We quote:

Apples, State.....	10 @11
do. Ohio.....	12 @10
do. Southern, new.....	9 @10
Dried Peaches, new, pealed, good to prime.....	24 @28
do. do. do. fair to good.....	18 @22
do. do. unpeeled, halves.....	14 @15
do. do. do. quarters.....	9 @11½
Blackberries, per lb.....	10 @21
Cherries, pitted, per lb.....	40 @42

SEEDS are dull and unchanged. We quote:

Clover, per lb.....	13½@ 14
Timothy, per bushel.....	3 00@3 25
Flaxseed.....	$2 70@$2 75

ASHES.—The market for Pots is $8 25@$8 50. Pearls @10 50.

DAVID W. LEWIS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 62 Pearl street, New York,

gives particular attention to the Commission Sale of FALL BUTTER. Also CHEESE, EGGS, BEANS, etc. Full Initials on packages, send address by mail, and mark goods D. W. LEWIS, N. Y.

Fine Orange County style of Butter for family use will be sent to any address at 40c per lb.-lb. pckgs. and 39c for 50-lb. pckgs., and other kinds at less prices. All orders must be accompanied by remittance and direc-

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for THE INDEPENDENT, by DAVID W. LEWIS, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking-plates furnished when desired.

GOLD ranged at 135@136¾.

FALL BUTTER, intended for immediate market, should be light salted.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 9,700 packages. There is good demand for the late ends of dairies, fresh Fall Tubs, both State and Western, and for the little Roll Butter which begins to make its appearance, and a strong, steady market for all grades of Butter, with no decided tendency. We quote prices here 1@2 cts higher on some grades than last week. We quote:

Orange County Pails and Creamaries.....	@35
Fine Fall Butter.....	48 @50
Fine to Choice Dairies.....	45 @50
Good to Choice Fall Butter.....	44 @46
do. do. Dairies.....	42 @44
Common to Fair Butter.....	35 @40
Roll Butter, in bbls. or boxes.....	35 @45
Grease.....	nom.

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 35,864 boxes. There has been a grand promenade through the state; and most of the factories fought up at 16@16½ cts. with an occasional one at 17 cts. In Lewis County we note sales of the Sugar River at 16¾ cts. by Team at 15 cts., Millers 17 cts., Woods 16¾ cts., Houseville 16¾@ 16¾ cts., Carpenters 16 cts., and Closener 16 cts. The W. M. Jones, of Oneida, and Midland, of Chenango, sold at 16¾ cts.; and this seems to have been the price most current. The market here does not as yet respond to these movements in the interior, and with dearer greenbacks there is no change in quotations. We quote:

Factory Cheese, fancy.....	17 @17¾
do. do. fair to good.....	16½@17
Private Dairies, fancy.....	16¾@17
do do. fair to good.....	12 @16

EGGS.—There has been a scarcity of Eggs the past two days, and prices have advanced 5@6 cts. per doz. With increased receipts next week, prices will be lower. We quote:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz.....	36 @37
Canada and Western, per doz.....	35 @36
Egg Oats, per bush.....	50 @55

LIVE POULTRY.—There has been heavy arrivals, and the market is glutted. We quote:

Turkeys, per lb.....	13 @ 15
Fowls, per lb.....	11 @ 15
Ducks, per pair.....	90 @1 00
Geese, Western, per pair.....	75 @2 00
Chickens, per lb.....	13 @ 16

GAME.—All kinds are selling well. We quote:

Grouse, trapped, per pair.....	@1 12½@1 25
Woodcock, per pair.....	75@ 90
Pigeons, flight, per doz.....	1 00@1 25
Partridges, per pair.....	1 00@1 25
Quail, per dozen.....	3 00@3 25
Rabbits, per pair.....	50@ 60
Venison, Saddles.....	20@25
Whole Deer.....	16@ 17

BEANS.—Receipts have considerably increased, mostly Mediums and Pea Beans, and prices for such have declined 50@60 cts. per bush. since our last. Marrows, however, continue scarce and in good demand at last week's rates. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. @2 [illegible]	@4 50@4 75
Medium, "	3 25@3 40
Pea, "	@3 25

BREEWAX is the same as last week. 44@45 cts. for Southern and Western.

TALLOW is in good demand at 12½@12¾ cts.

DRIED FRUITS.—All kinds are dull, and prices have a downward tendency. We quote:

Apples, State.....	10 @11
do. Ohio.....	12 @10
do. Southern, new.....	9 @10
Dried Peaches, new, pealed, good to prime.....	24 @28
do. do. do. fair to good.....	18 @22
do. do. unpeeled, halves.....	14 @15
do. do. do. quarters.....	9 @11½
Blackberries, per lb.....	10 @21
Cherries, pitted, per lb.....	40 @42

SEEDS are dull and unchanged. We quote:

Clover, per lb.....	13½@ 14
Timothy, per bushel.....	3 00@3 25
Flaxseed.....	$2 70@$2 75

ASHES.—The market for Pots is $8 25@$8 50. Pearls @10 50.

DAVID W. LEWIS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 62 Pearl street, New York,

gives particular attention to the Commission Sale of FALL BUTTER. Also CHEESE, EGGS, BEANS, etc. Full Initials on packages, send address by mail, and mark goods D. W. LEWIS, N. Y.

Fine Orange County style of Butter for family use will be sent to any address at 40c per lb.-lb. pckgs. and 39c for 50-lb. pckgs., and other kinds at less prices. All orders must be accompanied by remittance and direc-

PRICES CURRENT

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

ASHES—Duty: 2½ ₩ ct. ₩ 2240 lbs.
Pots, 1st sort..... 8 25 @ —
Pearls, 1st sort..... 10 50 @ —
CANDLES—Duty: 40c. ₩ ₩.
Sperm..... 50 @ 55
Patent Sperm..... 58 @ 60
Pale Del. Wax..... 50 @ —
Adam. Sperm..... 21 @ 23
Adam's, State..... — @ —
COAL—Duty: 40c. adl 20 ₩ ton.
Lav. Cr'Wton..... — @ —
Spring..... — @ —
Pictou..... — @ —
Anth. $5.00@6.75 @ 8 50
COCOA—Duty: 3 c. ₩ ₩.
Bizarre & Grenada 28 @ 30
Guayra, ll " " 25@28 @ 27
Para..... @ —
St. Dom'o..... 22 @ —
COFFEE—Duty: 5c. ₩ ₩.
Java, w'h'e, W'hsd 21 @ 23
Jamaica..... 14@15 @ —
Laguayra..... 14@15½ @ —
Maracaibo..... 14@15 @ 17½
St. Dom. cash..... 14 @ 15½
COPPER—(Copper)—Duty: 7c. ₩ lb. and Bar 2½c. and Sheathing 3c. ₩ lb.
American Ingot..... 23 @ 23¼
Lathe & Sheathing..... @ —
(suits) 2 p. c..... 33 @ —
Sheathing, 14 to 20..... 30 @

The Children's Column.

CAREFUL AND KIND.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

PRAY, be gentle, little sister!
Softly touch those painted wings;
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things!

Carefully, my petty wee one,
Press the sheltering twigs aside,
Just to view the naked nestlings
Safely sleeping side by side.

Gently stroke the playful kitten;
Kindly pat the patient dog;
Let your unmolesting mercy
Spare the worm, the snake, the frog!

Wide is God's great world around us;
Room enough for all to live;
Make no creature's brief enjoyment,
Take not what you cannot give.

Ever let your heart be tender,
For the mute and helpless plead;
Pitying leads to prompt relieving,
Kindly thought to kindly deed.

HENRY HUDSON'S ADVENTURES.

BY ABBY SAGE.

Those children who have sailed from New York City up the river, which is sometimes called the Hudson and sometimes the North River, will remember how beautiful a stream it is. They will recall the banks on each side, dotted with handsome country-seats and lovely gardens; the pretty little villages which the railroad runs through; the hundreds of sailboats, ships, and steamboats which go up and down day and night; and the life and bustle everywhere. I am going to tell you a little story about the man for whom this river was named, and describe to you what sort of a place this looked to be two hundred and fifty years ago.

Henry Hudson was the name of this famous discoverer. He was born in England, and reared to follow the sea. The aim of all the great captains of his time—and, indeed, for a century before him—had been to discover a short route to India and China, so that they might not be obliged to sail such a long distance to trade for their teas, and coffee, and spices. They had to sail around the Cape of Good Hope; and thus the distance from London to China was about twenty-one thousand miles. If they could find a passage through the American Continent, it would be only nine thousand miles.

So, in 1607, Henry Hudson sailed to see if he could find a passage straight across the North Pole into the Pacific Ocean. Of course, he didn't succeed in this; but he was persevering, and his failure did not prevent his trying again and again. After he had made two voyages for some English merchants, they thought they couldn't afford to risk any more ships in such an undertaking; and then he offered himself as captain to the Dutch East India Company, in Holland—a company of very rich traders with the East.

They fitted him out again, and in 1609 he sailed on a third voyage. This time he touched the shores of North America further south than ever before. He anchored first on the coast of Maine, which was then a great wilderness of tall pine trees. Then he sailed all along the coast of New England, which looked very lonely and bleak, for this was thirteen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and there was not one white man on all its shores. So Hudson sailed southward to New York Bay, and then up into the harbor, and at length into the mouth of this beautiful river. But his mind was so full of the passage to the Pacific Ocean, which he was always hoping to find by getting round some corner of this continent, and coming suddenly into the open sea, that he persuaded himself this great river was only a channel which led into this imaginary sea, from which he could sail into the Pacific and go straight over to China.

This seems very absurd to us now, when every little place on our whole globe is laid down upon the maps. But Hudson did not have such maps. He was one of the men who, by their discoveries, have helped us to make them. Two hundred and fifty years ago even the great sea-captains knew very little about geography.

Well, he sailed up and up the pleasant river, in the pleasant month of September. All along the banks, where now are the fine country houses and the pretty villages, were Indian wigwams and fields yellow with Indian corn. And the savages, hooting and yelling, trooped to the shores to see the strange big canoe of the pale-faces sail by.

Pretty soon the Indians began to venture to the ship, bringing corn and other vegetables in their boats. Hudson gave them, in return, axes, and knives, and shoes, and cotton cloth. Of course, these were all curiosities to the wild people of the forest, and they hardly knew what to do with them. The next time they came to the ship, the chiefs had strings of shoes around their necks, and axes and knives strung about their girdles as ornaments, just as they wore chains of beads and wampum.

At first the Indians were friendly; but, no matter how pleasantly the white men and the savages began by being, they were pretty sure to end in fighting. So it happened in this case, and in a skirmish they killed one of Hudson's oldest sailors. The others buried him on the shore, and left him there close by the river he had sailed to discover, and where its gentle waters ebbed and flowed over his lonely grave.

When Hudson had got up as far as the spot where the city of Albany now stands, he found his supposed channel had grown narrower and narrower, until here he was stopped altogether. No longer was the stream deep enough to sail his ship. He sent boats on further; but they confirmed his growing suspicion that, after all, it was only a river which he had been exploring. So back he sailed between the shores crowned with oak forests, or fringed with fields of Indian corn, down between the rocky Palisades, which remain to-day unchanged by the hand of Nature or of man just as Hudson saw them so long, long ago, out into the Narrows, and back across the ocean to Holland.

You can see he was not a man to be baffled easily; so it will not surprise you to hear that he set out on another voyage the next year, 1610. This time he struck further north, and up into the ice region. First he lay-to near Iceland, which at night was covered with white mist. In the morning, when the cloud rolled away, they saw Mt. Hecla, her steep sides glittering with snow, and pouring out fire and smoke from her huge crater. That frightened the sailors not a little, to see this ice-mountain belching fire.

Thence they sailed round the southern coast of Greenland, with its white cliffs standing behind solid walls of ice, and over into Hudson's Straits. They were not Hudson's Straits when his ships first sailed there, however. They were unknown, unnamed waters then; but, like the river, were afterward called Hudson in honor of his memory.

All about here was ice—whole fields, and cliffs, and mountains of ice. Sometimes their ship went floundering round between the smaller pieces, which were broken up a little by the approaching warm weather. Sometimes they were stopped by large ice-fields, which stretched as far as the eye could see. Once in a while they moored their vessel to an iceberg, feeling it a kind of protection to float along in its company. Then the sailors would take the water-casks, and fill them with fresh, sweet water from the hollows in the berg, where the ice had melted.

But they had to be very careful about attaching themselves thus. Occasionally another ice-mountain would come swiftly gliding along, drawn by the tides from the Straits; and, striking against their companion berg, great portions of ice, broken off by the collision, would fall headlong into the roaring sea. So the ship must keep a good look-out, or it would get crushed to powder between the two icebergs. And the noise of all these moving masses, striking and dashing against each other, was indescribable; and, added sometimes to the howling of the wind and the dashing of waters, the seamen could hardly hear the loudest blast of the captain's trumpet.

At last they got into the bay which is now named for him; and the delighted Hudson thought surely he had found the open sea at last, through which to sail into the Pacific to China and the Indies. He allowed the sailors to land on one of the points of land which stretched into the bay, and pick sorrel and something they called "scurvy-grass," which were the first green things they had seen since leaving home.

The waters here were full of silver-bellied whales and smooth, shiny seals. The shores swarmed with herds of deer, with white and silver foxes, and dreadful brown bears. They saw many beautiful furry animals they had never seen before. The otter, and beaver, and mink, and marten, and sometimes the ermine, with exquisite white coat, which kings were proud to wear. This was the place where to-day hundreds of ships go for rich furs, and where a great deal of money has been made by those who deal in them.

Hudson cruised about three whole months, from August to November, trying to find a channel out of this open sea which would lead to the Pacific. It grew cold, and the crew began to suffer. Some of his sailors were discontented, bad men. One of them had committed a crime in his own country; and Hudson had taken him on board out of pity, to give him a chance to reform. And this ungrateful man incited the others to rebel against their captain.

One morning, as he came on deck, Hudson was suddenly seized and bound hand and foot.

"What are you going to do with me?" he cried.

"Stop your noise, and you will find out when you get into the boat," answered the ruffian who tied him.

They bound him, and threw him into a little boat, launched at the ship's side. Then they picked out all the sick, disabled soldiers, who begged all the time for mercy, and put them also into the boat. One strong and well man alone said:

"I will go with my captain. If you force me to stay with you, I will accuse you in England as murderers."

So, though they had wanted his help, because he was a carpenter, they had to let him go also.

Then the ship sailed away, leaving the frail little boat—eight souls on board of her—alone in the icy waters, without provisions or shelter from the storms and cold. And after this we read in all history the sad words: "*And they were never heard of afterward.*"

Alas! for the brave Hudson. Let us hope he soon joined his brother adventurers, who had died perilling their lives as he did, in that blessed heaven which encompasses the fairest regions of the North as well as the fairest seas of the Tropics.

FOREIGN GLEANINGS.

THE Nile has not risen to its usual hight this year by about four feet. A famine is apprehended in Egypt.

—It is said that Mr. Tennyson has another and longer poem in hand, and that it may be expected to appear by the end of the year.

—The foundation-stone has been laid in Glasgow, by the Prince of Wales, for the new university buildings, which are to cost nearly $3,000,000, and to be the finest in the United Kingdom.

—The Emperor of Russia has issued an ukase which prohibits the practice of homœopathy in any part of the Russian Empire, under pain of a fine of five hundred roubles and two years' transportation to Siberia.

—Bishop Gray, of Capetown, has left England for his diocese, without accomplishing the consecration of Mr. Macrorie. Mr. Macrorie goes with him, and will probably be consecrated in South Africa, as a rival to Bishop Colenso.

—The lowest death-rate in any considerable city of Great Britain is 20 in the 1,000; while in the country it does not exceed 17 to the 1,000. Thus, among the 3,000,000 of London, at least 9,000 lives are annually sacrificed to the passion for a city life.

—It is asserted that Victor Emanuel's daughter, queen of Portugal, is in the same unfortunate state as the Empress Charlotte. Private letters state that she is kept confined in a padded room. Domestic troubles are said to be the cause of her insanity.

—MM. Hachette & Co., the well-known Paris publishers, have made a gift of more than 100,000 volumes to the minister of public instruction for the school libraries of the people. They consist of light reading and instructive works, and will be distributed amongst 3,000 establishments.

—There are reports of Dr. Livingstone being within a week's journey of Zanzibar. This is where Sir Roderick Murchison expected that he would appear. It is earnestly to be hoped that the news may be confirmed. If so, he will probably bring with him satisfactory information as to the true water-shed of South Africa.

—The Austrian Government lately commenced a prosecution against the bishops who had refused to obey a recent law passed by the Reichsrath, intrenching themselves behind an article of the Concordat which exempts them from civil jurisdiction. The question being submitted to the Tribunal of Prague, that body has decided in favor of the priests. This decision, it is thought, will lead to the entire suppression of the Concordat at the next meeting of the Reichsrath.

—The English Colony of Queensland has just completed its census. There was in 1861 a population of 31,886. There are now 99,312 inhabitants. There are 60,030 males, to 40,000 females. There are 22,000 men over 20 years of age who are unmarried, and only 2,460 women. There is in the whole colony one old maid, who has reached the mature age of 60 years, and but 42 who have seen 40 summers. We are not informed how long these phenomena have been in Queensland. Possibly they came in the last ship from England.

—In his late charge to the grand jury, at Denbigh, Lord Chief-Justice Bovill said: "I have traveled thus far through North Wales, and have been able to congratulate all the grand juries I have met. At one place there was not a bill found for trial, and no cause on the list. In another place there were but few persons for trial, whose cases required little consideration at the hands of either jury or judge. I find that there are three prisoners whose cases will probably not occupy more than half the day, and there are no civil cases for trial. I certainly think Wales ought to be the happiest part of the United Kingdom, there being but few criminals found within its borders, and apparently no litigation."

—The Pope has issued a letter to Protestant and non-Catholic bodies in view of his Œcumenical Council next year. He deplores the social evils of modern society, which are due to the lessening influence of the True Church. He invites the Greeks, but not Protestants, to meet with the Council. The *Church News*, an English High Church journal, is greatly displeased because the Pope has confounded Anglicans with Protestants, and thinks he must have been badly advised from England. While sounding this flourish of trumpets in reference to social purity, he gives it a practical commentary by addressing to the pure Queen Isabella a warm invitation to make her home in Rome. Her chivalrous defense of social purity, to which she has fallen a martyr, has touched the paternal heart of His Holiness.

Selections.

THE GARDEN.

WHAT wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head:
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 'are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skillful gard'ner drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?
—*Andrew Marvell.*

OPINIONS AND WOMEN.

THE expression of opinion among men, when socially gathered together, does not take place, as a general rule, until the "ladies have withdrawn." Of all the allegations that have been so ungallantly urged against the fair sex, it seems to me that this is the best founded, that they do not interest themselves at all in matters which are most worth talking about. They are thinking of their dress, and (especially) thinking of what the other women are thinking of it. "They overwhelm society," says an American writer, "with superfluous dry goods. When ladies are present the whole affair becomes a mere question of costume. They dress, too, not for the purpose of giving pleasure to men; but for that of inflicting pain on one another. Besides, a lady who is carrying a considerable estate upon her person must devote a great part of her attention to the management of the estate. She may be talking to Mr. Smith about Shakespeare and the musical glasses; but thine her mind is really bent upon is, crushing Mrs. Smith withher 'new lace.'" This is mainly true, except that it is rare to hear ladies talk of Shakespeare, unless the Prince and Princess of Wales may chance to have lately patronized one of his plays. Similarly, they do not speak of any religious question, unless some favorite clergyman has been recently persecuted; nor have they any interest in politics (beyond a general apprehension that genteel institutions are in danger, and that there is even a possibility of there being no House of Lords), unless their husband or brother has been concerned of late with the blue side or the yellow. Now, men (though there are more dull men, perhaps, than dull women, and though men have certainly the gift of prosing in a more full degree) do, to do them justice, take interest in other matters besides merely personal ones. Every one of them, however intellectually insignificant, has his own notions of how the state ought to be governed, and even of the eternal principles on which the administration of the universe is conducted. Each is prepared to go to the stake upon such abstract questions as the rights of property, the training of horses, the benefits which guano confers on crops, the state provision for the poor, the genius of Mr. Browning, the voluntary theological system, and the virtuares. Of course, the talk expressed are often unconcern enough; but, however worthless in themselves, they are characteristic of their professors. They indicate at once to the intelligent observer what sort of man he has to deal with; and, as it were, buoy for him the channels of conversation, while the less sagacious skippers, unobservant of these danger-signals, go bumping, and grounding, and colliding, till the confusion becomes inextricable, and there is perhaps a row.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE UMBRELLA.

UMBRELLAS are an older invention than some writers would have us suppose. Even the usually entertained notion that Jonas Hanway introduced the umbrella into England, in the year 1752, is proved to be false by evidence that can be cited. Ben Jonson refers to it by name, in a comedy produced in 1616; and so do Beaumont and Fletcher, in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Swift, in the *Tattler* of October 17, 1710, says, in "The City Shower":

"The tucked-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides."

The following couplet also occurs in a poem written by Gay, in 1712:

"Housewives underneath th' umbrella's olle shed
Safe through the wet in cleanling pattens tread."

It is probable that Hanway was the first man seen carrying an umbrella in London.

At Persepolis, in Persia, are some sculptures, supposed to be as early as the time of Alexander the Great; and on one of these is represented a chief or king, over whose head some servants are holding an umbrella. At Takhti-Bostan are other sculptures, one of which is a king witnessing a bear-hunt, attended by an umbrella-bearer. Recent discoveries at Nineveh show that the umbrella was in use there; it being common to the sculpturings, but always represented open. The same is to be seen upon the celebrated Hamilton vases, preserved in the British Museum. In many Chinese drawings ladies are attended by servants holding umbrellas over their heads.

Lombère, who went to Siam as envoy from the king of France, describes the use of umbrellas as being covered by curious regulations. Those umbrellas resembling ours are used principally by the officers of state; while those several tiers in hight, as if two or more umbrellas were fixed on one stick, are reserved for the king alone. In Ava, a country adjacent to Siam, the king designates himself, among other titles, as "Lord of the Ebbing and Flowing Tide, King of the White Elephant, and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." This last title, although ridiculous to us, is supposed to relate to twenty-four states or provinces over which, under the rule of the king, the umbrella being especially a royal emblem in Ava. The umbrella is also the distinguishing sign of sovereignty in Morocco.

The French name, *parapluie*, and the German name, *regenschirm*, express the rain-shielding use of the invention; but we have no name in English equally as consistent, for "umbrella" means simply "a little shade."—*Our Boys and Girls.*

"THAT'S HOW."—After a great snow-storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man, passing along.

"By keeping at it," said the boy, cheerfully; "that's how!"

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller, until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment in fretting, do not lose a breath in saying "I can't," or "I do not see how"; but go at it, and keep at it. Study. That is the only way to conquer it. If a fault is to be cured, or a bad habit broken up, it cannot be done by merely being sorry, or only trying a little. You must keep fighting it; and not give up fighting until it is got rid of.

SONNET.

WHAT can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, . . . who has brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take or leave withal,
In unexpected largesse? Am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts I render nothing back at all?
Not so. Not cold!—but very poor instead!
Ask God who knows! for frequent tears have run
The colors from my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head.
Go further! Let it serve to trample on.
—*E. B. Browning.*

DANIEL WEBSTER AND JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and sent invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore, the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both houses of Congress. It happened that on that day several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Mr. Bodisco, the Russian minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden, and others came in. Whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried. After the applause with which these gentlemen had been received had subsided, and silence was once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia." At the close of the first verse, Webster's patriotism boiled over. He could stand it no longer; and, rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous, bass voice to the chorus. Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing; but it was of no earthly use. At the close of each verse Webster joined in; and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience were the most delighted. At the close of the air, Mr. Webster arose, hat in hand, and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo. Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Miss Lind recourtesied, the house reapplauded; and this was repeated eight or nine times.

THE CLOVE IN HISTORY.—In that multitude of islands which make up the Eastern Archipelago there were but five in that period where grew the clove—Ternate, Tydor, Motiel, Makian, and Bacia. Pepper and ginger, even nutmegs, cassia, and mace, were but vulgar drugs, precious as they were already to the world and the world's commerce, compared with this most magnificent spice. It is wonderful to reflect upon the strange composition of man. The world had lived in former ages very comfortably without cloves. But by the beginning of the seventeenth century that odoriferous pistil had been the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate wars, of so much vituperation, negotiation, and intrigue, that the world's destiny seemed to have almost become dependent upon the growth of a particular gilly-flower. Out of its sweetness had grown such bitterness among great nations as not torrents of blood could wash away. A commonplace condiment enough it seems to us now—easily to be dispensed with, and not worth purchasing at a thousand human lives or so the cargo; but it was once the great prize to be struggled for by civilized nations. From that fervid earth, warmed from within by volcanic heat and basking ever beneath the equatorial sun, arose vapors as deadly to human life as the fruits were exciting and delicious to human senses. Yet the atmosphere of pestiferous fragrance had attractions rather than repelled. The poisonous delights of the climate, added to the perpetual and various warfare for its productions, spread a strange fascination around those fatal isles. —*Motley's United Netherlands.*

PEBBLES.

CALUMNY is like the cinders flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

DE QUINCEY being asked why there were more women than men, replied: "It is conformable with the arrangement of Nature: we always see more of heaven than earth."

BEN WADE says that the reason why Gen. McClellan didn't fight harder was that he early became a presidential aspirant, and didn't like to have any of his constituents killed.

THE Louisville *Journal* says please to let the Radicals: "What infernal scoundrels these fellows are! The Devil's hill is not hot enough for their deserts. My God make it seven times hotter."

THE Blairs have lost none of their modesty. Montgomery says that the Democratic ticket has been bottom upward from the first. This means that his brother Frank should have been the nominee for the presidency.

THE following is a true copy of an order from a young woman in Essex, to the selectmen, for state bounty:

"Oct 3 184

"to the S lake Man of Essecks pleasay to Moasics knolton what munny B lon to me."

A TEMPERANCE lecturer, descanting on the superior virtues of cold water, remarked: "When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was oblieed to give a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a toper present; "but it filled every critter on the face of the earth.

A NEGRO congregation was lately singing

"Jesus die on Calvary,
Jesus, screws, de, fi, dum."

It was found by the reporter of the incident that the second line had been rendered from the original of

"Jews crucified him!"

DR. MOSES MATHER, who was called for many years in what is now Dieu, Conn., in the time of the Revolutionary War, had a man in his parish whose pretended to be a sort of half Quaker, half infidel, who was a member of the vicince committee. Meeting each other on day on the road, both mounted on horseback, the Quaker-infidel said to Dr. Mher: "Your Master used to ride an *ass*; he is it that you ride a *horse*?" "Because said the Doctor, "I can't help it; *the asses are all taken up for committee-men!*"

A YOUNG gentleman, six years of age, was partaking pretty freely of the good things of this life at the dinner-tat, immediately after his return from Sndayschool. An elder brother, eight yrs old, after eyeing him for some time said: "Charlie, if you were to eat mne more, and it should kill you, you would weigh so much that the angels could n carry you to heaven." Little six-yearld hesitated for a moment, and then, lokng up, replied: "Well, if they could do it alone, God would send Samson down to help them."

IT is stated that at Exeter the attorney-general was recently trying an old couple very hard for the old gentlen's vote. The old lady said: "My hband has promised to vote for the Libes." The attorney-general, however, was not be satisfied; and used all his speci loquence on the occasion. While he wrying to persuade the old man, his wifas fumbling over a book, and presentasked the attorney-general if he would be kind enough to read this chapter inie Bible." He proceeded to do so, and prntly came to the words: "And there cas a certain lawyer tempting him." Whehe looked up the attorney-general was ge.

AN out-speaking clergyman an article in the *Christian Register*, alludes to some of his calls: "Once found four people about a table, each tending to be busy at something. I sat a glance the truth. I looked about u I discovered the hidden 'pack'; and then drew it from its hiding-place, put it upon the table, and requested them to finish their game. And once I let a man's hot punch gloriously cool because he chose to put it behind him, where he couldn't see it, but I could, rather than own up like a man. Once, too, I detected grimaces in a truant glass as I came into the parlor; and I amused myself with the contrast between the truth of the looking-glass and the lie of the lip. I never called again."

Commercial Notices.

OFFICE and Manufactory of B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington street, New York City. Caution to dealers and consumers!

An inferior article of Soap is being thrust upon the market, bearing BRAND and LABEL similar to my own, and well calculated to deceive the unsuspecting.

Beware of imitations! Do not purchase box or bar unless you see B. T. BABBITT plainly marked upon both. Look well that the initials B. T. are prefixed to my name. None other is genuine, or equal in quality. B. T. BABBITT.

THE BEST and Original Tonic of Iron, Phosphorus, and Calisaya, known as Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark. The Iron restores color to the blood, the Phosphorus renews waste of the nerve tissue, and the Calisaya gives a natural, healthful tone to the digestive organs, thereby curing Dyspepsia in its various forms, Wakefulness, General Debility, and Depression of Spirits. Manufactured only by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocer's, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *As* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?—Then select the paint made by the Averill Chemical Paint Company, of New York, and Newburgh, Ohio. Most of our finest residences throughout the country have been or are being painted with it. It is handsomer, more durable, and comes less than pure lead.

COLGATE AND COMPANY'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE TOILET SOAP is the best for toilet use. It is composed of healing ingredients; and, being combined with Glycerine, is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of ladies and infants.

ALL PERSONS desirous of having their dishes, linen, and laundry washing of the most perfect whiteness, and without being spotted, should use the Patent Soluble Blueing Bag. It never fails. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, and by PLYMOUTH COLOR CO., 106 and 108 Fulton st., N. Y.

MATHUSHEK'S LITTLE COLIBRI PIANO is becoming the *universal favorite*. Doubt no longer, but buy the best. Every piano warranted for five years. Send for circular to BARLOW & MATHUSHEK, General Agents, 694 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCT. 20, 1868.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.		SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Choice	16¼@16¾	Extra, P lb	6 @ 6½
Extra	15¾@16	Choice	5½@5¾
Fair to good	14½@15	Good	5 @5¼
Second quality	12 @14	Fair	3½@4
Third quality	10 @12½	Poor	2½@3
Inferior	8½@9¾	Spring Lambs	7 @7¾
Extra ox	16 @	Extra calves	8 @8½
Extra steers	@18¾	Common to Fair	5 @5¾

COWS AND CALVES.		VEAL CALVES.	
Choice	$105@125	Extra and Choice	12½@13
Good	85@100	Good	10@12
Fair	60@ 80	Common	8½@10
Inferior and Common	50@ 55	Inferior	6½@8

SWINE.	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed, prime to	9¼@ 9¾	12¾@12¾
Corn-fed, common to fair	8½@ 9	11¾@12

Receipts for the week were 9,770 packages. There is good demand for the late ends of dairies, fresh Fall Tubs, both State and Western, and for the little Roll Butter which begins to make its appearance, and a strong, steady market for all grades of Butter, with an advancing tendency. We quote prices 1@2 cts higher on some grades than last week. We quote:

Orange County Dairies and Creameries	@55
Fine Fall Butter	@50
Fine Long Dairies	@46
Good to Choice Fall Butter	@44
do. do. Dairies	@40
Common to Fair Butter	@40
Roll Butter, in bbls. or boxes	@45
Grease	none.

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 35,864 boxes. There has been a grand promenade through the state; and most of the factories bought up at 16@16½ cts., with an occasional one at 17 cts. In Lewis County we note sales of the Sugar River at 16½ cts., Turin at 16 cts., Millers 17 cts., Woods 16½ cts., Houseville 16½@ 16¾ cts., Carpenters 16 cts., and Chester 16 cts. The W. M. Jones, of Oneida, and Midland, of Chenango, sold at 16½ cts.; and this seems to have been the price most current. The market here does not as yet respond to these movements in the interior, and with dearer greenbacks there is no change in quotations. We quote:

Factory Cheese, fancy	17 @17½
do. do. fair to good	15½@16
Private Dairies, fancy	16½@17
do do. fair to good	15½@16

EGGS.—There has been a scarcity of Eggs the past two days, and prices have advanced 5@6 cts. per doz. With increased receipts next week, prices will be lower. We quote:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz	36 @37
Canada and Western, per doz	33@35
Egg Oats, per bush	50 @75

LIVE POULTRY.—There has been heavy arrivals, and the market is gutted. We quote:

Turkeys, per lb	13 @ 15
Fowls, per lb	11 @ 15
Ducks, per pair	90 @1 00
Geese, Western, per pair	1 75 @2 00
Chickens, per D	15 @ 16

GAME.—All kinds are selling well. We quote:

Grouse, trapped, per pair	@1 12@1 25
Woodcock, per pair	@50 @1
Pigeons, plebt, per doz	1 00@1 25
Partridges, per pair	1 00@1 25
Quail, per dozen	3 00@3 25
Rabbits, per pair	50@ 60
Venison, Saddles	20@ 22
Whole Deer	16@ 17

BEANS.—Receipts have considerably increased, mostly Mediums and Pea Beans, and prices for such have declined 50@60 cts. per bush. since our last. Marrows, however, continue scarce and in good demand at last week's rates. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. 62 lbs	@1 50@1 75
Mediums, " "	2 25@2 40
Pea, " "	@2 25

BUCKWAX is the same as last week. 41@45 cts. for Southern and Western.

TALLOW is in good demand at 12½@13¾ cts.

DRIED FRUITS.—All kinds are dull, and prices have a downward tendency. We quote:

Apples, State	10 @11
do. Ohio	9 @10
do. Southern, new	9 @10
Dried Peaches, new, pealed, good to prime	20 @23
do. do. do.	fair to good	18 @22
do. do. unpealed, halves	14 @18
do. do. quarters	@11½
Blackberries, per lb	20 @21
Cherries, pitted, per lb	40 @42

SEEDS are dull and unchanged. We quote:

Clover, per lb	13¾@ 14
Timothy, per bushel	3 00@ 3 25
Flaxseed, "	@2 70@2 75

ASHES.—The market for Pots is 48 25@8 50. Pearls $10 50.

DAVID W. LEWIS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 62 Pearl street, New York,

gives particular attention to the Commission Sale of FALL BUTTER. Also CHEESE, EGGS, BEANS, etc. Pot Ballots on postcards, send address by mail, and mark goods D. W. LEWIS, N. Y.

Fine Orance County style of Butter for family use will be sent to any address at 40@ per 100-lb. pckgs. and 42½ for 50-lb. pckgs., and other kinds at less prices. All orders must be accompanied by remittance and directions, and it is done

PRICES CURRENT.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

ASHES—DUTY: 2½ P ct. P lb.
Pot, 1st sort, 100 lbs — @—
Pearl, 1st sort, 100 lbs — @—
CANDLES—DUTY: 6¢. P lb.
Sperm, P lb — @50
Dr. Tall'w Adam — @—
Tallow, Adamine — @—
Adamine City — @23
Adam's State — @—
COAL—DUTY: 40c. and 25 P ton.
Lehigh Egg — @—
Lehigh Stove — @—
Lehigh Nut — @—
Anth. Egg, 2000 lbs 7 50 @8 00
COCOA—DUTY: 3 c. P lb.
Maracaibo, ordinary 23 @—
Guayaquil " 25½@—
Para " " @—
St. Domo " " @—
COFFEE—DUTY: 5c. P lb.
Java, mix'd, W'hsd 21 @23
Jamaica 14½@—
Laguayra 14½@—
Maracaibo 14½@17½
St. Domingo 11 @14½
COPPER—DUTY: 30 P ct. ad val. Pig and Bar 24c. and Sheathing 30 P lb.
American Ingot 23 @23½
Rathbell's new 23 @—
Bailey's do. 23 @—
Sheathing, old 20 @21
Sheathing, yellow 23 @—
Pig, Chile @—
Bolts 23 @—
DRUGS AND DYES.
Alcohol 240 @ 245
Aloes, Cape 21 @—
Aloes, Socotrine 60 @—
Alum 2 75@ 3 00
Annatto, good 85 @—
Antimony, crude 10 @14½
Argols, ref. red 53 @55
Arsenic, now 7 @ 8½ @—
Assafœtida 35 @40
Balsam Capivi 85 @—
Balsam Tolu 1 25 @—
Balsam Peru 3 50 @—
Bark, Cinchona, red 27 @31
Berries, Tuscan 25 @—
Bi-carb. Soda 3½@—
Borax, refined 36½@—
Brimstone, roll 6 @—
Brimstone, flour 6½@—
Brim's, ref. pd. 50 @55 50
Camph. unrefined 2 @—
Camphor, ref 1 20 @—
Cantharides 1 @1 05
Car. Ammonia 15 @—
Cardamoms 3 25 @4 00
Castor Oil 2 @2 10
Catechu, Gambier 7 @—
Chamomiles 15 @50
Chlorate Potash, gold 34 @—
Cochineal, silv'r 70 @85
Cochineal, Mex. good 70 @—
Copperas, Am 2 @—
Cream Tar. ref 29 @29½
Cubebs, E. I. 50 @—
Cutch, gold 8½@—
Dragon's Blood 33 @—
Gambooge 1 75 @2 00
Gum Arabic, sifted 37 @38
Gum Arabic, pkd 45 @75
Gum Benzoin 80 @85
Gum Myrrh, E. I. @—
Gum Myrrh 35 @—
Gum Opium 3 75 @4 00
Gum Trag. ist 35 @40
Gum Trag. 2d 25 @30
Gyd. Pota. Eng 24 @—
Indigo, Bengal 3 65 @3 85
Ipecacuanha 3 00 @3 75
Jalap 50 @55
Lac Dye 20 @—
Licorice, Paste 24 @31
Madder, French good 12½@—
Manna, small flake 35 @—
Manna, large flake 170 @175
Nutgalls, Aleppo 35 @—
Oil Bergamot 6 87½@8 50
Oil Cassia 3 50 @—
Oil Lemon 4 00 @4 50
Oil Peppermint 4 75 @—
Oil Orange 2 25 @—
Opium, T'r'k'd 8 87½@8 90
Oxalic Acid 38 @—
Phosphorus 50 @—
Prus. Potash 38 @40
Quicksilver 75 @77
Rhubarb Ch. 2 35@2 25
Saleratus, cash 20 @—
Sal Ammoniac 8 @8½
Sal Soda, mod. 1 77½@1 80
Saltpetre, Bengal 10 @—
Saltpetre, Am. refined 25 @30
Sarsa lla, Mex. in bd grd 14 @—
Senna, E. I. 30 @—
Senna, Alex. 25 @28
Sulphur 41 @51
Soda Ash, Newcastle 37½@—
Sugar Lead, W. ref 25 @—
Sulph. Quin. 2 25 @—
Tartaric Acid 85 @—
Verdigris, gold 50 @51
Vitriol, blue 10 @11
FEATHERS—DUTY: 30 P ct.
Prime West'n 35 @39
Common 25 @33
FISH—DUTY: Mackerel, 2 P bbl; Herrings, 81 P 1,000; Salmon, 4¢. P lb.
Mackerel, No. 1, small 17 50
Mack. No. 2, M 13 50
Mack. No. 3 M 11 00
Mack. No. 3, shore, No. 2 10 00
Mack. No. 3, shore 9 00
Mackerel, No. 1 @—
Mackerel, No. 2 @—
Mackerel, No. 3 @—
Salmon, P lb 13@—
Cod, P qtl 3 50@—
Pickled Cod 5 25 @5 50
Mackerel, No. 1 @—
Mackerel, No. 2 @—
Mackerel, No. 3 @—
Other Fish, Pickled, Dried, or Smoked, in small packages, 50 cts. @100 lbs.
Dry Cod, Western 7 87½@8 00
Pickled Cod, Scale 4 @4 25
Pickled Cod 5 25 @5 50
Mackerel, No. 1 @—
Mackerel, No. 2 @—
Mackerel, No. 3 @—
Round scale, small 17 50
Mack. No. 2, M 13 50
Mack. No. 3 M 11 00
Mack. No. 3, shore, No.

NOTICES.

☞ By agreement, the Editor's responsibility for the contents of this paper does not include the Commercial and Financial Department, Commercial and Business Notices, Premiums, and Advertisements; for all which the Publisher, who is at the same time Commercial Editor, is exclusively responsible.

☞ All communications for the Editorial, Literary, News, and Miscellaneous Columns of this Journal should be addressed to **Theodore Tilton, Box 2787.**

☞ All communications for the Commercial Department, to the Commercial Editor; and all business communications from subscribers and advertisers, to **Henry C. Bowen, Box 2787.**

☞ No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our Correspondents.

☞ Manuscripts sent to THE INDEPENDENT cannot be returned.

The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1868.

A LOTUS-EATING LAWYER.

It is always so agreeable to our feelings to see a deserving man honored that we are thankful to those who honor him. But his garland ought to be only for his unspotted and never for his tarnished acts. Moreover, when a guild of men, like the lawyers of New York, join in a public tribute to one of their brotherhood, as in giving a public dinner to Mr. William M. Evarts, they should take care that their plaudits to their comrade re-echo no ridicule to themselves.

The lawyers who invite Mr. Evarts to dine say rashly in their invitation that the highest possible compliment which can be paid to the New York bar is the fact that the President of the United States chooses one of its members for Attorney-General. Now, what president chose Mr. Evarts for Attorney-General? Andrew Johnson—an escaped criminal! Nor, in choosing him, did the wily rogue mean thereby to compliment the New York bar, but only to settle with Mr. Evarts for services rendered. Mr. Johnson had no money, but could pay his lawyer with an office; and his lawyer, needing no money, ambitiously accepted the office. This transaction, in the judgment of a bevy of New York lawyers, reflects distinguished honor on the New York bar. But, unless the law has ceased to be the noblest of professions, the honor of the New York bar ought to be so bright that any compliment from Andrew Johnson would fall upon it as a stain. "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed"; but praise from Mr. Evarts's guilty client and infamous chief is opprobrium and insult.

But why, under any president (even a decent one), should the New York bar consider that the summit of professional ambition is the Attorney-Generalship? The Attorney-General is never selected because he is a lawyer, but only because he is a politician, or haply in some rare instance (not the present) because he is a statesman. If it were a rule to give this greatest of legal offices to the greatest of legal minds, Mr. Evarts would have small claim to it; he would be shaded into incompetence at the side, for instance, of Mr. O'Conor. This we say advisedly and dispassionately. Certainly, to thoughtful and discreet auditors, Mr. Evarts's argument in the Impeachment Trial was flimsy, prolix, and vague. In the judgment of many eminent and fatigued listeners during those four Evarts days—"the saddest of the year"—the advocate's performance, when at last it ended, left the luster of his professional reputation rusted rather than scoured. His prairie-level of commonplace had flattened all the salient points of his prestige. The unwearied but wearying talker proved himself another Garret Davis in the Senate Chamber. In fact, both there and everywhere, Mr. Evarts, though seldom without a brief, is always without brevity. But, withal, he is one of those happy men who have the halcyon fortune to get themselves popularly estimated at their self-appraised value. He not only thinks highly of himself; but, with a fine gravity, gently solicits his friends to think highly of him also; and as we New Yorkers are a social fraternity of mutual admirers we all cheerfully acquiesce in our friend's graceful request. Accordingly it long ago became a pleasure to us all to pay a more than ordinary deference to our gentle Roman's meager greatness.

But even if he were, in point of intellect, superior to his superiors, what a precious piece of humbug it would be, and is, to say that because Mr. Evarts, or any other New York lawyer, happens to receive from an impeached president a fee in the form of a cabinet appointment, he thereby makes himself a conduit for conveying to the New York bar the pure water of the greatest compliment which it can possibly receive? When Mr. Stansbery, an abler lawyer than Mr. Evarts, was made Attorney-General, did the bar of Ohio meet, and dine, and say that because the first law-officer of the Government was chosen from their number, they themselves, the unchosen remainder, had thereby received the highest of professional distinctions? When Caleb Cushing, an abler man than either of these two, was made Attorney-General, did the bar of Massachusetts go into prandial fervor over President Pierce's supposed compliment to their self-complacent selves? When Jerry Black, a still more eminent browbeater than either of these three, was made Attorney-General by President Buchanan, did the bar of Washington stand flushed with rose-colored pleasure, as if under a sudden sunburst of honor to their whole fraternity?

Then, too, if the New York lawyers give a dinner over the President's appointment of Mr. Evarts, shall not the New York merchants give a dinner over Mr. Johnson's appointment of Sheridan Shook?

Now, if Mr. Evarts's professional brethren want to honor him for his professional skill, let them say so, and nobody will object—since, alas! nothing now remains of Mr. Evarts worthy of honor except his mere professional skill. But no such tribute was meant by the signers of Mr. Evarts's dinner-warrant. They simply say that, since Andrew Johnson has paid to the New York bar the highest fee of flattery which it ever received, they will cheerfully contribute *pro rata* for a dinner to Mr. Evarts in celebration of an honor which Mr. Johnson has thus conferred, not on that gentleman, but on themselves. In other words, the smile which Mr. Johnson bestowed on Mr. Evarts was of such a diffused sweetness that it bathed in lavender all the lawyers of New York!

But, of course, under the surface and down at the bottom, the proposed Evarts dinner, like the proposed Fessenden dinner, is meant for one of those political tributes which are occasionally offered to a frost-withered politican by way of reviving him into a hot-house bloom. In fact, when a public man goes into moral decline, what is there left for him but a public dinner? Did not a great company of New York flunkies give Mr. Johnson himself a public dinner? Will not Mr. Seymour, after his defeat, be sure to get a public dinner? Every clever knave, sooner or later, gets his public dinner. Even John Quincy Adams will have one in due time.

Mr. Evarts, for the approaching dinner, has two distinct claims to what the Western people call a "square meal." First, it was as morally base in a Republican leader like Mr. Evarts to sell himself as a lawyer to secure Andrew Johnson's acquittal as it would have been in James Otis to have taken a fee as a lawyer to argue the justice of King George's Writs of Assistance, or in Patrick Henry to have been hired as a lawyer to vindicate Lord North's Stamp Act. Next, it was as politically traitorous in a Republican like Mr. Evarts to accept an Attorney-Generalship under President Johnson as it was in Mr. Johnson himself to betray the Republican party originally, or in Mr. Seward to be the guilty partner of the President's crime.

It is the glory of a public man to wear the ornament of public virtue. Mr. Evarts, once a Republican candidate for a United States senatorship, and always a conspicuous orator in Republican conventions, ought to have had spirit enough to spurn the gift of any office from the tainted hand of Andrew Johnson. Even those morally blind men (like the editors of *The Nation*) who saw no wrong in Mr. Evarts's loan of his weary tongue to the President's cause when that traitor was impeached, have no excuse for excusing Mr. Evarts's unmanly acceptance of a privy-counselorship to the Wickedest Man in the United States. Think of Charles Sumner, or any other unsullied patriot, throwing his supporting arms round a presidential neck which has just escaped the ax of justice! Mr. Evarts's acceptance of a minister's portfolio under President Johnson is no less repugnant to a proper moral sense than would be his acceptance of the same office under President Seymour—Heaven save the mark!

Alas! for human consistency! Mr. Evarts—the man who at Cooper Institute denounced Mr. Johnson as a public enemy—now kisses his hand every Friday in cabinet meetings! When the ghostly little Attorney shall come back from Washington to New York to sit down to his public dinner, how much besides his meat and drink he will have to swallow! After his table is spread, let some one set before him, in an earthen dish, the familiar dict which he now partakes at the President's table—that legendary fruit which makes the men who eat of it forget their country.

THE IMPENDING DOOM.

THE Democratic party, considered in the persons of its prominent leaders, and the principles which have governed it for more than twenty years, has already lived too long. It ought to die. The manifest tokens of political perdition are already upon it; and, unless the age of miracles shall come to its relief, the 3d of November will seal its doom. In the present elements of its organic life it has utterly mistaken the historic chronology of Providence, and is indeed a gross anachronism, at least a century out of date. Its diagnosis of public feeling is the sheerest quackery. Its political Bourbons seem to understand neither "the logic of events" nor the moral necessity of being honest and doing right. "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN," is the handwriting upon the wall. Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, and Nebraska have already spoken; and in less than a week the whole North, as we hope, without the exception of a single state, will consign the Democratic party to its "own place."

That such a doom is but the stern and righteous retribution of God's justice, working through the consciences of men, and hence well deserved, is manifest by the history of this party. A simple statement of facts compels all honest and unbiased minds to bring in a verdict of *guilty* against it. Look at its long-standing alliance with and advocacy of slavery; read the record of its platforms framed and its candidates nominated mainly to court the favor of the slave-power; study the tactics of this party in its utter violation of plighted honor, in repealing the Missouri Compromise for the sake of slavery; observe its effort of blood and intrigue to force slavery upon the virgin soil of Kansas; mark the men at the South who went into the rebellion, and the copperheads at the North who sympathized with them—Democrats without exception; see, too, how these two wings of the rebellion worked in concert during the war—the one fighting under Gen. Lee, and the other doing its utmost to discredit the Government and impair its power of conquest; take due note of the Chicago platform in 1864, pronouncing the war a "failure," and proposing to negotiate with armed treason; examine well the chronicles of mobs, assassinations, and murders, whose agents are Democrats "dyed in the wool"; put Andrew Johnson into the list as a cheat and libel upon humanity, yet welcomed by the Democratic party as if he were a godsend in a last extremity; add the negro-hating and negro-persecuting spirit of this party, and in this element of its organic character its utter betrayal of every principle involved in its name; consider its dependence upon rum and ignorant Irish votes in our larger cities, its opposition to temperance and the registration of voters, its infamous practices in respect to naturalization, and its uniform hostility to impartial suffrage; notice, too, that its majorities are usually greatest where ignorance and depravity most abound; and, last, though not least, subjoin the proceedings of the Tammany Convention, alike in the men controlling it, the revolutionary and fraudulent principles enunciated, and the candidates nominated—the one notoriously a political trickster, and the other an open-mouthed revolutionist, and both practically sworn to take good care of the "lost cause"—and hence both the favorites of copperheads and rebels. Yes, make this survey of the well-known facts that belong to the history of the Democratic party; and who then will say that its impending doom is greater than its crimes? Long in power, it used that power to its own discredit and the injury of the nation. For eight years out of power, it is now making its last effort on a basis which its very selfishness will never suffer it to repeat. Defeated now, and so thoroughly defeated as to leave no doubt as to the fixed sense of the American people, the Democratic party will either die by complete disintegration, or, repenting of its sins, start life anew, and seek to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

We care nothing about *parties as such*, by whatever name they may be called; but we do care much about *men*, in the moral constituents of their characters, and also the *principles* which they represent. We acknowledge no sworn allegiance to party that binds us to *bad* men, or makes us the advocates of false and wicked principles. We believe in reforming the vices of political parties where it can be done; and, if this cannot be done, then we believe in killing them and making better ones. We have no objection that the Democratic party should live, if it will repent, and prove its sincerity by a suitable probation of good works. Repent it cannot, and yet live under its present management; and, hence, we are inclined to think that it may as well die.

The Republican party—now in the ascendancy, fresh and vigorous, and, beyond a question, destined to succeed in the coming election—will do well to profit by the sad fortunes of its ill-fated and justly-punished neighbor. It has a great and glorious work to do; and in doing this work it will most certainly guarantee its own power for years to come. Its name will not save it from decay and final dissolution; its past achievements, glorious as they are, will not do so; but that righteousness of principles and policies which exalteth a nation will do it. *Freedom, equal rights, national unity, and national integrity*—these are the trusts which a confiding people are about to commit to the Republican party. God grant it wisdom equal to its day!

MR. MOTLEY.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY'S Fraternity Lecture on the issues of the hour is a fine instance of good-tempered discussion, careful statement, excellent sense, and pleasant humor. Parts of it were a little heavy and artificial—just enough to make it accord with the Boston, or Everett, or Cambridge style; but Mr. Motley is so excellent a patriot, so public-spirited a scholar, and so true-hearted a man that, for the sake of his many merits, one can forgive his Bostonish tone. In fact, even his style—to say nothing of his politics—is so great an improvement on Edward Everett's that we cannot help applauding its general grace and fervor, and overlooking its occasional primness and conventionality.

We felt some disappointment at the touch-and-go manner in which Mr. Motley treated the Negro Question. A foreigner reading Mr. Motley's lecture would hardly get the idea that this question is the true bone of contention at this moment between the North and the South.

So fine a historical writer might well have been expected to portray the negro's services during the Rebellion and to have emphasized the negro's demand for the ballot in the reconstruction. We do not say that Mr. Motley proved himself forgetful of our great American victim, but we cannot help saying that, had he ranged himself a little more positively among the negro's well-wishers and champions, he would have achieved for himself one more golden opinion to be added to the many which his masterly speech must elicit from all lovers of liberty. As it is, Mr. Motley has not given to the Negro as much consideration as to the Dollar. But, in this respect, he simply follows the unchivalrous example of nine-tenths of his fellow Republicans.

The piquancy with which he treats the financial issues will be relished by all who love honesty in morals and liveliness in writing.

On the whole, this address is so much nobler in aim and so much better in execution than the colder heart and duller pen of Mr. George Bancroft would have produced that we congratulate our countrymen on the auspicious fact that our ripe scholars and fine writers are becoming more and more competent as men of affairs.

OUR STATE PERIL.

THE question of the presidency has been already decided. The October elections left no room for doubt on that subject. No intelligent person can entertain a doubt of the election of Gen. Grant to be the successor of Mr. Johnson. But the removal of all doubts as to the success of the Republicans in carrying the November elections, as far as the presidency is concerned, does not mitigate in any degree, but rather intensifies, the anxiety felt in New York in respect to the issue of the great contest as to the future control of affairs in the Empire State. In the action of the Democratic party in Georgia, in the Camilla massacres, and the outrages committed in Louisiana and Arkansas, we have a forewarning of what would happen in all the reconstructed states if Seymour and Blair should be elected. Happily this forewarning has proved a forewarning, and the Democratic party has done more to insure its own defeat than its opponents could possibly have done. In the City of New York we have a forewarning of what would happen in the administration of the affairs of the state if the Democrats should succeed in electing their candidate for governor and a majority of the state legislature. The leaders of the party have been too sagacious from the start to count upon the election of Mr. Seymour; but they hoped by his nomination to secure their supremacy in this state, that they might obtain possession, not only of the revenues and vast political patronage which they have hungered after so long, but to abolish the system of commissions, to which we are indebted for the only redeeming features of our municipal government. The City of New York, which is more richly endowed in natural advantages than any other city in the whole world, presents the anomalous character of being both the worst and the best-governed city in either hemisphere. In one aspect it is a scandal and a disgrace to its inhabitants, and a reproach to republican institutions. The stranger from the Old World, on landing on our wharves, finds them dirty, dilapidated, filthy, overcrowded, and unsafe; he is beset the moment he puts his foot upon our soil with a clamorous crowd of ruffians who, too often, succeed in despoiling him of his property and bewildering him by their assaults. In his first sallies through the streets he is disgusted by noisome smells, and is compelled to wade through slimy filth or be smothered by clouds of blinding dust. He finds our public markets, from which the people obtain their daily supplies of food, inconveniently placed, overcrowded, dirty, unsightly, and every way unwholesome; the public squares, which should be orderly and attractive in appearance, he finds dirty, disorderly, and the resort of ruffians; the public buildings are mean in appearance and ill-kept; and what must amaze him most of all will be to find that, with the largest immigration of any city in the world, and with the most magnificent water frontage, there is not one decent spot in the whole extent of the city at which a small boat can land a passenger, nor a single public place where our citizens could indulge in a bath. If he happens to be of an inquiring disposition, he will learn that these disgraceful conditions are the result of an uninterrupted Democratic rule for many years, and that the cost of our municipal mismanagement is greater than the cost of governing the best regulated cities in the world. But, while he notes all these disagreeable and disgraceful circumstances, he will hardly fail to be astonished in finding parts of the city as admirably and perfectly governed, and displaying as much intelligence and economy as can be found in any other city, either of the Old World or the New. He will learn that, while he has been so rudely handled by a mob of half-savage coachmen on landing, and left to their unchecked rapacity, that the poorer class of passengers who crossed the Atlantic in his company were properly cared for by discreet and civil officers, who furnished them with every assistance which their helpless condition required, and protected them against the attacks of prowling robbers. In his explorations about the city, as he steps out of an overcrowded car, which has whirled him through filthy and dusty streets, he emerges into a scene of sylvan beauty in our Central Park, where everything is refreshing, sweet, well-ordered, graceful, beautiful, and gladsome. Let him be taken to "the Islands," in the East River, where the institutions for the care of our unfortunate poor, and not less unfortunate criminals, are placed, and he will find perfect order, and a system of benevolent administration which will challenge his admiration. Let him examine our Police Department, our paid Fire Department, and the Croton Water Department, and he will in each find the same excellent administration that shows such admirable results in our Central Park and on the Islands. And he will learn that these "departments" of our city government owe their exceptional excellence to the fact that they were created by state authority, and have been hitherto kept free from Democratic control. These "departments" are under the control of commissioners, who are wholly independent of the municipal ring of politicians who have so long ruled in the city. The Commissioners of Immigration owe their existence to state authority; and, but for their beneficent labors, New York would never have become the great *entrepôt* of European immigration, which has added so greatly to the wealth of the city.

But what the Democratic party is now striving to accomplish in the coming election is to gain a majority in the legislature, so that these departments, which are now under the control of independent commissions, may become the prey of the unscrupulous faction which, by aid of the foreign vote of the city, now mismanages our municipal affairs. They have nominated for governor a pliable tool of their party, whose conduct as chief magistrate of the city insures them perfect success in the accomplishment of their objects, if they can secure his election. But we trust devoutly that in this case to be forewarned is to be forearmed; and that the administration of our state affairs, and of the "departments," which have saved New York from becoming an unredeemed sink of corruption, will not pass into Democratic hands.

Let every New Yorker who, for the nation's sake, and for the sake of peace, votes for Grant, also, for the sake of our state and city, vote for Griswold.

THE EUROPEAN DEAD-LOCK.

WHEN Mr. Puff, in Sheridan's *Critic*, had got his characters triangularly arranged, with their daggers at each other's breasts, in such a way that none of them dared to strike for fear of being struck themselves, he triumphantly exclaimed, "This is what I call my dead-lock!" Much like this is the predicament of the Great Powers of Europe at this present. They are most of them "willing enough to wound"; but yet "afraid to strike," lest the weapons their wailing enemies hold in readiness for themselves should seize the occasion to leap from their scabbards. Thus "all Nature's discord keeps all Nature's peace," as far as the Eastern Continent is concerned. But the fear of the possible hostilities produces almost as much disturbance in the affairs of commerce as they could do if they had become actual. Nothing can lull the suspiciousness of trade, or charm the hypochondriac horrors of the stock market. Whether Bonaparte says anything or nothing, it is taken *in malam partem*, and construed into a threat of war. And, when the King of Prussia, at Kiel, ended a speech full of peaceful sentiments, by saying that he saw in all Europe no occasion for any disturbance of the peace, he spoiled all by reminding his subjects that, in the event of war, his army and navy had shown themselves equal to any conflict they might be called upon to encounter. Down went the stocks on all the *bourses;* and, though His Majesty has since been at the pains to explain that his words meant nothing more than met the ear, the distrust continues, trade languishes, enterprise is paralyzed, gold hurries with an apoplectic rush to the Banks of England and France, and lies idle rather than take the risk of war.

The preservation of peace, happily, depends, much more than it did in the last century, and so backward to the days of Nimrod, on the opinion and sentiment of the individual members of nations, and less upon the caprice of monarchs. Subjects *are* wiser now than they were when Cowper said that

> "War was a game which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at";

and they are more powerful, also, now than then. No king can venture to engage in a war which does not command the sympathy, if not the enthusiasm, of his people. And the public sentiment of the modern world runs much stronger in the direction of money-making than of blood-shedding. Burke lamented that "the Age of Chivalry was gone, and that of economists and calculators had succeeded it." But the present generation thinks the change altogether for the better, and does not think, with the great orator, that "the glory of Europe is extinguished forever" because she has learned to prefer filling her pockets to cutting her neighbors' throats. The French, in particular, have been greatly relieved of their old fever for fighting by the copious blood-letting they underwent at the hands of the First Bonaparte. They are now eminently a pacific people, and it will not be a safe thing to force them into a war against the grain. The two first wars of the present Bonaparte were invested with a certain glamor of sentiment: in the one case of that of fair play, and the protecting of the weak against the strong; and in the other that of Italian freedom and unity. But in both cases he had to bring them to a sudden end, at Paris and Villafranca, when the French nation had had enough of them. The crusade into Mexico had no support from the nation, and it was only the remoteness of that country which made it possible for Bonaparte to persevere in his blunder for so long. He knows that the least reverse to his arms in any war of aggrandizement would topple him from his throne, and put an end to his dynasty forever.

The heroic practice of Napoleon effected much the same cure for England that it did for France. Her wars, since Waterloo, with the exception of the Crimea, have been wars in distant countries, in the direct interest of trade. She has recovered radically from her morbid propensity to settle the affairs of her continental neighbors, and it will be a stern necessity that shall compel her interference with them again. Prussia, the power whose ambition is the most dreaded, is not much more free to incur the risks of war than France, excepting under a strong compulsion, however desirous she may be of vindicating her European predominance. The German Empire is yet far from organized. The states which Prussia has devoured are not yet assimilated and made a wholesome part of her body politic. The Southern German States—Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Hesse Darmstadt, and Baden—as yet stand aloof from the new confederation under the hegemony of Prussia. Austria, with her nine or ten millions of Germans, is yet smarting from the wounds of Sadowa. It is not likely that King William, or his wiley premier, will risk all they have gained and all they may hope from time on the chances of battle. Austria is certainly in no mood or condition to begin a war, however ready she might be to make her advantage of one once begun. Italy has enough to do to hold her own, and to perfect unity, and suppress brigandage and assassination, which make her southern provinces almost as bad as our own. Russia is in the midst of a social revolution, is poor with all her immense possessions, and has wars almost always on her hands upon her Asiatic frontier. Besides, her ambition lies in the direction of Constantinople, rather than of Paris or Berlin. Spain is more likely to menace the peace of Europe by her example, provided it be a good one, than by her sword.

In this state of affairs no nation is willing to attack any of its neighbors, because each knows that others of her neighbors are ready to attack her, if they can take her at advantage. For there are mighty passions sleeping, as well as great interests awake. Peace is the obvious interest of all the civilized world. But war, once begun, would awake those sleeping passions; and men's conduct is always guided more by their passions than by their material interests, when once aroused. These elements of human nature, and these conditions of human society, are well understood of the men who have it in their power to set the world ablaze. And they know not what that conflagration may not consume, nor how all that they prize the most may come out of that fierce combustion. They will be slow to apply the torch. The dead-lock is the surest guaranty of the peace of Europe for the present; and we think it will be an effectual one.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE system of Presbyterianism as embodied in the "Presbyterian Church of the United States," and defined by the Form of Government, while regarding the whole church as an organic unity, distinctly recognizes the existence, rights, and powers of the local congregation. The officers of "a particular church" are elders, deacons, and a pastor or pastors.

In respect to the election of elders and deacons, the Form of Government provides that "every congregation shall elect persons to the office of ruling elder, and to the office of deacon, or either of them, in the mode most approved and in use in that congregation. But in all cases the persons elected must be male members in full communion in the church in which they are to exercise their office." The church or congregation having the power to elect these officers is thus defined in the Form of Government: "A particular church consists of a number of professing Christians, with their offspring, voluntarily associated together for divine worship and godly living agreeably to the Holy Scriptures, and submitting to a certain form of government." The electors of elders and deacons in the local church are these "professing Christians," having the power to make their choice "in the mode most approved and in use in that congregation," and limited only to the selection of "male members" for church-officers. According to this provision, females, though not eligible to office, are as perfectly invested with the elective franchise as the male members of the church. The church—evidently the *whole* church, and not a part of it—has the right to fix the "mode" and "use" in the choice of its own officers. The Form of Government leaves the whole question with the local church; and this is just where it should be left.

In relation to the choice of a pastor, the same form, after providing for the method in which a church-meeting shall be convened and conducted, proceeds to say that "no person shall be entitled to vote who refuses to submit to the censures of the church regularly administered, or who does not contribute his just proportion according to his own engagements, or the rules of that congregation, to all "its necessary expenses." The plain inference from this clause is that *all* the other members of the church are electors in the choice of a pastor. The excepted classes are the only ones excluded from the ecclesiastical franchise; and, of course, those not thus excepted must be included.

These are the only clauses in the Presbyterian Form of Government that refer to the question of suffrage in the local church. They contain not the remotest hint of any limitation or exclusion founded on the distinction of sex. For aught that appears, the active franchise in respect to both sexes stands, as it should, on precisely the same basis. We have, moreover, examined the digest of the acts and deliverances of the General Assembly; and in no instance do we find a solitary decision adverse to the doctrine of female suffrage in the Presbyterian Church. With some opportunities for observation, we have never known a case in which the local church decided to exclude female members from the right of voting in the choice of its officers.

The actual *practice* in this branch of the Christian Church is various. In some congregations—probably the majority—the male members do all the voting; and in others as we think an increasing number—both sexes share alike in this responsibility and privilege. Dr. Spear, a frequent contributor to the columns of THE INDEPENDENT, is the pastor of one of the largest and best-ordered Presbyterian churches in the city of Brooklyn—a church that has adopted the system of *rotation* in the office of elders and deacons, and hence holds annual elections fill the vacancies which occur in these bodies. In this church the female members vote for church-officers, without any restraint by usage, or any sense of delicacy that they may be intruding upon the province of the other sex, or any departure from what is there regarded as good Presbyterian Church order. At the last annual election of church-officers, Dr. Spear took occasion to express his opinions on this question, showing that female suffrage in the church was in accordance with Presbyterian polity, claiming for the male members all the voting rights which are possessed by the other sex, and urging on them the exercise of these rights as a duty which they owe to themselves and the church. This is precisely the ground taken by THE INDEPENDENT; and we are happy to find this doctrine so thoroughly indorsed by the pastor of the South Presbyterian church of Brooklyn.

We have lately recorded our earnest protest against an effort made in a Congregational church to deny to woman her right of suffrage in that church. There is no authority for any such denial either in the Scriptures or in the Congregational order. Women are integral, personal elements in the visible church; and are admitted there upon the same tests of discipleship that apply to men. They are amenable to the same authority, and have the same interests in the organization; and, if so, we can see no reason, in common sense, or Christian sense, or any other sense that is really good sense, why they should be disfranchised, by their own delicacy, by church usage, or by any positive law. What harm can arise from their voting? They are quite as likely to vote sensibly as the men are; and, moreover, the exercise of the right is well suited to increase their significance, and awaken in them a strong interest in the affairs of the church. We sincerely hope that the practice in Dr. Spear's church will become general in the Presbyterian Church. The argument is wholly on the side of the women. They ought to know what are their rights and duties in the church, asserting the one and performing the other. A proper consciousness on their part, followed by an appropriate expression, would be very certain to place them in their true church position. It is a very great mistake for woman to welcome her own insignificance, and think this to be *womanly*. She has committed this mistake quite long enough to see its evils, and try a better method. Let her claim her legitimate rights in the Church of God; and then, as we apprehend, there are but few pastors or male members that will be disposed to dispute this question with her.

If it be objected that female suffrage in the church leads, by parity of reasoning, to female suffrage in the state, then so be it. We hail the logical conclusion. We believe in suffrage in both relations. Women are an integral part of the state; they are subject to its laws. If they own property, they are liable to taxation; and, if so, we do not see why they should not have a voice in the choice of those who make the laws and levy the taxes. Taxation without representation is as strictly a violation of the democratic principle when applied to woman as it is when applied to man. There is no more and no less injustice in the one case than in the other. We are opposed to all forms of oligarchy, whether in the church or the state; and that, too, whether founded on color, condition, or sex. We believe in equal rights for all human beings.

THE "GENIAL CRITIC."

WE confess to a great liking for the genial critic; we cannot be browbeaten or laughed out of our fondness for him. We have had many years' experience of the difference between good-nature and ill-nature, and we like good-nature best. We shall never grow tired of repeating that average people are far more in danger of being too often and too easily displeased than of being too often and too easily pleased. Even in that most dangerous bit of ground situated at present in No Man's Land, and called the field of the critic, we believe men do most good by setting to work with courteous words and gentle behavior. Insulting war-whoops and the swing of tomahawks are not of much effect.

For these and many other reasons we like the "genial critic," and we are pleased to see him making his way into circles where we did not expect he would be admitted so soon. A few weeks ago we came upon unmistakable traces of his friendly hand in that one of our leading weeklies which has hitherto been severest in condemnation of his style. Their review of the magazines for October opened as follows: "Putnam's for this month opens with two good articles. The New York Merchant, whoever he is, has reason to be proud of his literary success. So far as we know, nothing in the way of describing the ascent of Mt. Blanc has ever been done nearly so well as his description."

Now the genial critic does sometimes make mistakes. He is not, more than any other man, entirely free from the danger of going to extremes. In the article called "Up and Down Mt. Blanc, by a New York Merchant," which our dear, genial critic has called a "literary success," we find the following sentences:

"Mount Blanc on the brain, and that for half a life-time, is something of a load to carry; and one would naturally think that one's steps, on a first visit to Europe and Switzerland, would have been turned at once to Chamouni, to get rid of the burden."

"The day was a poem; the air, champagne; the scene, the *point lace* on the neck of Nature."

"And thence, in one day, by foot, mule, and horse-power, *via* Martigny and *Tête noir*, reached Chamouni and the base of the pedestal on whose dizzy hight I was perhaps to be mounted for a moment, or in whose chasms to lie buried, unchanged and undecaying, for generations—the snow for a winding-sheet, the mountain-shadows as mourners, and the star-candles round my bier."

The nominative pronoun to which the first verb in this extraordinary sentence belonged is five lines back, and the whole is too long to copy.

"There, far away in the blue ether, rose the grand snow-dome, in attempts to reach which so many have fallen by the wayside so many have had limbs broken and eyes blinded, and whence not a few souls have been hurried to the judgment-seat."

"At every advance the scene became wilder, more chaotic. It looked as if Nature might have been insane when she formed it; or as if the demon had been turned loose, and here was the debris of his mad riot; or as if the lightning had been playing there. But, what do I say? Playing? It looked like the hard work of a thousand thunderbolts. What a scene! The statue of Madness, done in ice, by Omnipotence!

"What form, chaotic; what power, inert; what eloquence in silence; what stillness in the poetry of motion!

"I then drew aside, and, seated on the snow" (this is what the New York merchant did in the first flush of his excitement on finally reaching the top of Mt. Blanc) "tore leaves from my note-book, and wrote little pencil-notes to the president of the Travelers' Club and other friends in the lower world. I doubt if ever that was done before, or if they will ever receive another missive from that post-office—an office whose postmaster is Almighty, and the avalanches and hurricanes are the carriers."

Now, in spite of all our love for the genial critic, we must protest against having this kind of thing called—even in joke, for now and then we are seized with a suspicion that he could not have meant it—a "literary success."

He might have praised the energy and fortitude which were displayed in the ascent, and the generally fresh and wide-awake tone of the whole narrative. But he ought to have added to this some friendly suggestions as to the proper succession (and limit) of metaphors; also as to the desirableness of neighborly relations between nominative cases and their verbs. For what will become of us if all New York merchants who have "Mt. Blanc" or any other little matters "on the brain" are to be encouraged to write, and magazines are to be emboldened to print much of this sort of English?

STEPHEN MASSETT (Jeemes Pipes) has returned to New York from China and Japan, and is ready to receive applications to deliver his new lecture on those countries.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. WILLIAM H. BEARD, the well-known New York artist, has given two public exhibitions of his pictures during the summer—one in Cleveland, the other in Chicago. The collection included fifteen pictures by himself and several portraits by Mr. Le Clear, of New York. The popular interest taken in these two exhibitions, and the good-will shown to the artist by the press and the critics generally, resulted in a sale of twelve of Mr. Beard's works, varying in price from three thousand to three hundred dollars each. As Mr. Beard is a Western man, it must have been peculiarly gratifying to him to find himself so heartily appreciated by the Western people.

—*The Congregationalist* has been imposed upon by some one who has communicated to it the following item:

"Rev. J. O. Murray, D.D., of New York, has left the pastorate of the Brick church, and gone into business in Wall street."

There is not a word of truth in the above. The Rev. Mr. Murray has *not* left the pastorate of the Brick church, has *not* gone into business in Wall street, and has not the remotest intention of doing either.

—The solemn interest with which we were reading Mr. Geo. William Curtis's noble speech on Gen. Sedgwick, as reported in *The Tribune* of Thursday last, was turned first into bewilderment and then into merriment at the following singular passage:

"We are citizens of the world before we are citizens of any country, we are men before we are Americans, you by *libertas*, I by *patria*."

So plausible a Latin misprint does not often occur. *Ubi libertas ibi patria* is the customary form of this honored maxim. But *The Tribune* proof-reader's emendation makes the dead language less dull. "Mobled queen is good," as Polonius says.

—The pleasures of stage-riding are little known to the great majority of people living this side of the Rocky Mountains, railroads having generally superseded that mode of traveling. The "Colfax party" had a taste of them, however, in their passage from Cheyenne to Denver; and Mr. Bowles gives as a description, which will remind not a few of our readers of the experiences of former days:

"In stage-riding it is peculiarly true that it is the first night that costs. It is more intolerable than the combination of the succeeding half-dozen, were the journey prolonged for a week; the breaking-in is fearful, the prolongation is bearable. The air gets cold, the road grows dusty and chokes, or rough and alarms you; the legs get stiff and numb, the temper edges; everybody is overcome with sleep, but can't stay asleep—the struggle of contending nature racks every nerve, fires every feeling; everybody flounders and knocks about against everybody else in helpless despair; perhaps the biggest man in the stage will get really asleep, which doing, he involuntarily and with irresistible momentum spreads himself, legs, boots, arms, and head, over the whole inside of the coach; the girls screech, the profane swear; some lady wants a smelling-bottle out of her bag, and her bag is somewhere on the floor—nobody knows where—but found it must be; everybody's back hair comes down, and what is nature and what is art in costume and character is revealed—and then, hardest trial of all, morning breaks upon the scene and the fe-lings—everybody dirty, grim, faint, 'all to pieces,' cross—such a disenchanting exhibition! The girl that is lovely then, the man who is gallant and serene—let them be catalogued for posterity, and translated at once; heaven cannot spare such monuments; and they are too aggravating for earth."

—Mr. Sinclair Tousey thus makes a *resumé* of his recent experiences in Spain:

"I have traversed Spain from north to south, from its center to its eastern bounds; have seen its small, dark-haired, fiery-eyed women; its somber-faced, cigarette-smoking, cloak-wrapped men; its magnificent highways, and its miserable roads, wheeless and hoof-trodden; have noticed the absence of shrines at road crossings, so common in other Catholic countries; have eaten of its miserable butter; have eaten of its tolerable mutton, and tried to eat its poor beef; have drank its excellent wines, and suffered from its bad water; have eaten its luscious melon-grapes, and imbibed its mountain air; have seen its blue, cloudless sky, its wonderfully great and magnificent cathedrals, splendid churches, and the comfortable-looking dwellings of the poor; its barren plains, and beautiful orange-groves; its small farms, and the work of its enormous farms; its thousands of fat, well-fed priests, and its thousands of ragged, starving beggars; its comfortably-clothed, well-to-do military officers, and its shoeless, hatless, coatless, stockingless, common soldiers; its well-to-do hundreds, and its ill-clad, poorly-fed thousands; have missed the middle class seen in other lands; have seen its snow-capped mountains, and its sun-warmed valleys; its granite-backed, boulder-covered hills, and crop-growing plains; have seen its great picture-gallery, and absence of art appreciation among its people; have seen its horse-murdering, bull-baiting shows, and the gorgeous vestments of its clergy; have slept in its good, clean beds, and shivered by its cold, smoky fireplaces; have looked on many a reminder of its great past, and something of the dead life of its present; can see in the future a glorious day of full nerve-chimneys, signs of a better life; can hear in the click of the telegraph and the whistle of the locomotive sounds that shall usher her to glory again—to greater glory than was ever dreamed of by any Philip, or Charles, or Isabella that were her crown or led her people to battle; and now, lo! that sent forth the discoverer of a new world—a world greater than you can ever be—land of genial clime and fertile soil, land of fruits and flowers, of the olive and the palm, farewell!"

PERSONAL.

A MEETING held in this city on Sunday evening last was no less memorable for the character of those who participated in it than for the worthiness of its object. In the Collegiate (Dutch) Reformed church there met on the same platform Bishop Janes, of the Methodist Church; Bishop McIlvaine, of the Episcopalian; Bishop Budington, of the Congregationalist; Bishop DeWitt, of the Reformed Church; and Dr. Prime, of the Presbyterian, who only fails of being a bishop by having an editorial rather than a parochial charge. The object of the meeting was to prepare the way for a vigorous extension of evangelical effort in Spain. Now that religious liberty has been proclaimed, the way is open for Protestant missions, which have hitherto been entirely crushed out of the country.

—One of the spiciest letters which we have lately read is that addressed by Rev. Mason Gallagher, rector of an Episcopal church in Paterson, N. J., to five clergymen of that denomination in Detroit, who charge him with discourtesy in having ventured to preach without their permission in a Presbyterian church situated "within the bounds of their joint parochial jurisdiction." Mr. Gallagher was present as a delegate at the meeting of the Christian Association at Detroit, some months ago, and was invited to occupy Dr. Duffield's pulpit on the S

Publisher's Notices.

A CHEERFUL FIRE.

A good stove, with a cheerful fire, is a material aid to home comfort and happiness.

We have been using for some time in our editorial and publishing offices a number of Oriental Stoves; and have experienced so good satisfaction that we take the opportunity to mention the fact.

Their merits consist principally in a base-burning arrangement, by which a fire is constantly fed from a cylinder, which has been previously filled. As fast as the fire consumes the coal beneath, new coal descends and furnishes a fresh supply. The advantages of this arrangement are that the stove requires filling but once in 24 hours; needs little or no attention and care; never goes out; gives a constant, uniform heat, whose intensity can be increased or diminished with perfect ease. It heats a room better than any stove we have yet seen, is clean and economical; while around the edge of the fire are arranged mica openings or windows, which allow the cheerful rays of the fire within to pass out and illumine the room with their pleasantness.

We consider them very valuable. The manufacturers are PERRY & Co., Albany, New York.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it.* Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing.*

1868.

GREAT PREMIUM.

HOWE SEWING MACHINE.

We have made a special contract with the Howe Sewing Machine Company to furnish their world-renowned machine as a

Premium for New Subscribers to The Independent

during the present year. Any person who will send us the names of twenty-four new subscribers, at our regular subscription price (see terms on *first* page) will be presented with one of these celebrated machines, the lowest price of which is $60. It will be packed and shipped by express, or otherwise, as directed.

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-four persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.*

We will also give the Sewing Machine on payment of one subscription 24 years in advance, or two subscriptions 12 years in advance, or three subscriptions 8 years in advance.

Old subscribers, not in arrears, can in this way secure a Sewing Machine simply for the use of the money during the time specified.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of our paper SENT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

The Howe machine embraces all the principles of Sewing by Machinery embodied in all the Sewing Machines now in use, and makes perfect work at the rate of 1,000 stitches a minute.

The Stitch invented by Mr. Howe, and made on this Machine, is the most popular and durable, *and all Sewing Machines are subject to the principle invented by him.*

Mr. Howe finally fixed upon what is now known as the "lock-stitch," as best for forming seams by machinery, and devised the mechanism for it. It is formed with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric sewed, and interlocked in the center of it, and presents the same appearance upon each surface—a single line of thread extending from stitch to stitch. It requires about two and a half yards of thread for each yard of seam; cannot be raveled, and when properly made is as firm and elastic as the fabric sewed. Twenty years' use has demonstrated its excellence and adaptability to all kinds of sewing, from the lightest gossamer to the heaviest harness and upholstery.

Mr. Howe's patent covers broadly mechanism for sewing by machinery. His invention combines a grooved and curved eye-pointed needle, a peculiar shuttle, holding and feeding devices, thread-carrier, guide, etc. A loop of thread being thrust through the fabric by the needle, the shuttle carrying the lower thread passes through the loop, leaving a line of thread in it, which, being thus interlocked, is drawn into the fabric. A succession of these stitches form a seam. Many attempts have been made to evade this patent; but no devices have yet been found sufficiently novel and ingenious.

To give to the public the ripeness of this great invention, the Company have established a large manufactory at Bridgeport, Conn., and furnished it with the most improved machinery and the best talent the country affords. In this factory is made every part of the Howe Machine and the needles used in them.

It is the aim of the Company to make the best sewing machines he world has ever seen, and to this end no expense has been or will be spared.

The machine offered by us as a premium is what is called the Letter "A" machine, with a black walnut table and is warranted perfect in every respect. Any person of ordinary capacity can use it without the least difficulty. Every family should and now can have one of these machines with a very little effort. The subscribers necessary *can* be obtained at odd leisure hours, by man, woman, or child. Every poor family, living in part or whole by charity, may be made, in many cases, self-supporting by having a sewing machine. Clergymen have been instrumental in introducing thousands of sewing machines into poor families by simply *starting* a movement to obtain a club. This has often been done by a simple announcement from the pulpit that persons would be called on in the congregation to subscribe for a paper in order to obtain a machine for some worthy person.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

Reader, if your clergyman has no sewing machine, it is time for you to move. In one day's time, acting either alone or in concert with your neighbors, you cannot fail of success.

We have already given away nearly two thousand sewing machines; and have never heard the first complaint from any quarter. We are now ready to give away ten thousand more upon the terms proposed. Act promptly.

Address

HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER,
P. O. Box 2787, New York.

"Our Young Folks," AND "The Independent."

We will cause a copy of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for twelve months to be sent to every one of our subscribers who shall renew his or her subscription for ONE YEAR *in advance*, and send FIFTY CENTS more than the regular price of the paper; or, to any person who shall send us one *new* subscriber for one year. The cash, either by money-order or bank checks, according to *terms* on the first page, always to accompany the order.

"*Our Young Folks*," as nearly every one knows, has been since its establishment the best Young Folks' Magazine published in this country, and has exerted a most powerful influence, not only upon its own enormous circle of readers, but also upon the characteristics and management of all other American juvenile magazines or newspapers—its style and success having been aspired to by many imitators. It now bids fair to be *the best juvenile magazine in the world*, embracing the widest range of subjects, the highest class of illustrations, and the most distinguished contributors that any one periodical could possibly sustain. The volume for 1868 will contain articles from the best and greatest writers of America and England, chief among whom stands CHARLES DICKENS, who has *never* before been enlisted in such a cause. Among the list of supporters will be found LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, LOWELL, Mrs. STOWE, Miss MULOCK, BAYARD TAYLOR, Miss CRAIK, Dr. PALMER, Mrs. DIAZ, "AUNT FANNY," and many others of the most eminent writers, whose articles will be illustrated by the best artists on both sides of the Atlantic. Music, full-page engravings, steel plates, and colored pictures will diversify the volume; and each number will contain the favorite elements of "*Round the Evening Lamp*," "*Our Letter Box*," and a *Shakesperian Picture Puzzle*; thus more than retaining the high place which "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" holds in the affections of the boys and girls of America.

Address all remittances to

HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher,
P. O. Box 2787, New York.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

100,000 PREMIUMS.

NOTICE TO FRIENDS.

We will send by mail (postage paid) a copy of Carpenter's new book, entitled

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE,
(359 PAGES,)

to every one of our subscribers who shall renew his or her subscription for ONE YEAR *in advance*, and send FIFTY CENTS more than the regular price of the paper; or, to ANY PERSON who will send us one *new* subscriber for one year. The cash, either by money-order or bank-checks, according to terms on the first page, always to accompany the order.

The invaluable book we now offer as a premium for new subscribers will give a better insight into the almost perfect character of President Lincoln than any other which ever has been or ever will be published. While its author, Mr. Carpenter, was in Washington, painting that masterpiece of art, "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation"—a picture which will live in the history of this country as one of the most valuable ever put on canvas—he was in daily intercourse with the President, and took notes or everything which transpired. He was a great admirer of the man and of his rare, peculiar gifts. Possessing a remarkable tact for reproducing everything of interest which he saw and heard, Mr. Carpenter, at our solicitation, after the terrible murder of the great and good man, determined to present a portion of his rich treasures, thus most providentially obtained, to the public through the columns of THE INDEPENDENT. All those contributions are embraced, with much other new matter, in this volume. Tens of thousands of our readers can testify as to the great value of those remarkable contributions. They were read with the deepest interest by all, and are now a most important part of the history of the Great Rebellion. No person can properly appreciate Abraham Lincoln until he has carefully read every line of this intensely interesting volume. The book should be in every library and on every center-table in the nation.

All remittances to be made to

HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher,
P. O. Box 2787, New York.

NOTICES.

THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20th, 1868.

To all Thoughtful Persons:

On the 8th inst. the following "appeal" was published in the advertising columns of THE INDEPENDENT—viz.:

"THE MIDNIGHT MISSION SOCIETY is in urgent need of funds. Will not every subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, who feels an interest in the rescue of the Fallen and the Tempted, who pour into this city from all quarters, send at least One Dollar to the Treasurer? An interesting report of the work will be sent, in acknowledgment.

"FLINT F. SMITH, Treasurer, 22 White st."

The editor of THE INDEPENDENT, who has always taken a warm interest in the work of the Mission, called special attention to the notice in the following words:

"We call attention to the advertisement, in another column, appealing for funds for the 'Midnight Mission.' The object commends itself to every Christian and to every right-thinking man."

In response to the above "appeal" I have received seventeen remittances of $1 each, and two of $2; total receipts $21!! Feeling a good deal of disappointment at the result, and *still firmly* believing that there are *many thousands* of "the subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT" who will cheerfully contribute the "modest sum of One Dollar" to so noble and self-sacrificing a cause, I cannot refrain from making a second attempt to reach their hearts and pockets. I am, therefore, as Treasurer of the Mission, most earnestly urge every one who sees this, and who can spare the dollar without injury to themselves, to forward it without delay, as our treasury is now heavily overdrawn, with large and increasing current expenses to meet. It is the aim of the managers of this charity to make it, as it really should be, a work of public interest; hence the propriety of calling for dollar subscriptions. Nearly all of the nineteen letters thus far received contain some word of encouragement or "God-speed" to the work; but the last one received is so full of charity that I quote it entire:

"CINCINNATI, O., October 15th, 1868.

"DEAR SIR:—Being a subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, I feel it my duty and privilege to fall in with your request in behalf of "The Midnight Mission." Therefore please find inclosed the small sum of one dollar for that purpose. May God bless you in your efforts to 'rescue the fallen,' and also touch the hearts of many others to send in their *mites*. What gives one pleasure is the very modest sum you ask for; and, not being one of the best off in the world, I send it heartily. Truly yours,

Every person remitting one dollar within fifteen days will receive, as an acknowledgement, not only a report of the "Mission," but a copy of the exceedingly interesting book entitled "The Story of a Penitent"—(Lola Montez.)

Give your full address plainly, and direct to

FLINT F. SMITH,
Box 2,592 P. O. 22 White street, New York.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH of Elizabethport, N. J., is without a pastor. The church is newly built, and the place a growing one. Applications of candidates are desired, and may be addressed to

WM. H. PAYNE, Elizabethport, N. J.

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN ASSOCIATION will hold its semi-annual meeting at Morrisania, Wednesday, Nov. 4th, at 10 o'clock precisely.

J. CLEMENT FRENCH, Registrar.

MARRIED.

ANDERSON—DENNLER.—At Lyons, on Thursday, Oct. 22d, by Rev. Samuel B. Rell, D.D., Humphrey S. Anderson, of Brooklyn, and Katharine Anna, only daughter of Rev. Philip H. Dennler, late of Lyons, deceased.

DUNN—MORRILL.—In Augusta, Me., on the 22d inst., at the bride's father's, by Rev. Mr. Bingham, Major W. M. Dunn, Jr., U. S. Army, and May Elia, daughter of Hon. Lot M. Morrill, U. S. Senator from Maine.

DIED.

STEPHENS.—At New Britain, Conn., on Friday, Sept. 25th, in the hope of a blessed immortality, Eleanor Sa., wife of Henry C. Stephens, and daughter of the late Moses Kimball.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

FINE ELECTRO-PLATED WARE.

The organization of a Manufacturing Department on our premises enables us to produce the finest work, in great variety, at lower cost than ever before; and we wish our friends to enjoy the benefit. Communion Ware at a discount to Mission Churches.

LUCIUS HART M'F'G CO.,
4 and 6 Burling Slip, foot of John st., N. Y.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Three Cord Silk Finish AND Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended A MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,
Sole Agents in New York,
161 CHAMBERS ST.

CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that IMITATION of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

TRADE MARK for ELECTRO-PLATE. [⚜] STAMPED ON BASE of EVERY ARTICLE. GORHAM MFG CO

Our goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Nickel Silver, *and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield plates.*

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.,
Silversmiths and Manufacturers of Fine Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, PRICE & CO.,
No. 20 John street, New York.

WARD'S SHIRTS

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars, sent free everywhere.

THE CASH CAN BE PAID TO EXPRESS COMPANY ON RECEIPT OF GOODS. Corner of Broadway and Union Square; also 387 Broadway.

NATIONAL LIFE Insurance Company

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Chartered by Special Act of Congress.

Cash Capital - - - $1,000,000,

PAID IN FULL.

Branch Office:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,

PHILADELPHIA.

To which all general correspondence should be addressed.

OFFICERS:

CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.
JAY COOKE, Chairman of Finance and Executive Com.
HENRY D. COOKE, Vice-President.
EMERSON W. PEET, Secretary and Actuary.

THE ADVANTAGES

Offered by this Company are:

IT IS A NATIONAL COMPANY, CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS, 1968.

IT HAS A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF $1,000,000.

IT OFFERS LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.

IT FURNISHES LARGER INSURANCE THAN OTHER COMPANIES FOR THE SAME MONEY.

IT IS DEFINITE AND CERTAIN IN ITS TERMS.

IT IS A HOME COMPANY IN EVERY LOCALITY.

ITS POLICIES ARE EXEMPT FROM ATTACHMENT.

THERE ARE NO UNNECESSARY RESTRICTIONS IN THE POLICIES.

EVERY POLICY IS NON-FORFEITABLE.

POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN THAT WILL PAY INSURED THEIR FULL AMOUNT AND RETURN ALL THE PREMIUMS, SO THAT THE INSURANCE COSTS ONLY THE INTEREST ON THE ANNUAL PAYMENTS.

POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN WHICH PAY TO THE INSURED, AFTER A CERTAIN NUMBER OF YEARS, DURING LIFE, AN ANNUAL INCOME OF ONE-TENTH THE AMOUNT NAMED IN THE POLICY.

NO EXTRA RATE IS CHARGED FOR RISKS UPON THE LIVES OF FEMALES.

IT INSURES NOT TO PAY DIVIDENDS, BUT AT SO LOW A COST THAT DIVIDENDS WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE.

GENERAL AGENTS

OF THE COMPANY:

JAY COOKE & CO., New York, for New York State and Northern New Jersey.
JAY COOKE & CO., Washington, D. C., for Delaware, Virginia, District of Columbia, and West Virginia.
E. W. CLARK & CO., for Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey. R. S. RUSSELL, Harrisburg, Manager for Central and Western Pennsylvania.
J. ALDER ELLIS & CO., Chicago, for Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa.
Hon. STEPHEN MILLER, St. Paul, for Minnesota and N. W. Wisconsin.
JOHN W. ELLIS & CO., Cincinnati, O., for Ohio and Central and Southern Indiana.
T. B. EDGAR, St. Louis, for Missouri and Kansas.
S. A. KEAN & CO., Detroit, Mich., for Michigan and Northern Indiana.
A. M. MOTHESHEAD, Omaha, for Nebraska.
JOHNSTON BROTHERS & CO., Baltimore, for Maryland.
NEW ENGLAND GENERAL AGENCY,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
E. A. ROLLINS and W. E. CHANDLER, } of the Board of Directors.
J. P. TUCKER, MANAGER,
No. 3 Merchants' Exchange, State st., Boston.

☞ LOCAL AGENTS ARE WANTED in every City and Town; and applications from competent parties for such agencies, with suitable endorsement, should be addressed TO THE COMPANY'S GENERAL AGENTS ONLY, in their respective districts.

John J. Cisco & Son, BANKERS,

No. 59 Wall st., New York,

(Brown Brothers & Co.'s Building.)

RECEIVE MONEY ON DEPOSIT, IN GOLD, COIN, OR CURRENCY, and allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum on daily balances, subject to check at sight.

Issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing *four per cent.* interest, payable on demand.

Negotiate Loans.

Execute promptly orders for the purchase and sale of Gold.

Buy and Sell Government and other Securities on commission.

Make collections on all parts of the United States and Canada.

BUY OF THE
OLDEST AND BEST MAKERS.

REDFIELD & RICE.

4 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

No goods you purchase are so liable to deceive as

SILVER-PLATED WARE.

The slightest wash of silver will finish up, and to the sight be as good as the best. Look well to the maker.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

we have made *one regular standard grade of goods*, and placed our name on each piece of ware as our guarantee of its quality. The consequence is a steady and increasing demand for our trade-mark from the best trade, and an unsullied reputation with consumers.

A written guarantee given with each purchase, if requested.

CHURCH, TEA, AND COFFEE SETS, AND URNS, CASTERS, CAKE-BASKETS, AND FRUIT-STANDS, ICE PITCHERS, SALVERS, AND WINE-STANDS.

No. 4 Maiden Lane.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN CHINA.

THE EAST INDIA TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S Office, Nos. 23 and 25 Nassau Street. Organized under special charter from the State of New York.

CAPITAL - - - - $5,000,000.
50,000 Shares, $100 Each.

DIRECTORS:

Hon. ANDREW G. CURTIN, Phila.;
PAUL S. FORBES, of Russell & Co., China;
FRED. BUTTERFIELD, of F. Butterfield & Co., New York;
ISAAC LIVERMORE, Treas. Mich. Cen. R. R., Boston;
ALEXANDER HOLLAND, Treas. Am. Ex. Co., New York;
Hon. JAMES NOXON, Syracuse, N. Y.;
O. H. PALMER, Treas. West. U. Tel. Co., New York;
FLETCHER WESTRAY, of Westray, Gibbs & Hardcastle, N. Y.;
NICHOLAS MICKLES, New York.

OFFICERS:

A. G. CURTIN, President;
N. MICKLES, Vice-President;
GEORGE CONANT, Secretary;
GEORGE ELLIS, (Cashier Nat. Bank Commonwealth), Treasurer;
Hon. A. K. MCCLURE, Philadelphia, Solicitor.

The Chinese Government having (through the Hon. Anson Burlingame) conceded to this Company the privilege of connecting the great seaports of the Empire by submarine electric telegraph cable, we propose commencing operations in China, and laying down a line of 900 miles at once, between the following ports, viz.:

	Population.
Canton,	1,000,000
Macoa,	60,000
Hong-Kong,	250,000
Swatow,	200,000
Amoy,	250,000
Foo-Chow,	1,250,000
Wen-Chu,	300,000
Ningpo,	400,000
Hang-Chean,	1,200,000
Shanghai.	1,000,000
Total,	5,910,000

These ports have a foreign commerce of $900,000,000, and an enormous domestic trade; besides which we have the immense internal commerce of the Empire, radiating from these points, through its canals and navigable rivers.

The cable being laid, this Company proposes erecting land-lines, and establishing a speedy and trustworthy means of communication, which must command there, as everywhere else, the communications of the government, of business, and of social life, especially in China. She has no postal system, and her only means now of communicating information is by courier on land, and by steamers on water.

The Western World knows that China is a very large country, in the main densely peopled; but few yet realize that she contains more than a third of the human race. The latest returns made to her central authorities for taxing purposes, by the local magistrates, make her population *Four Hundred and Fourteen Millions;* and this is more likely to be under than over the actual aggregate. Nearly all of these who are over ten years old not only can but do read and write. Her civilization is peculiar, but her literature is as extensive as that of Europe. China is a land of teachers and traders; and the latter are exceedingly quick to avail themselves of every proffered facility for procuring early information. It is observed in California that the Chinese make great use of the telegraph, though it there transmits messages in English alone. To-day, great numbers of fleet steamers are owned by Chinese merchants, and used by them exclusively for the transmission of early intelligence. If the telegraph we propose, connecting all their great seaports, were now in existence, it is believed that its business would pay its cost within the first two years of its successful operation, and would steadily increase thereafter.

No enterprise commends itself as in a greater degree remunerative to capitalists, and to our whole people. It is of vast national importance, commercially, politically, and evangelically.

Shares of this Company, to a limited number, may be obtained at $50 each, $10 payable down, $15 on the 1st of November, and $25 payable in monthly installments of $3.50 each, commencing December 1, 1868, on application to

Messrs. BOOKSTAVER, THAYER & SLOSSON, No. 10 Wall st., New York.

THE NATIONAL BANK COMMONWEALTH, New York.

DREXEL WINTHROP & Co., Bankers, 18 Wall street, New York.

Messrs. DREXEL & Co., Philadelphia.

Messrs. J. L. BROWNELL & Co., New York.

Messrs. JAY COOKE & Co., Washington D. C.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Washington, D. C.

Messrs. C. D. HEAD and T. H. PERKINS Boston.

Messrs. LEE, HIGGINSON & Co., Boston.

The MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK, Syracuse, N. Y.

The SYRACUSE CITY BANK, Syracuse N. Y.

Messrs. CHAS. F. CHASE & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Messrs. DONAHOE, KELLY & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

G. F. DAVIS, President of City National Bank, Hartford, Conn.

W. R. HIGBY, Esq., Pequonnock National Bank, Bridgeport, Conn.

H. H. ORMSBEE, Manufacturers' Ins. Company, Providence, R. I.

W. H. MORSE, American Express Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

And at the office of the Company,
Nos. 23 and 25 Nassau st., New York

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION

No. 96 WARREN ST.

Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. on all sums entitled thereto. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M.

WALTER W. CONCKLIN, President.
VANDERBILT L. BUXTON Secretary.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED TO

act as agents for the MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION. Apply in person or by letter to LATHAM EMERY & Co., General Agents, No. 72 Cedar street, N. Y. City.

Boys' and Men's CLOTHING AT RAYMOND'S,

NOS. 121, 123, 125 FULTON ST.

STOCK IS LARGE, NEW, AND UNRIVALED FOR CHEAPNESS.

NONE BUT WELL-MADE GARMENTS OFFERED, BUT ONE PRICE IS ASKED.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED TO EVERY PURCHASER.

ONE OF THE

BEST INVESTMENTS.

THE

First Mortgage BONDS

OF THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

850 Miles Completed.

A limited amount of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company are offered to the public, as one of the safest and most profitable investments.

1. They are a first mortgage upon the longest and most important railroad in the country.

2. By law they can be issued to the Company only as the road is completed, so that they always represent a real value.

3. Their amount is limited by act of Congress to Fifty Million Dollars on the entire Pacific line, or an average of less than $30,000 per mile.

4. Hon. E. D. Morgan, of the United States Senate, and Hon. Oakes Ames, of the United States House of Representatives, are the trustees for the bondholders, to see that all their interests are protected.

5. Five Government Directors, appointed by the President of the United States, are responsible to the country for the management of its affairs.

6. Three United States Commissioners must certify that the road is well built and equipped, and in all respects a first-class railway, before any bonds can be issued upon it.

7. The United States Government lands the Company its own bonds to the same amount that the Company issues, for which it takes a second mortgage as security.

8. As additional aid, it makes an absolute donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, lying upon each side of the road.

9. The bonds pay six per cent. in gold, and the principal is also payable in gold.

10. The earnings from the local or way business were over FOUR MILLION DOLLARS last year, which, after paying operating expenses, was much more than sufficient to pay the interest. These earnings will be vastly increased on the completion of the entire line in 1869.

12. No political action can reduce the rate of interest. It must remain for thirty years *six per cent. per annum in gold*, now equal to between eight and nine per cent. in currency. *The principal is then payable in gold.* If a bond, with such guarantees, were issued by the Government, its market price would not be less than from 90 to 95 per cent. premium. As these bonds are issued under Government authority and supervision, upon what is very largely a Government work, they must ultimately approach Government prices. No other corporate bonds are made so secure.

13. The issue will soon be exhausted. The sales have sometimes been half a million a day, and nearly twenty millions have already been sold. About ten millions more may be offered. It is not improbable that at some time not far distant all the remainder of the bonds the Company can issue will be taken by some combination of capitalists, and withdrawn from the market, except at a large advance. The long time, the high gold interest, and the perfect security, must make these bonds very valuable for export.

All the predictions which the officers of this Company have made in relation to the progress and business success of their enterprise, or the value and advance in the price of their securities, have been more than confirmed; and they therefore suggest that parties who desire to invest in their bonds will find it to their advantage to do so at once.

The price for the present is 102 and accrued interest at 6 per cent., from July 1, 1868, in currency.

Subscriptions will be received in New York

AT THE
COMPANY'S OFFICE, 20 Nassau street;
AND BY
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 59 Wall street;
and by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Bonds sent free, but parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP WAS ISSUED OCT. 1st, containing a report of the progress of the work to that date, and a more complete statement in relation to the value of the bonds than can be given in an advertisement, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, N. Y.
OCTOBER 6th, 1868.

Vermilye & Co., Bankers,

Nos. 16 & 18 Nassau st., New York,

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY ALL ISSUES OF

UNITED STATES STOCKS.

WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO

FUNDING

7-30 TREASURY LOANS.

ALL SERIES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR 5-20 BONDS.

Returns made to Correspondents without Delay, and on Favorable Terms.

WALTER T. HATCH. NATHL. W. T. HATCH.

W. T. Hatch & Son, Bankers and Dealers

IN

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

No. 34 Wall Street, N. Y.,

BUY AND SELL AT MARKET RATES

U. S. 6 per cent. Bonds of 1881. Coupon and Registered.
U. S. Five-twenty 6 per cent. Bonds.
U. S. Ten-forty 5 per cent. Bonds.
U. S. Seven-thirty Treasury Notes.
U. S. One-year Certificates.
U. S. Compound Interest Notes.
And all classes of Government Issues.

ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS, AND OTHERS RECEIVED ON FAVORABLE TERMS.

Interest Allowed on Deposits subject to Check.

ORDERS IN
GOLD, RAILWAY STOCKS, AND BONDS
Promptly Executed at the Stock and Gold Exchange.

HATCH, FOOTE & Co.

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

No. 12 WALL ST., N. Y.,

BUY, SELL, or EXCHANGE, and keep constantly on hand for delivery, all issues of U. S. Bonds.

GOLD COIN and COUPONS Bought and Sold at market rates.

Orders in Miscellaneous Stocks executed on Commission.

REMOVAL.

U. S. Trust Company

REMOVED TO

49 WALL STREET,

FIRST FLOOR.

Capital and Surplus - - - $2,000,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS,

which may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

JOHN A. STEWART, President.
WILLIAM H. MACY, } Vice-Presidents.
JOHN J. CISCO, }

TRUSTEES.

PETER COOPER, H. I. ARNOLD, ROYAL PHELPS, DANIEL C. MILLER, JAMES SUYDAM, THOMAS SLOCOMB, SHEPHERD KNAPP, JOHN J. PHELPS, R. F. WHEELWRIGHT, CHARLES E. BILL, WILLIAM TUCKER, WILSON G. HUNT, WILLIAM E. DODGE, EDWIN D. MORGAN, CLINTON GILBERT, JOHN JACOB ASTOR Jr., DANIEL D. LORD, EDWARD JONES, GEORGE T. ADEE, SAMUEL SLOAN, JAMES LOW, CYRUS CURTISS, SAMUEL NELSON, ERASTUS CORNING, JAMES S. SEYMOUR, JOHN CASWELL, WILLIAM DARROW, Secretary.

TRY GARDNER'S RHEUMATIC

AND NEURALGIA COMPOUND. For sale by P. C. WELLS & CO., 126 Fulton street, and DEMAS BARNES & CO., 81 Park Row, New York.

STARR & MARCUS,

NO. 23 JOHN ST., UP STAIRS,

CONTINUE TO MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THE

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.'S Solid Silverware,

embracing all the NEWEST and CHOICEST PRODUCTIONS in DINNER, TEA, and DESSERT SERVICES, with a varied selection of ornamental and useful pieces; also, a very extensive stock of Forks, Spoons, and Knives, of NOVEL DESIGN and UNSURPASSED FINISH, which to purchasers present the following inducements:

1. The quality guaranteed by (U. S. MINT ASSAY) every piece bearing their trade-mark, thus:

[⚜]

2. Embracing the most decided talent in all their various departments for DESIGNING, MODELING, DIE-SINKING, CHASING, ENGRAVING, and FINISHING, they produce wares which at once appeal to the most cultivated TASTE for UTILITY, BEAUTY and FINISH.

3. Facilities for manufacturing in LARGE QUANTITIES ONLY THE FINEST GOODS, enabling them to reduce the labor prices to the LOWEST MINIMUM STANDARD.

DIAMONDS.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,

through the facilities afforded by their House and resident partner in Paris, offer a stock of

DIAMONDS, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, PEARLS, and other Precious Stones, unrivaled in this country.

TIFFANY & CO. also present a select assortment of Diamond and Gem Jewelry, of the newest London and Paris styles of setting, worthy of the special notice of purchasers, and of parties wishing to have gems reset.

HOUSE IN PARIS,
TIFFANY, REED & CO.

THE VERY HIGHEST PRIZE.

THE CROSS LEGION IMPERIAL OF THE OF HONOR

WAS CONFERRED ON THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE

Grover & Baker SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE

Exposition Universelle,

PARIS, 1867.

Salesrooms at 495 Broadway, New York, and in all the principal cities of the world

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

PARIS, 1867.

WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 BROADWAY, N. Y., Awarded, over Eighty-two Competitors,

THE HIGHEST PREMIUM,

A GOLD MEDAL,

for the perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-hole Machines. The only Gold Medal for this branch of manufacture.

A GREAT DOWNFALL IN PRICES

of English Carpeting at Hiram Anderson's, No. 59 Bowery. English Velvet at $2 75 per yard. Superfine Body Brussels, 50,000 yards. English Brussels Carpet at $1 50 per yard. 40,000 yards all Wool Ingrain Carpet, at 75 cents per yard. Extra super at $1 25 per yard.

Paris Exposition Piano and Table Covers, Window Shades, and Oil Cloths. Also, 20,000 Yards Floor Oil Cloths, at 40 cts., 50 cts., 60 cts., 70 cts., and $1 per yard—a 6 widths. Look for No. 59 Bowery, sign of the Golden Eagle.

HOW A DECLINE IS PRODUCED.

Pure blood makes us well; bad blood makes us sick. Vapors from poorly-digested food in the blood are condensed upon the various organs, and serve to make them grow or repair their waste. Organs made with a greater or lesser proportion of such materials cannot be sound. If the bad condition of blood continues but for a few days or weeks, the body will be out of order; and, if it continues, the whole of the body will in time be renewed with imperfect blood, and the health bad. It is in a decline—popularly called a consumption.

Now Brandreth's Pills penetrate the whole mass of blood, causing the expulsion of impurities. The body feels relieved from a single dose; what then may be expected from twenty? By continuing their use the whole of the blood in time becomes purified, and the body reconstructed from good material, the decline stopped, and a new lease of life secured. Principal office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by all druggists.

SEE THE AUTHORITY.

Those who distrust the merits of popular medicines, and wish to find a permanent cure for CONSUMPTION, in any of its stages, are invited to examine the statements of unquestionable authority given in favor of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM. They will satisfy the most incredulous.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BODY BRUSSELS CARPETS,

IN NEW DESIGNS, BRINTON & LEWIS'S AND CROSSLY'S MAKE, AND BOUGHT PREVIOUS TO THE ADVANCE, NOW IN STORE, AND FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICES AT RETAIL.

GEO. E. L. HYATT, No. 273 CANAL ST.,
THROUGH TO NO. 21 HOWARD ST.

Davis Collamore & Co.,

429 BROADWAY,
FOUR DOORS BELOW BROOME STREET,
IMPORTERS OF
CHINA, GLASS, Etc.

SILVER-PLATED GOODS

From the Celebrated Manufacturers,
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., AND ROGERS, SMITH & CO.

THE NEW TABLE-KNIFE,
MADE BY
I. RUSSELL & CO.
FOR SALE AT POPULAR PRICES.

TO LECTURE COMMITTEES.

Mr. WM. TILLINGHAST will make engagements to give his serious, dramatic, and humorous Readings and Recitations. Terms particularly liberal with new associations. Address care of D. D. BARR, Esq., Dep. State Sup. of Public Instruction, Albany, N. Y.

FOR MEN'S, BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S

CLOTHING

GO TO

Traphagen, Hunter & Co.,

238, 400, AND 402 BOWERY, N. Y.

Prices 20 per cent. below Broadway rates.

Carpets for the Millions.

"VIENNA CARPET."

The Vienna Carpet—cheap, handsome in pattern, and brilliant in colors—is intended for all classes, especially for the neat, tidy, and *economical.* They are strong and durable, and a room can be carpeted below the cost of any other goods.

They are manufactured under a patent by the Vienna Carpet Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia, solely made by them, and are for sale in all carpet-houses. When buying or shopping, inquire for and see them.

The attention of the proprietors of hotels and boarding-house keepers is particularly called to them. Just the thing for watering places.

HOYT, SPRAGUES & CO., Franklin street, Sole Agents for New York.

HOYT, SPRAGUES & CO., and LEONARD, BAKER & CO., Agents for Philadelphia.

ROOT'S WRO

Book Table.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES.*

This volume will be gladly welcomed by all who for years have enjoyed and profited by the healthy, invigorating teachings of Longfellow. These teachings come from an experienced, sympathetic heart, through a fine imagination, and are uttered in pure and pleasant rhythm. His Muse, who in her youth, like most highly-cultured American maidens, traveled abroad for inspiration, has chosen in her maturer years to sit by her own fireside, and recount the plaintive and instructive traditions and memories of her native land. Though she still, at times, takes down the harp of European workmanship, and plays some original rendering of Old World story, or translates into intelligible music a difficult and hidden masterpiece of some great composer, she pleases her American hearers best when she chants, in studied measure or emphatic rhyme, the ever-fascinating deeds and experiences of the men and women of the New World. The book before us gives us two more women to place beside Evangeline and Priscilla; but it is not human love or grief which they embody, but the martyr-spirit of truth in the persons of Edith, the Quaker girl, and Martha Corey, the reputed witch. The dramatic sketch entitled John Endicott serves as a setting for the beautiful character of Edith. The incidents place us in Boston, in the year 1655. The Quakers enter the meeting-house during divine service, Edith leading the way, empowered by them to bear their "testimony" against a hireling ministry. Norton, the preacher, bids her be silent.

> "St. Paul commands all women to keep silence
> Within the churches.
>
> *Edith.*—Yet the women prayed
> And prophesied at Corinth in his day:
> And, among those on whom the fiery tongues
> Of Pentecost descended, some were women!"

The sweet and pure presence of a young woman, whose mental and moral powers have reached recognized and harmonious development, and who for conscience' sake, stands out before the world with an unconscious bravery which dreams not of apology, is well conveyed and sustained throughout the story. Edith is ordered to be scourged; and her father, for unauthorized return from banishment, is condemned to death. The tale of the daughter's punishment is so tenderly told, and her nobility and faith are so well imparted, that one is not forced, as too often in works of would-be art, to shrink from a recital necessary to the plan of the narrative. A mandamus from the king puts an end to the persecution, and father and daughter are set free. Edith, wandering in the wilderness, utters a lesson poetically learned from the autumn leaves.

> "O woods, that wear
> Your golden crown of martyrdom, blood-stained,
> From you I learn a lesson of submission,
> And am obedient even unto death,
> If God so will it."

Governor Endicott little relishes the king's interference with his authority; and gives us a new and forcible application of a well-known arithmetical fact, when he says to the deputy-governor:

> "Our power is gone forever. We are nothing
> But ciphers, valueless save when we follow
> Some unit; and our unit is the king!
> 'Tis he that gives us value."

Many touches of fine humor relieve the sadness of the story. Here is a specimen:

> "I feel like Master Josselyn when he found
> The hornet's nest; and thought it some strange fruit,
> Until the seeds came out, and then he dropped it."

The tragedy of Giles Corey of the Salem Farms dates in the days of witchcraft. It shows how malice and superstition combined to re-enact in a Puritan community the intolerance and cruelty of the Holy Inquisition. The clear mind and humane, devout heart of Martha Corey are the heroic element in the drama. Her husband's spirit rises to the level of martyrdom after his wife's death has been decreed. When urged to confess that he has practiced sorcery, and so mitigate his sentence, he replies:

> "I will not bear false witness against any,
> Not even against myself."

No one can read these tragedies without a fresh intolerance of intolerance, and a renewed love for that charity which is the greatest of the actions of the soul. A gleam of this divine aturibute falls on the head of the intolerant Endicott, in the words with which the first tragedy closes:

> "Only the acrid spirit of the times
> Corroded this true steel."

The world is ever ready to unlearn the lesson of "tolerance of opinion and of speech"; and we have but to look around and within us to perceive that every generation and every sect needs to go constantly to school to history for instruction on this one point. It was for this very "lesson that they teach" that our poet penned these graphic, chaste, and soul-stirring historical poems.

* THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES. I. John Endicott: II. Giles Corey of the Salem Farms. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

We receive an immense quantity of worthless juvenile books, many of them reprints from the English, and published either by Sabbath-school societies or by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. We pity the Sabbath-schools which are doomed to receive them as donations. Among the best juvenile books which we have received is Dr. Hayes's CAST AWAY IN THE COLD, published by TICKNOR & FIELDS. We know some very big as well as little children who always opened first to the pages in *The Young Folks* which contained this serial.

ROBERTS BROTHERS send us three thin, square books, entitled BOASTING HECTOR, MISCHIEVOUS JOHN, and FOOLISH ZOE. We would like to borrow the children's word, and say they are splendid. The text is by the mother of these children; and the illustrations, by L. Frölich, are remarkably full of spirit, being much more artistic than are often found in such books.

THE CRUISE OF THE DASHAWAY, LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, is a very fair account of a sea-voyage; and has, what is recommendation enough, three illustrations by Nast.

The following, generally written with special reference to their moral lessons, we can barely mention: BESSIE AND HER FRIENDS (ROBERT CARTER) is one of a remarkably good series. The children are real children—not too good, but full of the childish faults and fun which we see in real life. We have on our table no other child's book of the sort equal to it, unless it be DOTTY DIMPLE AT HOME, by Sophie May (LEE & SHEPARD, Boston)—a book which we have subjected to the severest test, that of being read by a little seven-year-old, and the juvenile critic was enthusiastic in his approval. THE TWIN ROSES, CHERRY THE MISSIONARY, and BEN BOLAND'S GARDEN, are three volumes published by the AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, and considerably better than the average of Sunday-school books, though not one of them is possessed of any startling merit. ANCHORED is from the press of the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, and, to speak phrenologically, has its moral faculties better developed than any others. UNCLE'S CHILDHOOD is a very fair story, but reprinted by J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia, from an English source. WITNESSING FOR JESUS (A. D. F. RANDOLPH) is a record of Christian work among the poor of New York. The incidents are told simply, and will repay perusal, if they will quicken other hearts to engage in similar labor.

We have received from Robert CARTER & BROTHERS the GREEN MOUNTAIN STORIES, by the author of the "Win and Wear" series. One of these volumes, "Robert Linton," we have before recommended to our readers, and the box containing that with the other four volumes will delight any of the children who may receive the present; and we doubt not the series will find a place in the library of every Sunday-school that possess an efficient replenishing committee.

LANGE'S COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. The Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians. By CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH KLING. The First Epistle translated by DANIEL W. POOR, D.D., pastor of the High-street Presbyterian church, Newark, N. J.; the Second Epistle by CONWAY P. WING, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Carlisle, Pa. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

We are glad to see another of these volumes, which speak so loudly of the enterprise of Mr. Scribner. We have had occasion to welcome preceding volumes of the series, and this is in no way inferior to any of them. Kling fortunately lacks that wordy indefinitenecs which is so noticeable in the volumes written by the editor; and we are always glad to receive a volume of Lange's Commentary with which Lange has nothing to do. Kling has given clear and decided explanations of all the difficulties of the epistles; and, if not always satisfactory to our own judgment, as he certainly is not quite so on all parts of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, he dodges no difficulty, and gives a valuable repertory of the opinions of others, from which to form our own. He is generally able and orthodox. Of course, this volume was not intended to be used by its German readers as a work of the most scholarly sort; it does not claim any such character. It was meant for the use of pastors in their ordinary Sabbath preparation. But it combines enough of the scholarly with the practical and homiletical to give it value for its end, and Dr. Kling is one of the most able men who have contributed to the series.

It is difficult, without comparison with the original, to tell how much of the merit of the work is due to the translators. The style of Kling is said to be involved; but the translators have avoided that fault. Their bracketed notes are numerous and judicious; those of Dr. Poor excelling in the doctrinal and homiletical departments, and those of Dr. Wing in the criticism of the text and in illustrations from the Fathers, and especially from Chrysostom. The editorship is most creditable, with the constant exception of the references to the Hebrew language, which contain blunders, many of them very sad ones, in nearly if not quite half the words that are employed—errors for which the editors, and not the compositors, are evilently responsible, and which are the more conspicuous as the Hebrew type is of such a ponderous style as to necessitate extra "leads" above and below the line. We wish every Hebrew word had been left out, or spelled with English letters. We can most heartily recommend this "Commentary on Corinthians" as the most useful one for our pastors with which we are acquainted.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF SIN. By Dr. JULIUS MÜLLER, Professor of Theology in the University of Halle. Translated from the German of the Fifth Edition, by the Rev. WILLIAM URWICK, M. A. In two volumes. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

This standard treatise of Prof. Müller has long been before the English-speaking theological public, but never before in an accurate translation. The publishers of Clark's Theological Library have now replaced their old translation with this much superior one. With the possible exception of Schleiermacher's System of Faith, this is the most valuable and thoughtful of all the productions of German writers upon dogmatics. A discussion of the doctrine of sin requires a careful investigation of all the hard problems of theology, with the exception of those which, like that of the Trinity, have relation solely to the divine mind. Man's free will, its relation to the divine foreknowledge, the extent of human depravity, hereditary sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost, the possibility of an eternity of sinful existence, the reconciliation of the existence of evil with the divine goodness—all these and many other questions are discussed by Dr. Müller. It is not to be expected that American theologians, versed in Edwards, and Emmons, and Hopkins will find these volumes always satisfactory reading. They are very different from the style of the classics of New England theology; but they are none the less to be commended to the perusal of those who would enlarge the circle of their dogmatic studies. Theology has never been discussed in a more able way in Germany than in America. There is now more interest here in these problems than in any other country; and our theologians will be sorry to see that Dr. Müller is quite unacquainted with works on theology written in English.

It adds a melancholy interest to these volumes to know that the venerable author will never be able to revise these his mature utterances. Though still able to repeat to attentive classes his old lectures, he is so broken down mentally that no new work of his can be expected during his life-time. We trust that, as in the case of the late Dr. N. W. Taylor, his lectures may be published after his death.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC for 1869 (TICKNOR & FIELDS), though abundantly ornamented with plain and colored engravings, is still more valuable for its reading-matter. We quote a sentence or two from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." "There is good management as well as piety in closing the day with an act of devotion." "The tailor's art has blanched the surface of our bodies to the whiteness of celery. Like that, we are buried alive, all but our heads." Speaking of pork, he says: "With what feelings would Jeremiah have looked on Cincinnati in prophetic vision!" Referring to a lady who had consulted twenty-six different physicians, he says he advised her "to give up this butterfly wandering from one camomile flower of medicine to another." He concludes his piquant paper with the startling suggestion that anæsthetics be given to those who are suffering severe physical pains in their death-agonies. The other literary articles are by Donald G. Mitchell, J. R. Lowell, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Dr. J. P. Thompson, and others. By far the best picture in the volume is one by S. Eytinge, Jr., among the advertisements. What is the meaning of that pair of loose feet in Hoppin's picture of surf-bathing? They certainly do not belong to the bather opposite.

MR. WALTER WELLS, superintendent of the hydrographic survey of Maine, has issued an extensive report giving the statistics of over two thousand different water-powers, representing an aggregate of about half a million horse-power, much of which is yet unemployed. It is for gratuitous distribution, and designed to attract capital to one of the best states in the Union. Who knows but emigration may yet turn about and flow eastward?

CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia, send us a translation of Dumas's TALES OF ALGERIA. We quote a single paragraph:

"England might disappear from the globe, and half the world, which she crushes, would clap their hands for joy. Let the light which shines in the hands of France—sometimes torch, sometimes taper—become extinguished, and the whole world would utter in the darkness a long cry of agony and despair."

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have issued the ninth edition of ADVICE TO A MOTHER, by Dr. Chavasse, of England. It is the best book on the management of children that mothers can obtain, and is endorsed by so high an authority as Sir Charles Locock, accoucheur to the Queen. The few pages on the substitutes for mother's-milk are invaluable.

THOMAS W. HARTLEY, Philadelphia, has issued a translation of THE BISHOP OF SALAMANCA, by the author of "Gil Blas." If the two volumes had been compressed into a single one, it would have taken all the space which a work of its peculiar Spanish morals could reasonably demand.

LITTLE WOMEN, by Louisa M. Alcott (ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston), is the most sweetly quiet story, if story it can be called, that we have read for many a day, running over with a homely humor that is delightful. We trust the author will not soon lay down her pen.

Dickens has familiarized us with Christmas stories. CHANTICLEER is the title of a "Thanksgiving Story" by Cornelius Matthews, published by the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY. It will please our children about the time of the New England holidays.

We are not overjoyed to see all of Bulwer's earlier novels republished; but, if it must be done, the Globe Edition, to which J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have just added GODOLPHIN, presents no typographical immoralities.

Part 33 of CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN'S folio edition of the Bible is on our table. It contains four full-page illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND is the last one issued of TICKNOR & FIELDS'S "Charles Dickens" Edition of the great novelist's works. It is illustrated by Dalziel.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

The Primitive Elersicon, or Methodical Ministry, Apostolic Succession, Doctrinal, not Tactual, nor exclusively Episcopal; illustrated by the History of the Patriarchal Church of Alexandria. By Rev. Mason Gallagher, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., author of "True Apostolic Succession." 16mo, pp. 256. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

Advice to a Mother on the Management of her Children, and on the treatment on the moment of some of their more pressing illnesses and accidents. By Pye Henry Chavasse, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Ninth edition. 12mo, pp. 468. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A Book of Public Prayer, compiled from the authorized formularies of worship of the Presbyterian Church, as prepared by the Reformers, Calvin, Knox, and others. With Supplementary Forms. 18mo, pp. 403. Charles Scribner & Co., New York.

Popular Deciduous and Evergreen Trees and Shrubs, for planting in Parks, Lawns, and Cemeteries, etc. By F. R. Elliott, Landscape Gardener and Pomologist, author of "Western Fruit Book." 12mo, pp. 193. F. W. Woodward, New York.

Cast away in the Cold; an Old Man's Story of a Young Man's Adventures, as Related by Capt. John Hardy, Mariner. By Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, author of "An Arctic Boat Journey." 16mo, pp. 262. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Papers Relating to Foreign Affairs, Accompanying the Annual Message of the President to the Second Session Fortieth Congress. Part I. and II. Two 8vo volumes, pp. 720 and 1000.

How to Conquer; or, Allen Ware, A Temperance Tale by Catharine M. Trowbridge, author of "Charles Norwood." 16mo, pp. 297. James S. Claxton, Philadelphia.

Edna Willis; or, The Promise Fulfilled. By the author of "Stories for Every Day in the Christian Year." 16mo, pp. 144. James S. Claxton, Philadelphia.

The Experience of Tom and Sarah Noble. By Mrs. Josiah Lamb, the author of "It isn't Right." 16mo, pp. 251. James S. Claxton, Philadelphia.

The Amazon. By Franz Dingelstedt. Translated from the German by J. M. Hart. 16mo, pp. 313. G. P. Putnam & Son, New York.

Jem Morrison the Fisher Boy. By Mrs. Joseph Lamb, author of "It isn't Right." 16mo, pp. 208. James S. Claxton, Philadelphia.

Mischievous John. The Text by his Mamma, the Illustrations by L. Frölich. Square 12mo, pp. 50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Boasting Hector. The Text by his Mamma, the Illustrations by L. Frölich. Square 12mo, pp. 50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Grace Roche's Legacy. By the author of "Margaret and Her Friends." 18mo, pp. 103. James S. Claxton, Philadelphia.

Foolish Zoe. The Text by his Mamma, the designs by L. Frölich. Square 12mo, pp. 44. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

The Occupations of a Retired Life. By Edward Garrett. 16mo, pp. 472. George Routledge & Sons, New York.

Lockey Hall. By Alfred Tennyson. With Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 75. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Children's Hearts and Hands. 16mo, pp. 190. American Sunday-school Union, Philadelphia.

I Will, and other stories. By May. 16mo, pp. 191. P. S. Wynkoop & Son, New York.

Bringing in Sheaves. By A. B. Earle. 12mo, pp. 284. James H. Earle, Boston.

The Story of a Penitent. Lola Montes. 3 Bible House, New York.

PAMPHLETS.

Remarks on the Late Attempt to take the Life of the Protestant Episcopal Church by one of her Children, with his pamphlet entitled "Are there Romanyiew forms in the Prayer-Book?" Pott & Amery, New York.

A Report of the Joint Committee of the General Assembly of Louisiana on the conduct of the late elections, and the condition of peace and order in the state. Geo. E. Bovee, New Orleans.

The Seaboard Parish. A sequel to "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood." George Wm. Curtis. 12mo, pp. 47. author of "Robert Falconer." George Routledge & Sons, New York.

No Romanizing Germs in our Prayer-book. By a presbyter of the P. E. Church. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Mediumship, its Laws and Conditions; with brief instructions for the formation of spirit-circles. By J. H. Powell. Wm. White & Co., Boston.

Revivalism: A brief statement of what should be revived in the Liturgy. *The Episcopalian*, Philadelphia.

Processional Singing by Surpliced Choirs. Being a part of Bishop McIlvaine's Address. Columbus, Ohio.

The Spirituelle; or, Directions in Development. By Abby M. L. Perree. Wm. White & Co., Boston.

Seventeenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance. 49 Washington street, Boston.

Mildred. A Novel. By Geraldine M. Craik, author of "Leslie Tyrrell." Harper & Brothers, New York.

PERIODICALS.

The Missionary Link for the Woman's Missionary Society. October. Rev. C. F. Dorrance, New York.

The Medical and Surgical Journal. Oct. 10. S. W. Butler, M.D., Philadelphia.

The Catholic World. November. Catholic Publication House, New York.

Lippincott's Magazine. November. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Travelers' Official Railway Guide. October. 646 Broadway.

The Little Corporal. November. Alfred L. Sewell, Chicago.

Ohio Educational Monthly. October. E. E. White, Columbus.

The Broadway. November. Geo. Routledge & Sons, New York.

Plymouth Pulpit. October 17. J. B. Ford & Co., New York.

Phrenological Journal. November. S. R. Wells, N. Y.

College Days. October. Ripon, Wis.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. Vol. II.

HARPER & BROS., New York,

Publish this Day

THE SECOND VOLUME OF

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. 12mo. Cloth, $2 per vol.

The polished diction and burnished style which first made their appearance in this volume, and were the interest of the subject even less momentous, long would be eagerly read as specimens of a literary production of consummate skill.—*Saturday Review.*

Mr. Kinglake has exhibited extraordinary powers as a historian in his account of the Battle at Balaklava. The minuteness with which he traces all the movements of that terrible action, the care and industry with which he weighs the several and sometimes conflicting accounts; the mastery of detail and knowledge of military tactics which he displays; and the general vividness of the narrative, which often seems to glow with the light and echo with the roar of mortal combat, combine to form one of the most remarkable pictures of a great battle which our literature can boast. Sometimes and observant—and at others in that of some modern prose Homer, who feels the inspiration of the fight, and kindles with the personal heroism of individual actors. It shows throughout the hand of a master in this species of writing.—*London Review.*

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above Work by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Price.*

HENRY HOYT & S. BOOKS, BOSTON.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE IS SAID TO BE THE leading Monthly Literary and Political Magazine.

"ONE OF THOSE BOOKS WHICH BELONG TO THE CLASS OF DEEDS, NOT WORDS."

WHAT ANSWER?

BY

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

1 vol. . . . . 16mo. . . . . Price $1 50.

"The book is a solemn, earnest, thrilling, enthusiastic appeal, in which a noble woman, herself at ease, blessed with flattering friends, with applause, with admiration, takes all in her hand, and links all in pleading the cause of the poorest, the most despised, the most maligned and scorned of God's creatures. In the form of a story, she makes a most condensed, earnest, and powerful appeal to the heart and conscience of this American nation on the sin of caste—a sin of which she makes us feel we have been but half convinced, and for which we have only begun to find a placed repentance.

"If anybody can read that book unmoved, we have only pity for him. No American, however conscientiously he may have espoused the cause of the slave, but may gain from it a deeper, truer baptism into the great doctrine of Christianity, that in Christ Jesus all are brethren.

"What gives this story its awful power is its truth.

* * * * *

"Miss Dickinson's book puts the solemn question to the American nation, WHAT ANSWER? Let the answer come at the polls.

"HARRIET BEECHER STOWE."

"I wish that every person of maturity throughout the length and breadth of the land may read it: particularly at this crisis, when the people need a blaze of light to show them the danger of the time, and the vast importance of the issues dependine upon the approaching election. Many of the most remarkable incidents of the war of the rebellion are woven together by the thread of an interesting story, told in a dashing, spirited style. Some defects it has; but, in comparison with its merits, they are too unimportant to dwell upon.

"Miss Dickinson concludes her book with the words: 'I send it to the hearts and consciences of the American people. May God, for whose 'little ones' I have here spoken, vivify its words.' He did vivify them in the writing, which is all alive with noble thoughts and generous feeling. It must be a cold heart and a stupefied conscience that, after reading those thrilling pages, could reply to 'What Answer?' by any other word than Amen to its appeal.

"LYDIA MARIA CHILD."

"I was about to put on paper some expression of my delight in the story Anna Dickinson has told us, when I saw the generous recognition and admirable tributes Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Child have given her. They say, so much better than I could frame it, all and exactly what I had to say, that I cannot do better than ask leave to cry Amen to them.

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

"So occupied is my time with going over the state to plead for the election of Grant and Colfax that not even yet have I finished reading 'What Answer?' But I have read far enough to be greatly interested in it, and to wish that a copy were in the hands of every voter. God bless Anna Dickinson for this beautiful and effective testimony against the infernal spirit of caste!

"GERRIT SMITH."

"It is full of genuine feeling, eloquently expressed, and is pervaded by a sublime sympathy with the oppressed and by a high and beneficent purpose. We are made to feel, in reading the book, that it is the work of a brave woman, one who has broken away from the dull and beaten path of prejudice and conventional usage, and has the courage to follow whithersoever the truth may lead. Let the work be read, not only for what it is, but for what it foreshadows.

"FREDERICK DOUGLASS."

"Some captious critics of this unpretentious tale have professed themselves unable to perceive in it any distinct question to which the gifted authoress should ask, 'What Answer?' But one must be a very dull reader of this bright book—glowing, as it does, both with light and heat—not to see that, from first to last, it utters and reutters the solemn question, Is our American prejudice against the negro natural, or only conventional? Is it just, or abominably wicked? Is it to be any longer fostered, or ought it to be ashamed out of society forever? . . . On the whole, Miss Dickinson's petite novel is like one of her best speeches—faulty, noble, captivating, and brave. A woman with such a soul is an honor to her country and an apostle to her time."—THE INDEPENDENT.

"Miss Dickinson grapples with the current sin of America most manfully. No, that is not a big word enough—most womanfully in her handling. For no man has written as boldly as this, and only one woman—Mrs. Child—in the 'Romance of the Republic.' . . . Let everybody read this vehement appeal, and answer it if they can. Her characters are all drawn from life. . . . Every Sunday-school should have this story, which is history and prophecy. Everybody should read it, pray over it, and answer it rightly in his own heart, and before God and his oppressed brother."—*Zion's Herald.*

"The book is a powerful one, for it is full of fire and passion, of intense sympathy with the down-trodden, and of the holy anger of the reformer. It is sure of an immense sale."—*Portland Press*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston,

AND 63 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK.

PLAIN THOUGHTS

ON THE ART OF LIVING.

Designed for Young Men and Women.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

1 vol. . . . 16mo. . . . $1 50.

CONTENTS:

THE MESSENGER WITHOUT A MESSAGE.	MIND CULTURE.
WORK FOR WOMEN.	SUCCESS.
DRESS.	STEALING AS A FINE ART.
MANNERS.	COMPANIONSHIP AND SOCIETY.
CONVERSATION.	AMUSEMENT.
HABITS.	RESPECTABILITY AND SELF-RESPECT.
HEALTH AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.	MARRIAGE.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

This book has been cordially welcomed by the press, as treating with much ability, freshness, and earnestness several of the problems which young people are meeting daily. The author enters with hearty sympathy into the feelings and tastes of young men and women, presents forcibly the temptations to which they are peculiarly exposed, and with excellent common sense and winning manliness gives admirable counsel in a vigorous and attractive style. Though intensely practical, the book is full of interest, and no young person can read it thoughtfully without profit.

"Rev. Washington Gladden is a thoughtful and delightful writer. He discourses in a fine brotherly and most helpful spirit on many of the more important problems of thought and duty which intensely concern young people. . . . We have not room to speak of all the notable and quotable things in this charming little book. We do not know a more useful book for pastors, employers, teachers, parents, and others to have at hand as a present for their young people."—THE INDEPENDENT.

"Mr. Gladden is the American 'country parson,' but superior in every way to his prototype. He is clear, sensible, unaffected, with a trace of wit, and a gentle, pervading ethical feeling. Neither shallow nor profound, he gives one the impression of a pure and thoroughly healthy mind. *Healthiness*—this is, above all, the characteristic of his book, which, in its way, is entirely praiseworthy."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

"It is utterly free from the 'goodiness' which spoils most such works. Freshness and thoughtfulness on every page lift it above the great mass of the indigestible literary provender set before young readers. The subject of religion is not heedlessly and tastelessly thrust on the reader's attention, while an under-current of Christian thought runs through the whole, and wells up at the close into an earnest plea that the young will take Christ as their Master and their King. The book deserves to be ranked beside Beecher's 'Lectures to Young Men.'"—*American Presbyterian.*

"By holding up to view the shams and mistakes of society, and contrasting the results growing out of them with those that follow a higher and purer life; and by giving good advice on all points in social experience where the judgment is often at fault, the author seeks to save the young from the mistakes and follies into which others, their predecessors in society, were led. The author has produced a very valuable book, a copy of which should be placed in the hands of every young man and young woman in the land."—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

"This book charms us. It is so frank, manly, generous, and true. There is not a 'mean streak' in it, so to speak; and the man or woman who heeds its teachings will be pure and noble. It warns of the Scylla of erroneous opinions on the one hand, and the Charybdis of unhallowed impulses on the other, and invites the young to the new and living way. Its catholicity of spirit, its sensibleness on the so-called 'woman question,' its cordial sympathy with all innocent amusements, its evident purpose to bless homes and hearts, should secure it a welcome wherever there are men and women who think nobly, act bravely, and love purely."—*Ladies' Repository (Boston).*

"It is a healthful volume, well written, and with pertinent force in style and illustration. It might appropriately be called a 'Guide to Health, Happiness, and Success.' It goes straight to the point, is honest, and at the same time genial and attractive. A young man or woman can have no better companion. It is, in a word, a guide, counselor, and friend."—*St. Louis Democrat.*

"This is a little volume of morality that is not dull. It is refreshing to find that a man may have point, pith, and good sense, even when his essays tend from their purpose to become sermons. We commend these plain thoughts for the unusual character of putting good things modestly.—*New York Herald.*

"There is more solid, practical advice to young men and women in this little volume than most boys and girls ever receive from parents, teachers, and preachers. In strong and eloquent terms it points out and condemns the prevailing faults, follies, and vices of the rising generation. . . . Parents could not confer a greater benefit on their children than by imbuing their minds and hearts with the noble and useful sentiments expressed in this work."—*Catholic Telegraph.*

"If anything can supply the want of common sense in life, this book can do it. And it is a very valuable adjunct to that indispensable commodity."—*Albany Journal.*

*** *For Sale by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston,

and 63 BLEECKER ST., NEW YORK.

ZION'S HERALD,

VOL. XLVI.

THE oldest of church papers still aims to lead the column of the religious press. Its principles are Christ, and his Gospel faithfully applied to the renewal of every human heart and of the human race in all the life of God. It advocates Christian doctrine as preached in all ages by the evangelical church. It supports Prohibition, as the chief duty of every state to its own citizens. It opposes Caste, and urges the liberty, equality, and fraternity of all men. It seeks to spread Scripture Holiness, in all its entire nature and work, over all the land.

The editor-in-chief, Rev. Gilbert Haven, has few equals and no superior as a brilliant writer and successful editor.

It has five editors, and not less than fifty contributors. Among these are the best newspaper writers: Abel Stevens, Theodore L. Cuyler, Theodore Tilton, Daniel D. Whedon, editor of *The Methodist Quarterly*, Nehemiah Adams, author of "Agnes," "Catherine," etc., Misses Warner, author of "Wide, Wide World," etc., Phebe Carr, E. O. Haven, President of Michigan University, "Warrington," J. D. Fulton, James Redpath, C. C. Hazewell, F. D. Huntington, Bishop Thomson, "Willy Wisp," B. K. Peirce, Lucy Larcom, Phœbe Palmer, Judge Bond, etc.

THE CHURCH DOOR,

a new story, by Miss Anna Warner, author of "Queechy," "The Old Homlet," etc., will commence with the next volume. Children's Home, Commercial, Agricultural, Foreign, Political, and Religious, and all other departments of a first-class paper are carefully filled by the best pens. THE HERALD is printed in the best style, on a sheet the size and form of *Harper's Weekly*, cut and stitched.

Only two dollars and a half a year, in advance. Any one sending five new subscribers and twelve dollars and a half shall receive a sixth copy gratis. Other premiums are offered. Specimen copies sent gratis. Send subscriptions to

E. D. WINSLOW,

PUBLISHING AGENT.

No. 11 Cornhill, Boston.

THE STEPHENSONS.

"One of the most Fascinating Biographies we possess."

"As interesting as a romance."

Harper & Brothers, New York,

HAVE JUST READY THE

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON,

AND OF HIS SON,

ROBERT STEPHENSON;

COMPRISING ALSO A HISTORY OF THE INVENTION AND INTRODUCTION OF THE RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

BY SAMUEL SMILES,

author of "Self-Help," "The Huguenots," etc., etc.

WITH PORTRAITS AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

8vo, Cloth, $3.

"It is as interesting as a romance—far more instructive than nine-tenths of the best romances. It relates one of the most wonderful stories that was ever imagined, yet a story every part of which is true.—*London Review.*

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Three Dollars.

THE GALAXY

FOR NOVEMBER,

NOW READY.

IT IS THE MOST

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED, BRILLIANT, ENTERTAINING, AND ATTRACTIVE MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

CONTENTS OF THE NOVEMBER NUMBER:

I. CIPHER. A Novel. Part First. Chapters VII. to XI. (With an illustration by Sol Eytinge.)
II. THE STORY OF A HERO. By Edward A. Pollard.
III. LONDON BEGGARS. By N. S. Dodge.
IV. THE PICTURE OF THE WORLD. By R. R. Bill.
V. A TALK WITH MR. BURLINGAME ABOUT CHINA. By Richard J. Hinton.
VI. THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S BLOODHOUND. By Charles Dawson Shanly.
VII. MIDGE. By Chauncey Hickox.
VIII. BEECHDALE. By MARIAN HARLAND. Chapters XVII. to End.
IX. THE ATTEMPT AT STRASBOURG: As Described by Louis Napoleon in a Letter to his Mother. With Notes by S. G. Abbott.
X. DEMOCRATIC DEITIES. By Eugene Benson.
XI. BY RAIL TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By I. Edwards Clarke.
XII. TWO FRENCH EDITORS: EMILE DE GIRARDIN and HENRI ROCHEFORT. By Virginia Vaughan.
XIII. WORDS AND THEIR USES. By Richard Grant White.
XIV. THE GALAXY MISCELLANY:
NEWSPAPER SYNOD. (With an Illustration by C. G. Griswold).
THE DEVIL OF INDIGESTION. By T. E. Clark.
EARTH IN A FINGER-BOWL. By Marston Niles, U.S.N.
THE FOUR NATIONS. By W. L. Alden.
XV. DRIFT-WOOD. By Philip Quilibet.
XVI. LITERATURE AND ART.
XVII. NEBULÆ. By the Editor.

Price 35 cents; $4 per year.

Very liberal terms made with those who will get up clubs for THE GALAXY. Address

SHELDON & COMPANY,

Nos. 498 and 500 Broadway, New York.

FIFTY-FIFTH THOUSAND.

THE

NEW BOOK!

FOR

SINGING-SCHOOLS AND CHOIRS.

THE TEMPLE CHOIR—a new collection of Sacred and Secular Music for Choirs and singing-schools. By THEO. F. SEWARD, assisted by DR. LOWELL MASON and WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

This was the last book in this department upon which Mr. Bradbury was engaged. Its extraordinary sale, and the abundant testimony of singers, warrant its publishers in claiming that it is the most popular book of sacred music published in this country for many years. Though published but a few months, it has already reached its FIFTIETH THOUSAND. It is the only book in which Dr. Mason and Mr. Bradbury were ever associated as authors. It is very full in all its departments, embracing the greatest variety for Singing-schools, Choirs, and Societies, larger than any other recent book, containing a much greater number of tunes and pieces, as will be seen by comparison. Price 75 cents each, on receipt of which it will be sent by mail, postpaid.

The publishers ask attention to the new patent binding which they have this season adopted for their music books. There has been just complaint of the weakness of the binding of this class of books. It is believed that this improvement (patented) doubles the strength and durability of the binding.

MASON BROTHERS,

596 Broadway, New York,

154 Tremont Street, Boston.

THE NURSERY!

A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers.

The November No. is published to-day. It contains:

MAX AND HIS KID,

a charming story, with seven illustrations by Frölich.

Also, "Baby is Awake," illustrated by Pletsch; "The Story of Little Benjamin"; "Saved," with a splendid illustration; "The Horse and the Lamb"; design by Weir; and many other articles, all original, with TWO LESS THAN TWENTY-NINE BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

Subscribers for the Year 1869 who send in their money before the 10th of November, 1868, will receive the November and December numbers *gratis*. All who send before the 10th of December, 1868, will receive the December number *gratis*. Now is the time to subscribe.

Terms:—$1 50 a year, in advance; 15 cents a single number. A liberal discount to clubs. Premiums given for new subscribers. A sample number for 10 cents. Address the publisher,

JOHN L. SHOREY,

13 Washington st., Boston.

HAPPY HOURS:

A NEW SCHOOL SONG-BOOK,

By HOWARD KINGSBURY and ALFRED A. GRAUPP, Authors of "Happy Voices," etc., etc.

Contains an abundance of BEAUTIFUL NEW SONGS, a limited number of the choicest Old FAVORITES, a suitable Devotional Department, and a brief Elementary Treatise for Musical Instruction.

Teachers are invited to examine this book before adopting any other. Price, 50 cents per copy. Sent by mail. Schools supplied at a liberal discount.

TAINTOR BROS., Publishers, 674 Broadway, N. Y.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO

Subscribers. Let those who want a first class LADY'S MAGAZINE and a first-class WEEKLY PAPER send at once for a sample copy of

THE LADY'S FRIEND

and

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

and see the unequaled inducements offered. Sample copies of both are sent *gratis*. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

NOW READY

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER,

CONTAINING FIFTEEN VALUABLE AND INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER. Latest novelties in Fall and Winter Fashions, choice Literature, Poems, and Music, elegantly illustrated. 473 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE AND TRADE-LIST may be

The Farmers' Column.

VALUE OF SUMACH AS A WINE.

We have received a communication from a doctor of this city, who advocates the home use of Sumach as a wine in certain physical diseases and afflictions. We recommend attention and application. It is a popular belief that the Sumach plant is poisonous, or at least of no earthly use whatever. But it is now fortunate for us to know that it is really capable of great practical good.

"In a late number of THE INDEPENDENT the very pleasant article entitled "Home-made Wines" must have presented to almost every reader some surprisingly new and interesting information. The list of wines being derivable from so many other berries besides *grapes*—namely, currants, cherries, raspberries, gooseberries, and blackberries—is a novel and very felicitous idea, as their general properties are very nutritious and wholesome.

"But one of the most interesting and valuable vinous productions of modern times is derived from another fruit, which I see by any other is declined then its discoverer could have imagined it possible to be created.

"The fruit alluded to is the SUMACH BERRY, technically known as *Rhus Glabrum*, which contains certain chemical ingredients different from almost every other vegetable, and which are very valuable in some special diseases. This fruit has been many years included in the list of Materia Medica, but has only been used in the form of watery solution until recently, when a scientific clergyman, seeing how advantageously its merits might be increased, made a vinous preparation of it, which the medical profession have found to be a very improved and advantageous article in all disorders requiring the peculiar elements of the fruit. It has been noticed very favorably in some medical journals, and its employment in catarrhal, diarrhœal, dyspeptic, and some other diseases have proved very appropriate and useful.

"Although it is a wine, and has a very agreeable flavor, it cannot produce intoxication, nor is it ever likely to be imbibed except for remedial purposes. It has been found very efficacious in cholera morbus, and other pains and diarrhœal diseases; being known to possess a very astringent property, derived from its vegetable ingredients (chiefly tannic and malic acids). In case of another emotion of the epidemic cholera in this country, it would doubtless be found one of the most effective remedies ever known, and would probably save a great many lives, it being both astringent and tonic. It has proved also to be a very useful refrigerant in typhus and other forms of fever.

"We, therefore, advise an extended cultivation of the plant, and the preservation of the berries in all parts of the country, for the preparation of the wine in case of the occurrence of any of the diseases above mentioned. It is popularly known as *Rhus Virtus*, and technically called by physicians and apothecaries *Vinum Rhus Glabrum*."

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF THE SUMACH BERRY.

The chief elements of the *Fructus Rhus Glabrum* were by medical chemists long since determined to be: 1st, *Malic Acid*, in combination with lime, in the form of *Bimalates*; 2d, *Free Malic Acid*; 3d, *Tannic Acid*; 4th, *Oil*, fixed and volatile; 5th, *Red Coloring Matter*; 6th, *Gallic Acid*. (See Wood and Bache's U. S. Dispensatory, pp. 710, 711.) It is very clear that this old statement of the elements of this fruit at once demonstrates the medicinal character of the wine derived from it, and clearly indicates its value and the direction in which it should be used. Among the acids of this fruit it is plain that the tannic acid predominates, and that lime is as positively the alkaline base of the sumach as potash is of the grape. As, according to Prof. Mulder, the element of longevity in long-enduring wines is the tannic acid they contain, no doubt can be entertained of the durability of a wine made from the *Rhus Glabrum*.

POTATO EXPERIMENTS.

A WRITER in *The N. E. Farmer* determined to satisfy himself which was the best way to plant, and accordingly tried several experiments, with these results. The rows were 25 feet long:

One large potato in each hill, 2 feet apart, produced	30 lbs.
One large potato cut in two, in each hill, 2 feet apart, produced	29¾ "
Potatoes cut as for seed, to make about one-third as much seed, hills 15 inches apart, produced	21 "

The potatoes were the largest where the large potatoes were planted whole, and the smallest where the potato was split and both parts put in the hill.

It is exceedingly singular to notice the various methods by which great crops of potatoes are raised on good, well-tilled, well-manured land. One man reports that he gets best crop by planting only *one large* potato in the hill. Another says: "No. I get best by cutting a potato into three pieces and leaving *two* in a hill." Another one says: "I plant the *but*-ends of potatoes only, and throw the seed-ends away." Another says: "I planted 100 potatoes, and 98 grew from the *small end*." Another says: "I cut my potatoes into three pieces, and plant in drills or rows, *one* piece every 12 *inches* apart." Another says: "I sprout my potatoes in sand and get *sets*, and then transplant the sets." And the joke is that, notwithstanding all the above apparently contradictory peculiar methods, we can place our finger upon actual instances where those parties did get the best return in the very way they tried.

Now, how are we to reconcile all these curiosities of potato experiment? Well, we must conclude the reason is either in the variety of the potato, or the difference of soil, or the difference of climate. It is somewhat like fruit culture. The variety of fruit-plant that does well on my farm will not do well five miles away; and the variety that does well at the North fails South, and so *vice-versa*.

Our first illustration gives another peculiar kind of information.

This experimenter found that by cutting his potatoes into *thirds*, and planting eighteen inches apart, one piece in a hill, although he did not get as much per row as where he planted whole potatoes, yet the seed went three times as far, and the actual produce was nearly twice as much for the same number of pounds of seed. If, now, the pieces had been planted twelve inches apart (a common practice), he would have got just as much produce to the row as from the whole potatoes, while the economy in seed would have been one-half.

No man or writer can determine all these little points of difference absolutely. Farmers are always complaining that they want *facts*, not theories, in their agricultural papers. But they forget that *facts* must come from the farmers themselves; and, if farmers do not experiment, where are the papers to furnish instruction?

Our best advice is for every farmer to experiment upon his own soil until he thoroughly understands it, and then go ahead.

USEFUL HINTS.

RICH cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it in a cloth, put it in a cool, dry place. If mold appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Oranges and lemons keep best when wrapped close in soft paper and laid in a draw of flour.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.

Soft soap must be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and should not be used till three months old.

Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using, as it spends fast when it is new.

A KENTUCKIAN writes to the *Northwestern Farmer* that of a lot of telegraph-poles put up in Kentucky the chestnut rotted first, the cedar gave way next, the locust stood five years longer and were still nearly sound.

AGRICULTURAL.

NORWAY OATS.

More hardy than any other variety of this grain, as shown by the great yield this past season, notwithstanding the almost entire failure of all other kinds. They are indorsed by the leading agriculturists of the New England States, and have been awarded more than twenty prizes at State and County Fairs.

PRICE LIST.

1 quart, post-paid	$1 25
2 quarts, post-paid	2 00
1 peck by express, freight payable on delivery	4 00
½ bushel by express, freight payable on delivery	6 00
1 bushel of 32 lbs. standard	10 00
2½ bushel bags	25 00

Address JONES & CLARK,
Post-office Box No. 5623. 20 Liberty st., N. Y.

PREMIUM LIST.

Whitlock's Horticultural Recorder,

$1 50 PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, 20 Cts.

Address L. L. WHITLOCK,
Box 6723. 215 BROADWAY, N. Y.

ANDREW S. FULLER, Editor.

The cheapest journal of the kind published, and the only one giving price-list of Trees, Vines, and Plants in "All Nurseries in One." It also contains a list of best Implements for farm, Garden, and household; and its pages are filled with articles from the best horticultural and agricultural writers in the country. As a special inducement, we offer to send one plant of either of the following varieties of fruits to all who send in their names with $1 50:

One Clarke Raspberry; one Dawson Thornless Raspberry; one Ohlrich's Blackberry; two Early Wilson Blackberry; two Kittatinny Blackberry; one Missouri Blackberry; two Kittatinny Blackberry; one Missouri Mammoth Blackberry; one Choice Gladiolus; one Japan Lily; one Iona Grape Vine; or, to any one who will send $5 or more to us at post-age, we will send ONE DOZEN OF EARLY ROSE POTATOES.

The plants will be carefully packed and sent by mail, post-paid, as early in the Autumn or Spring as practicable.

FERTILIZERS.
LISTER'S CELEBRATED
Pure Bone Meal and Superphosphate of Lime;
also the COMPLETE MANURE, as per Prof. Ville's (of France) formula. Address
LISTER BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS, 150 FRONT St., N. Y.

INGERSOLL'S COTTON AND WOOL PRESSES.

INGERSOLL'S HAY AND STRAW PRESSES,
INGERSOLL'S RAG AND PAPER PRESSES,
INGERSOLL'S HIDE AND HAIR PRESSES,
HAND AND HORSE-POWER PRESSES,

for baling all kinds of material, on hand and made to order. Also, a practical machine for sawing down trees. Price $25. For price-list and full information, call on or address the manufacturers, INGERSOLL & DOUGHERTY, Greenpoint (Brooklyn), N. Y.

Ready Roofing

WITH FIRST CUSTOMER IN EACH place can buy 1,000 feet at 2½ per cent. discount. Samples and circulars sent by mail. READY ROOFING CO., 81 Maiden Lane New York

YOU WANT MARTHA!

The most valuable early White Grape yet known. A seedling from the Concord, and as perfectly hardy, healthy, and vigorous as that variety, and ripens 10 days earlier. Quality best, both for table and wine. A splendid Grape in all respects. Send stamps for Illustrated Catalogue of over 60 varieties Grapes and small fruits, to GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio.

PHILADELPHIA RASPBERRY.

The most productive, hardy Red Raspberry known; very profitable as a market berry. Plants delivered in New York free of charge. Price per 1,0, $5; per 1,000, $100. GEO. R. UNDERHILL,
Locust Valley, L. I.

CAST-STEEL BELLS,

price 20 cents per pound, currency.
Address NAYLOR & CO.,
80 State street, Boston; 39 John street, New York; 203 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

BELLS.

Amalgam Bells for Churches, Schools, etc. Equal to the best, and cheaper than all; only 40 cts. per lb. warranted. Used for fifteen years in all the States and Canada, and gives best satisfaction. Send for circular to the manufacturer, SAMUEL S. DAVIS, 38 Dey street, New York.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES ENOUGH OF RASPBERRIES and blackberries, the fruit of which brought 11 per quart in market. Send stamp for catalogues. WM. PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J

INSURANCE.

READ!

ONE COMPANY AGAINST ONE HUNDRED.

ONE HUNDRED COMPANIES (OF COURSE) AGAINST ONE.

ONE Life Insurance Company thoroughly classes and sub-classes its risks.

ONE hundred Companies do not. Why not? They can't, and live.

ONE Company thus adjusts an appropriate premium to each class of risks, the same as is done in Marine and Fire Insurance.

ONE hundred do not, but charge all of the same age one price.

ONE Company places each kind of risk in a class by itself, as it were in so many Companies; the members of each share only their *own* losses and expenses; this secures to the "*best risks*" the lowest mortality, of course the largest surplus, and first and last the best terms; others in proportion to risk, as is just; this distinct classing is better than is done in Marine and Fire risks.

ONE hundred Companies cannot do this, because they are already started, and they depend upon the best risks to pay the losses of the inferior ones already taken.

ONE Company shows that one price for one age and health makes the "YEAR RISK" pay too much and receive too little; and, of course, the inferior risks pay too little and receive too much.

ONE hundred Companies, through their interested agents, say that this is wrong.

ONE Company asks the public not to listen to interested parties, but to investigate for itself.

ONE hundred Companies, through ten thousand interested agents (perhaps, for want of proper information, they are invited to obtain it gratis), misrepresent the American System.

ONE Company is based upon the result of the experiments of one hundred Companies, and is right because they are wrong. If not right, why not?

ONE hundred Companies, having no truthful arguments against the new system, again prove that "necessity is the mother of invention."

ONE Company tries to make Life Insurance plain to all and just to all, and is therefore appropriately named

THE AMERICAN POPULAR LIFE INSURANCE CO., 419 and 421 Broadway.

You can insure by mail. Send for circulars and learn how.

It will cost nothing to learn your probable measure of life.

Get Insured

against Loss and Damage by Fire, and the risks of Inland Navigation and Transportation, in the

WASHINGTON INSURANCE COMPANY,

NO. 172 BROADWAY,

(CORNER MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.)

Safest and cheapest system of Insurance.

Cash Capital. Scrip Participation.

The Policies entitled to participate receive 75 per cent. of the net profits.

Average Scrip Dividends for six years, 45 per cent.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $400,000.
CASH ASSETS - - - - 750,000.

GEO. C. SATTERLEE, President.
HENRY WESTON, Vice-President.
WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary.
WM. A. SCOTT, Assistant Secretary.

"This corporation (The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States) can be said to mark and distinguish the commencement of the recent astounding progress in the business of Life Insurance."—WILLIAM BARNES, Superintendent of N. Y. Ins. Department, Report, 1868.

THE

EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 92 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WM. C. ALEXANDER, *President.*
HENRY B. HYDE, *Vice-President.*
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, *Actuary.*
JAS. W. ALEXANDER, *Secretary.*

Cash Assets, - - $8,000,000.

Annual Premium Income, $5,000,000.

Sum Assured (New Business) during the year ending January 31st, 1868,

$47,020,134.

IT ISSUES ALL DESIRABLE NON-FORFEITING POLICIES

on a Single Life, from $250 to $25,000.

All Profits Divided Among Policy-holders Annually from the start.

IT IS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL COMPANY EVER ORGANIZED, AND, FOR ITS YEARS,

The Largest Mutual Life Insurance Company in the World!

☞ To secure a Policy in the Equitable, apply at the office, No. 92 Broadway, N. Y., or to any of the Society's Agents throughout the United States.

☞ Agents wishing to represent the EQUITABLE are invited to make application for appointment, by letter, to the New York office.

WIDOWS'
AND
ORPHANS'
BENEFIT
Life Insurance Co.,

OFFICE,
No. 132 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES H. RAYMOND, President.

CAPITAL AND ACCUMULATIONS

$1,000,000.

PREMIUMS, POLICIES, AND DIVIDENDS ALL CASH!

ALL POLICIES ON THE MUTUAL PLAN.

DIVIDENDS AVAILABLE AT END OF SECOND YEAR AND ANNUALLY THEREAFTER.

Average Dividends have been to date as follows: ON LIFE POLICIES, OVER 30 PER CENT. IN CASH. ON ENDOWMENT POLICIES, OVER 22 PER CENT. IN CASH.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE AFTER SECOND YEAR.

H. B. ROBINSON, Secretary.
ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Ass't Sec'y.

HOME
Insurance Company

Offices No. 135 Broadway, New York, and 151 Montague St., Brooklyn.

Cash Capital - $2,000,000 00

Assets July 1, 1868 - - - 3,730,981 60
Liabilities - - - - - - 120,453 15

Desiring to deal directly with its Customers, this Company will hereafter make a rebate from the Premium on Risks in the City, equal to the Commission heretofore paid as Brokerage.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.

METROPOLITAN
INSURANCE COMPANY.

No. 108 Broadway, New York.

THIS COMPANY, WITH A CASH CAPITAL OF

$300,000,

INTENDS HEREAFTER TO CONFINE ITS FIRE BUSINESS TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY, and will also write MARINE RISKS on CARGO ONLY, at its office in the Metropolitan Bank Building.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.
ROBERT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President.

Directors:

MARTIN BATES, DUDLEY B. FULLER, FRANKLIN H. DELANO, GILBERT L. BEEKMAN, JOSEPH B. VARNUM, LORRAIN FREEMAN, EDWD A. STANSBURY, J. BOORMAN JOHNSTON, SAMUEL D. BRADFORD, F. H. WOLCOTT, P. W. TURNEY, WM. T. BLODGETT, CHARLES P. KIRKLAND, WATSON E. CASE, JOHN A. GRAHAM, JOHN C. HENDERSON, JAMES L. GRAHAM, Jr., CLINTON B. FISK.

W. R. WADSWORTH, Secretary

HOME
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
MUTUAL.

258 BROADWAY, New York.

Assets, $1,850,000. *Assured Members*, 10,000.

OFFICERS:

WALTER S. GRIFFITH, *President.* — I. H. FROTHINGHAM, *Treasurer.*
GEORGE C. RIPLEY, *Secretary.* — WILLIAM J. COFFIN, *Actuary*

SECURITY
INSURANCE COMPANY,

119 Broadway, N. Y.

ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1868, $1,477,677 12.

FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

A. F. HASTINGS, President.
W. B. BUCKHOUT, Vice-President.
FRANK W. BALLARD, Secretary.
NATHAN HARPER, Ass't Secretary

COLUMBIA FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
NEW YORK
Office No. 161 Broadway, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL $500,000 00
SURPLUS 50,472 80
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, April 1st, 1867 .... $550,472 80

ALFRED DOUGLAS, President.
JOHN B. ARTHUR, Secretary.
ED. R. SATTERLEE, Assistant Secretary.

UNIVERSAL LIFE INS. CO.,
NEW YORK CITY.

THE ORIGINAL JOINT STOCK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE UNITED STATES.

WILLIAM WALKER, President.
HENRY J. FOURGEIL, Vice-President.
JOHN H. BEWLEY, Secretary.
EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M.D., Medical Examiner.

SECURITY
Life Insurance
AND
ANNUITY COMPANY,
31 and 33 Pine Street,
NEW YORK.

OFFICERS:

ROBERT L. CASE, President.
THEO. R. WETMORE, Vice-Pres't.
ISAAC H. ALLEN, Secretary.

DIRECTORS:

EDWARD HAIGHT,
EDWARD WOOD,
CHARLES R. SWORDS,
JOHN P. UNDERHILL,
ROBT LINDLEY MURRAY,
EGANCE T. WALKER,
WILLIAM HUBBARD,
JOHN H. DRAPER,
JOSEPH P. KNAPP,
JAMES M. DRAKE,
JAMES BREWT,
FRANCIS PAYSON,
AUGUSTUS PAGE,
JOHN W. GRAYDON,
ISAAC W. OTTIMORE, Brooklyn, L. I.
NATH. B. WEED, Darien, Ct.
WM. H. WILLIS, New Brunswick, N. Y.
GEORGE INNIS, Jamaica, L. I.
ROBERT BOWNE,
CHARLES T. GOODWIN,
SIDNEY WINTHROP,
EDWARD MARSHALL,
ROBERT L. COE,
THEODORE R. WETMORE,
ISAAC H. ALLEN,
J. NELSON TAPPAN,
EDMUND TITUS,
CHARLES DESILVER,
REUBEN H. UNDERHILL,
JOHN T. WILLETS,
A. B. SETTLE,
ROBERT B. HOWLAND,
SAMUEL S. KNAPP, Peekskill, N. Y.
JAMES BIGLER, Newburgh, N. Y.
DAVID MOORE,
EDWARD C. JONES, New Bedford, Mass.

No Restriction on Travel, except in the Tropics.

Policies Incontestable after Three Annual Payments, except in case of Fraud.

This Company offers as great inducements to those PAYING THEIR PREMIUMS ALL

IN CASH

as any in the country, at the same time giving them the privilege of availing themselves of the

LOAN,

should the necessity arise.

ALL POLICIES ARE NON-FORFEITING AFTER THREE YEARLY CASH PAYMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE.

The Progress of this Company is Shown by Table the Annexed:

Year.	1863.	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	
	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.	
New Policies.	4,094	8,325	8,284	1,408	858	211
No. of Policies issued each year.	$80,000	$99,601	$225,857	$46,411	$31,500	$6,493
Gross Receipts.	0,078,896	7,750,000	4,841,000	2,819,743	1,975,500	$30,000
Amount insured by New Policies.	1,790,000	1,790,000	1,790,000	1,790,000	1,790,000	1,790,000
Total Gross Assets.		793,206	425,027	246,861	161,092	122,857
Increase over previous year in Gross Assets.		793,206	368,171	175,195	85,769	37,235

For General or District Agencies apply to the offices of the Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Pine street, N. Y.

☞ Liberal Commissions to experienced Agents.

MARKET
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

NO. 37 WALL STREET.

NEW YORK, January 14th, 1868.

CONDITION OF COMPANY, JAN. 1st, 1868.

Capital Stock - - - $200,000 00
Total Assets - - - - 509,634 89
Actual Surplus - - - 279,160 15

Being nearly ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY per cent. (140) on the Capital.

The BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared the usual Semi-Annual Interest Dividend of THREE and ONE-HALF per cent., Free of Government Tax, payable on demand.

In presenting the Annual Statement of the Company the officers have pleasure in pointing to its favorable condition, and congratulating its Stockholders, Policyholders, and friends generally, upon the satisfactory results of the business of the year just terminated.

THE SENSIBLE and FRANK avowal of the Great National Board of Underwriters, and also of the boards of this and other cities, that OUR POLICIES on the "PARTICIPATION PLAN" are BETTER INSURANCE, worth TEN and TWENTY per cent. more than the Policies of the Non-Participating Companies (being "iron-clad," as it were, by the large Scrip Fund), has had the beneficial effect to largely increase the business and prosperity of the Company—thereby extending its usefulness, and advancing the interest and security of its Policyholders.

The Company will continue, as heretofore, to Insure respectable parties against Disaster by Fire, on the PARTICIPATION PLAN, or "in the Old Fashioned Way," as may be agreed upon.

The Prompt and Liberal Adjustment of Losses, when "Fair and Square," will also continue the Specialty of the Company.

ASHER TAYLOR, President.
HENRY P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

MANHATTAN
Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK.

Offices Nos. 156 & 158 Broadway.

HENRY STOKES, PRESIDENT.

C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-President.
F. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.
J. L. HALSEY, Secretary.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assist. Sec'y.

ADVANTAGES TO INSURERS:

SMALLEST RATIO OF MORTALITY.
EXPENSES LESS THAN ANY CASH COMPANY.
LIBERAL MODES OF PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.
INSURERS RECEIVE THE LARGEST BONUS EVER GIVEN.
DIVIDENDS MADE ANNUALLY ON ALL PARTICIPATING POLICIES.
NO CLAIMS UNPAID.
ALL KINDS OF NON-FORFEITING LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES ISSUED.
POLICIES INCONTESTABLE.
ALL ENDOWMENT POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE AFTER ONE PAYMENT.

The following are examples of the operations of the last dividend:

POLICIES ISSUED IN 1864 ONLY FOUR YEARS AGO.

Age at issue.	Amount Insured.	Premium Paid.	Added to Policy.	Total Amt. Pol.
40	$10,000	$1,280	$3,572	$13,572
35	8,000	1,022	2,348	10,348
30	7,500	703	2,703	10,208
25	7,000	571	2,505	9,505

This is an entirely new plan, giving insurers the largest return ever made by any company in the same period.

GEORGE A. FRENCH, Manchester, N. H., General Agent for Maine and New Hampshire.
J. M. & W. EVERETT, Boston, Massachusetts, General Agent for Eastern Massachusetts.
O. I. SHELDON, Rochester, New York, Gen'l Agent for Northern New York.
R. J. HALL, Buffalo, New York, Gen'l Agent for Western New York.
L. D. WINDSOR, Erie, Pennsylvania, Gen'l Agent for Pennsylvania.
LEWIS, SPENCER & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Gen'l Agents for Ohio, Indiana etc

GUARDIAN
Mutual Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK.
No. 102 Broadway.

Assets, rapidly increasing, $1,500,000.

ALL APPROVED FORMS OF POLICIES ISSUED. LIBERAL MODES FOR THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE BY THEIR TERMS.

The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Insured.

LAST RETURN OF PREMIUM FIFTY PER CENT.

The Premium and Dividend System of this Company combines the best features of all the modern plans of Life Insurance.

If the premium is paid ALL CASH, the dividends begin with the second annual premium and continue ANNUALLY thereafter; they may be applied either to reduce the premium charged or to increase the amount insured.

Premiums may also be paid two-thirds in cash, the remaining one-third being endorsed as a Loan upon the policy.

NO NOTES ARE REQUIRED,

In this case dividends begin with the Fourth annual premium and continue annually, and are applied to cancel the Loans outstanding.

DIRECTORS:

HON. JOHN A. DIX..... New York.
HON. JAMES HARPER..... Firm: Harper & Bros., Ex-Mayor, N. Y.
JOHN J. CRANE..... President Bank Republic.
WILLIAM T. HOOKER..... Wall Street.
WILLIAM M. VERMILYE..... Banker, [Vermilye & Co.]
CHARLES G. ROCKWOOD..... Cashier Newark Banking Co.
HON. GEORGE OPDYKE..... Ex-Mayor of New York.
MINOT C. MORGAN..... Banker.
THOMAS RUSSELL..... Firm: Thos. Rigney & Co.
BENJ. E. SHERMAN..... Treasurer N. Y. Steam Sugar Refining Co.
AARON ARNOLD..... Firm: Arnold, Constable & Co.
RICH'D H. BOWNE..... Firm: John Wetmore & Bowne.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT..... Firm: E. V. Haughwout & Co.
WILLIAM WILKENS..... Firm: W. Wilkens & Co.
JULIUS H. PRATT..... Merchant.
WILLIAM W. WRIGHT..... Merchant.
CHARLES J. STARR..... Merchant.
WILLIAM ALLEN..... Merchant.
GEO. W. CUTLER..... Banker, Palmyra, N. Y.
GEO. T. HOPE..... Pres't Continental Fire Ins. Co.
JOHN H. SHERWOOD..... Park Place.
WALTON H. PECKHAM..... Cor. 5th av. and 23d st.
EDWARD H. WRIGHT..... Newark, N. J.
GEORGE W. FARLEE..... Counsellor.
WILLIAM L. COGSWELL..... Merchant.

WALTON H. PECKHAM, Prest.

HENRY V. GAHAGAN, *Secretary.* — LUCIUS MCADAM, *Actuary*

W. R. VERMILYE, Medical Examiner.

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.
NEW YORK January 25th, 1868.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1867.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1867, to 31st Dec., 1867	$7,322,015 73
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1867	2,808,109 71
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$10,130,125 46
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1867, to 31st December, 1867	$7,597,133 16
Losses paid during the same period	$4,224,761 61
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,309,363 53

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$6,864,487 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise	2,172,450 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	220,414 40
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	3,232,442 27
Cash in Bank	373,374 02
Total Amount of Assets	$13,106,177 11

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next.

Fifty per cent. of the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next, from which date interest on the amount so redeemable will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment and canceled to the extent paid.

A dividend of Thirty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1867, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of April next.

By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

JOHN D. JONES, CHARLES DENNIS, W. H. H. MOORE, HENRY COIT, WM. C. PICKERSGILL, LEWIS CURTIS, CHARLES H. RUSSELL, LOWELL HOLBROOK, R. WARREN WESTON, ROYAL PHELPS, CALEB BARSTOW, A. P. PILLOT, WILLIAM E. DODGE, ROBT. C. FERGUSON, DAVID LANE, JAMES BRYCE, FRANCIS SKIDDY, DANIEL S. MILLER, WM. STURGIS, CHAS. P. BURDETT, HENRY K. BOGERT, JOSHUA J. HENRY, DENNIS PERKINS, JOSEPH GAILLARD, JR. J. HENRY BURGY, CORNELIUS GRINNELL, C. A. HAND, E. J. HOWLAND, BENJ. BABCOCK, FLETCHER WESTRAY ROBT. B. MINTURN, JR., GORDON W. BURNHAM, FREDERICK CHAUNCEY, JAMES LOW, GEORGE S. STEPHENSON, WILLIAM H. WEBB, PAUL SPOFFORD, SHEPPARD GANDY, ROBERT L. TAYLOR,

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

"PARTICIPATION INSURANCE."

The only system of insurance under which a company's ability to pay its losses KEEPS FULL PACE with its increasing business and consequent increasing liability to incur loss, without imposing any liability whatever upon the holders of its Policies.

CONTINENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
102 Broadway, New York.

STATEMENT OF JULY 1, 1868.

CASH CAPITAL	$500,000 00
SURPLUS	1,513,622 50
CASH ASSETS	$2,013,622 50

THE
CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY

insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandize, household furniture, farm property, including stock, RENTS, LEASES, and all other insurable property, at *reasonable rates of Premium*, on the PARTICIPATING PLAN, dividing three-fourths of the profits to its customers in scrip bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $500,000.

The scrip issues of this Company for 1852, '53, '59, '60, '61, and '62, are now being redeemed in cash.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
B. H. LAMPORT, Vice President.

A. A. LOW..... A. A. Low & Brothers.
JOHN D. MAINE..... David Dows & Co.
S. B. CHITTENDEN..... S. B. Chittenden & Co.
LORING ANDREWS..... Loring Andrews & Sons
CARLOS COE..... [illegible]
WM. T. COLEMAN..... Wm. T. Coleman & Co.
WM. H. GRAY..... Grinnell, Minturn & Co.
WILLIAM T. BOOTH..... Booth & Edgar.
CHAS. M. CONNOLLY..... Connolly & Co.
GEORGE W. LANE..... Geo. W. Lane & Co.
CHAS. COOKE YALES..... C. C. & H. St. Yales
SAMUEL D. BABCOCK..... Babcock, Brothers & Co.
HENRY C. BOWEN..... Henry C. Bowen.
ANDREW R. HULL..... Palmetock, Hull & Co.
JAMES FRASER..... Fraser, Major & Co.
SHEARER M. VAIL..... Barney, Butler & Parsons.
HIRAM BARNEY..... Barney, Butler & Parsons.
LAWRENCE TURNER..... Moses Taylor & Co.
SHEPPARD GANDY..... Sheppard Gandy.
GEORGE GRISWOLD..... N. L. & G. Griswold.
RACHEL A. SAWYER..... Sawyer, Wallace Co.
CYRUS CURTIS..... President Washington Life Ins. Co.
WILLIAM D. MORGAN..... [illegible] E. Morgan & Son.
WM. ALEXANDER..... [illegible]
URIEL A. MURDOCK..... President Continental Bank.
D. H. ARNOLD..... President of Mercantile Bank.
CHARLES LANSON..... C. H. Marshall & Co.
C. H. BRIGHAM..... Late Brigham & Parsons.
WELLINGTON CLAPP..... Late Clapp & Kent.
BRADISH JOHNSON..... Johnson & Lawrence.
JOHN CASWELL..... John Caswell & Co.
HENRY F. SPALDING..... Spaulding, Studd & Co.
JOHN PAINE..... [illegible]
JOSEPH BATTELL..... Edeston, Battell & Co.
ROBERT H. McCURDY, late McCurdy, Aldrich & Spencer.
GEORGE N. STEPHENSON..... George S. Stephenson & Co.
GEORGE MOELE..... F. Pavenstedt & Co.
WM. M. RICHARDS..... Richards & Collins.
JOHN H. EARLE..... Earl & Cunningham.
HENRY EYRE..... [illegible]
CHARLES H. BOOTH..... Charles H. Booth & Co.
EDWARD MARTIN..... Crane & Co.
HORACE B. CLAFLIN..... H. B. Claflin & Co.
CYRUS BOCK Secretary.

THE BERKSHIRE
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITING.

Excellent opportunities for Agents. Good canvassers wanted on liberal terms.

THE

WASHINGTON
Life Insurance Company,
155 Broadway, New York.

Cyrus Curtiss, PRESIDENT. — W. A. Brewer, Jr., Secretary.
Matthew Mitchell, VICE-PRESIDENT. — Cyrus Munn, Assistant Secretary.

Dr. B. W. M'CREADY, Medical Examiner.

Cash Assets over $1,500,000, and increasing more than Two Thousand Dollars per day above all Losses and Expenses.

A CLAUSE IN EACH POLICY SECURES IT FROM FORFEITURE.

All Dividends Non-Forfeitable by Charter.

The WASHINGTON is PURELY MUTUAL, and divides its profits among its policy-holders only

Dividends, upon Contribution Plan, made and paid at the end of the first and every year, and applied to increase the amount of insurance, or as cash in payment of premium.

ALL POLICIES KEPT IN FORCE BY DIVIDENDS. Example:—Age 44, Policy $10,000, Annual Premium $364 60, with dividends amounting to $288, would be insured for $10,000 for 265 days (9 months and 18 days) after failure to pay the premium. In some cases the dividends would keep the policies in force for years.

Policies on a medium age become Self-sustaining in about Fifteen Years.

That the WASHINGTON is a great PUBLIC FAVORITE will be seen from the fact that the business of the past year shows a greater increase over that of the preceding year than that of any other Cash Company, while the business of the best Note Companies actually fell off during 1867.

With policies and dividends non-forfeitable, with unsurpassed accommodations to policy-holders, with stability thoroughly tested during the past eight years, the WASHINGTON stands unrivaled in its advantages.

THE WASHINGTON NEVER CONTESTED A CLAIM.

☞ ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED. ☜

THE

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK,

F. S. Winston, President,

Furnishes Insurance Combining the Advantages Offered by all Other Companies, with Unequaled Financial Security.

Office, Broadway, and Liberty Street New York.

ASSETS,

OVER $25,000,000 IN CASH.

RICHARD A. McCURDY Vice-President.

JOHN M. STUART, Secretary. — SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.
F. SCHROEDER, Ass't Secretary. — LEWIS C. LAWTON, Ass't Actuary.

Applications for Insurance or for Agencies may be made to the following

GENERAL AGENTS.

F. RATCHFORD STARR, General Agent for Pennsylvania and Delaware, 406 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. B. MERRELL, General Agent for

HOW TO OBTAIN A

GENUINE WALTHAM WATCH

AT THE

LOWEST PRICES,

AND WITHOUT ANY RISK WHATEVER.

First—Send for our descriptive price-list, which explains all the different kinds, tells the weight and quality of the cases, and gives prices of each.

Next—Make a selection and send us your order, being sure to give name and address in full.

We will then send the Watch by express, with bill to collect on delivery, and instruct the express company to allow you to open the package and examine the Watch. And if satisfactory, you can pay for it, and take the Watch; but if not it can be returned at our expense. And should the Watch be taken, and afterward not perform well, we will exchange it, or refund the money.

LOOK AT THE PRICES!

Silver Hunting Watches	$18 00
Gold Hunting Watches, 18 karat cases	80 00
Gold Hunting Watches, ladies' size	70 00

Every Watch is warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Several valuable improvements have been made in all the Watches manufactured at Waltham since the 1st of September, and purchasers will do well to select those made since that time, the full particulars of which will be found in our price-list.

Please state that you saw this in THE INDEPENDENT.

Address, in full,

HOWARD & CO.,

No. 619 Broadway, New York.

SHALER'S FAMILY SCALES

Are indispensable to the Housewife.

Three sizes are now offered, weighing 12 lbs., 25 lbs., and 50 lbs. AGENTS AND THOROUGH CANVASSERS are finding profitable employment. More agents are wanted. Send for Pamphlet, containing descriptive price-list, etc.

ALVAH BUSHNELL, General Agent,
No. 22 Courtlandt street, New York.

OTIS

SAFETY HOISTING MACHINERY.

OTIS BROS. & CO.,
No. 309 Broadway, New York.

C. O. D.—READER, IF YOU want to buy a genuine Waltham Watch, in solid gold and silver cases only, and do not want to be swindled by dealers in spurious watches, procure a circular (sent free), containing valuable information in watch-buyers.

M. E. CHAPMAN & CO., 47 Liberty st., N. Y.

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS IN GOLD $1,350,000.

DIRECTORS IN NEW YORK.

LOUIS McLANE, Esq., Pres't. WELLS, FARGO & Co.
J. LEES, Esq., of LEES & WALLER.
FREDERICK BILLINGS, Esq.
WILLIAM T. COLEMAN, Esq.
J. C. KELLOGG, Esq.
MOSES ELLIS, Esq., Boston.

Stockholders of this Company are individually liable for its debts, in addition to which $350,000 will be held in the State of New York for the security of Policyholders.

FRAME, HARE & LOCKWOOD,

GENERAL AGENTS.

No. 202 Broadway.

Financial & Commercial.

TAXING THE GOVERNMENT BONDS.

In a previous issue we showed the technical fraud of the Democratic party in proposing, as it does by its platform, to pay the Five-twenty bonds in greenbacks. We now charge upon it an equal fraud in reference to the question of *taxing the Government bonds.* On this subject the Democratic Convention adopted the following principle: "Equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, including *Government bonds* and other public securities." This commits the party to the taxation of Government bonds.

These bonds, if taxed at all, must be so taxed by the states, or by the United States, or by both. Will these Democratic financiers please to inform us as to *which* of these authorities shall impose the tax? Shall it be done by state authority? Then we beg leave to tell them that the law under which these bonds were issued exempts them from all such taxation, and that by the Constitution of the United States this statute is the supreme law of the land. Would they have the states violate the law, contrary to the Constitution, or do they propose to repeal the law in the event of their coming into power? If the former, then where is their pretended love for the Constitution? If the latter, then they mean to perpetrate an act of rascality against the creditors of the Government, by changing the terms of the stipulation between the contracting parties after the contract is finished. These financial Solons know, or at least ought to know, that the Supreme Court of the United States has expressly decided that all taxation of Government securities by state authority is unconstitutional. It is inconsistent, as the court held, with the power of Congress "to borrow money on the credit of the United States." The states, if having the power to tax national securities, might so exercise the power as utterly to destroy the credit of the Government. The Supreme Court has, hence, by three distinct decisions, denied the existence of any such power in the states. This would seem to be the end of the question so far as state taxation is concerned.

Shall the United States impose a tax upon its own bonds?

The Government entered the market as a *borrower* upon its credit for capacity and integrity. The people lent their money upon this basis. The borrowing and the lending being a completed transaction on both sides, then the moral relations between the parties are simply those of *debtor* and *creditor.* Now, can the Government, being the debtor, so exercise its governmental powers as to come in conflict with its duties *as a debtor?* Can it impair the rights and interests of the creditor in its own obligations? Plainly not, except by an act of *fraud.* If it may tax its own obligations one per cent., or ten per cent., it may then tax them fifty per cent., or the whole amount. If it may tax the interest at all, it may make the tax so large as to cover the whole interest. The principle is the same whether the tax be large or small. It is simply the principle of *repudiation,* disguised under the name of taxation. The fact that the debtor is a government, and therefore *can* do by force what a common debtor cannot do, confers no rights and admits of no procedure different from an ordinary debt. Knavery is knavery, whether it be that of a single individual or a whole people. What moral right has the Government, more than an individual, to say to the creditor: "I will pay you the interest on my bonds *minus* ten per cent. on the amount?" None whatever. What right has it to depreciate the value of these bonds to the creditor by imposing a tax upon its own securities? None whatever. If it meant to do any such thing, it was bound to notify the lender of the fact at the time of borrowing the money, that he might duly take this circumstance into the account, and judge accordingly.

We suggest, moreover, whether the thing proposed by the Democratic party be not as unconstitutional as it is palpably dishonest. To our understanding, this proposed taxation falls under the head of a "*direct tax*"; and, if we remember correctly, the Constitution expressly says that "*direct* taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this Union, according to their respective *numbers*" [*i.e.*, census numbers] "and that "no capitation or *other* direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken." Here is a good point for Democratic lawyers to look at, when they come to draw up their bill for taxing the Government bonds. They will want a census and an apportionment "among the several states;" or they will be attempting to do what the Constitution says that Congress shall not do.

The financial policy of the Democratic party, as set down in its platform, is simply Pendletonian *repudiation.* Mr. Pendleton, though failing to get the nomination, really made the platform, and Horatio Seymour stands upon it. Such a party—disloyal in the day of military struggle, and now proving itself false to the principles of common honesty in the day of finance—cannot be safely trusted with the administration of the Government.

MONEY MARKET.

Our money market has undergone a convulsion the past week that was as unlooked for as the earthquake in San Francisco, and which proved a good deal more destructive and costly, in a financial sense. The earthquake could neither be foreseen nor prevented; but the financial convulsion, which has caused so much confusion, was anticipated by a few, and could and ought to have been prevented. It is the duty of our banking institutions, and of the Treasury Department, to prevent the occurrence of such disastrous spasms of the money market as have within the past three years, at different times, produced so much mischief. It is very well known to all intelligent merchants and bankers that in the fall of the year the money that accumulates at this financial center during the summer season, and causes the rate of interest to rule very low, by the inevitable laws of trade, is redistributed to the South and West, to pay for the great staple crops—the wheat crop, the corn crop, the cotton crop, and the "hog crop." But this redistribution of currency takes place so gradually, and so much of it immediately begins to flow back again, that, beyond the rise in the rate of interest, and a slight stringency in making loans, very little inconvenience would naturally be experienced. But, two years ago a well-known banking-house, whose friends were short of stocks, conceived the strange idea of creating a money panic, such as used frequently to happen in the palmy days of our safety-fund bank system, and thereby causing a stampede on the Stock Exchange. The conspiracy succeeded perfectly. By borrowing some eight or ten millions of currency, and suddenly abstracting the amount from the bank-vaults, they produced a panic which they turned to their own advantage. It was said at the time that the unscrupulous engineers of this nefarious scheme were aided by the operations of the Treasury Department, which had been duped by them. But no facts have been made known to substantiate the charge. It had been rumored in Broad Street for a week or two past that another "lock-up" of greenbacks was to take place; but very few believed in it until, on Monday week, the actual tightness of the money market began to be felt, and the panic began to spread among the weak speculators in railroad shares. What the precise facts in respect to this last lock-up of greenbacks are we are not prepared to say; but the general belief is that two bear houses of stock-brokers, procured loans of some ten millions of dollars, and withdrew that amount from circulation, and the consequence was the usual "stampede," and the accompanying stringency of money. Rates of loans advanced to full 7 per cent., and in many instances a commission of ¼ to ½ per cent. a day was paid. The great rise which had suddenly taken place in certain stocks was followed by a corresponding fall; while most of the permanent investment stocks remained firm, or only declined a trifle.

It has been stated in certain papers that this time the lock-up of greenbacks was mainly for political effect—to counteract the influences of the elections in Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Nebraska. But to those who have been injured or ruined by the operation it matters little what the motive was which caused it. The effect will be to check speculations on the street, and diminish and render operators timid, and diminish business, to depreciate our national securities, and create feelings of anxiety and bitterness, which cannot be otherwise than disastrous to the business interests of the country. The banks might easily prevent such conspiracies by refusing loans in cases where they had reason to suspect the motives of borrowers; or, at least, to prevent the results which are aimed at, by boldly drawing upon their reserve and exposing the operators for a panic.

The bank statement for the week ending on Saturday last does not exhibit any changes which justify the reports of a lock-up of greenbacks; but we know that the bank statement is never trustworthy as an indication of the actual condition of the banks when it appears. The changes which it shows for the past week do not justify any great advance in the rates of interest, nor anything like a panic. The banks gain $366,000 on their specie averages, and lose $1,915,000 in greenbacks. Their loans are down $1,665,000, and their general deposit line $2,827,000.

The actual condition of the banks, as compared with last week, are as follows:

	Oct. 17.	Oct. 24.
Loans	$291,644,125	$289,979,133
Specie	9,146,620	9,358,593
Circulation	54,278,018	54,196,908
Deposits	188,883,368	186,055,847
Legal-tenders	58,623,857	56,711,494

There is certainly no cause for alarm in such a statement as this; and, as the brokers were beginning to get accustomed to an active 7 per cent. market, stocks showed a strong tendency upward again, until, on Friday and Saturday, the whole market sympathized with the downward movement in Erie. Enormous sales of this speculative stock were made at fluctuating prices, on rumors of another issue of new stock; until it fell to 39, and bets were made that it would go to 35. The Northwest stocks were weak, and Fort Wayne, Toledo, Wabash and Western, Michigan Southern, Pittsburgh, and Reading all lost their late rise; and the miscellaneous stocks exhibited a drooping tendency, Mariposa Preferred maintaining itself better than anything in the whole list. New York Central, which is probably more heavily oversold than any other stock, remains steady in the neighborhood of 127. On Monday the tightness in money continued, and the whole list of stocks underwent another fall, Erie selling at 38 and New York Central at 124. The pressure among borrowers was very severe.

For the present things look blueish on the Stock Exchange, and it will take some time to recover from the scare of the past week; but after the election we may look for a revival of a speculative spirit.

Gold has steadily declined to 134; and the sure payment of twenty-three millions next month by the Treasury will be likely to prevent a rise immediately. The Government has finished its sales of three millions; and, as it is in no need of more currency, it will not probably sell any more gold for some time.

DRY GOODS.

The dry goods market for the past week has been languid, unsettled, and unsatisfactory. The sudden stringency in the money market had something to do with this state of things; but political causes, particularly as they affect the Southern trade, had more. And it is a very hopeful sign that it is so. The truth of the matter is that no class of our busy people are so directly interested in the immediate settlement of our political difficulties, and in the peaceable reconstruction of the Southern States, as our cotton and woolen manufacturers and dry goods dealers. They, above all other classes, should most devoutly echo the aspiration of General Grant, "Let us have peace," and, by giving their votes for him, help to secure that great blessing. People must always eat, and they cannot eat the same thing twice. But they can continue to wear their old garments, and patch and mend, as they will do in times of trouble; for it is only when they are prosperous that they will buy freely and accumulate superfluous clothing. If there is a single dry goods dealer in New York—whether importer, jobber, commission merchant, or retailer—who hesitates to give the Republican ticket his hearty support, he acts strangely in opposition to his interests as a business man. Most of the Western buyers have gone home to vote, and the rest will doubtless follow this week. We do not, therefore, look for any improvement until after the election; when there will, beyond a question, be something of a revival.

Domestic cotton goods have been very quiet, and no material changes since last week are to be noted. The transactions in brown goods have been very limited, and prices remain steady. Bleached shirtings and sheetings are not usually in active demand at this season of the year, and they are less so than usual now; but prices are unchanged.

Prints have been reduced about half a cent a yard for Spragues and Dunnels; but new styles adapted to the season maintain full prices, though the demand is but moderate.

Woolens of all kinds are inactive, except for very choice styles of overcoatings and fancy cassimeres for city trade. The clothiers have not yet come into the market to make purchases for their next season's business.

The sales of blankets and flannels are very limited, and confined mostly to single packages, to make up assortments.

Foreign fabrics are in very moderate demand, and importations during the past fortnight have very sensibly decreased. But there is a fair demand for choice styles of winter goods for the city trade—such as silks, delaines, merinos, and millinery articles.

The auction-rooms have been largely supplied; but the competition has not been lively, though the sales have been well attended.

The fall in gold has had an effect to unsettle prices and cause a hesitation among buyers.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—The business in Western and State Flour the past week has been only to a moderate extent, and the sales have been indeed very unsatisfactory. The low and medium grades have been offered more freely, and have declined under more liberal receipts, a large stock, and decline in gold. Family brands, however, have been comparatively firm, though no higher, closing unsettled, and prices tending downward for all grades. California Flour has been pressed on the market. Old has declined; but New is no lower, closing heavy. Southern Flour has been in fair demand and has varied but little. Good Extras sold more freely and ruled steady, closing heavy and dull. Rye Flour has been freely offered and has declined, closing tame. Corn Meal has been in moderate demand at lower prices. In Wheat we have had but a moderate trade; and, with unfavorable news from Europe, larger receipts, and a decline in gold, prices fell off and the market was unsettled, closing heavy and again lower. Barley has been in fair demand but at lower prices. Barley Malt, too, has declined and is fairly active. Oats have fluctuated, have arrived more freely, and have been active, closing heavy. Corn has been in fair demand, but at variable prices. The changeable news from Europe, the variations in freights and in gold, gave buyers the advantage, and the market closes heavy.

BUILDING MATERIALS.—Our market for all articles coming under this heading presents no new feature from last writing. The business has been to a moderate extent.

COFFEE.—There has been a good steady demand for Brazil Coffee from the jobbing trade; and, though the stock is kept up to about the previous aggregate by the arrivals, importers exhibit much confidence, prices closing strong on all grades. Java has become concentrated into the hands of one jobbing-house, and is held higher. West India grades quiet but firm. We quote fair to good Rio, in bond, at 9@11 cts.; extreme cargo Rio, duty paid, 13@17½ cts.; range for lots of Java, 23½@24 cts.; Maracaibo, 14½@16½ cts.; and Laguayra, 14½@16 cts.—all gold.

COTTON.—The variations in value during the past week have been moderate, and all confined within a range of ⅛@¼ ct. per lb., the supplies and demand about balancing. Spinners buy to operated freely, and we note a decided improvement in the demand for export, further stimulated at the present writing by the favorable Liverpool news. Advices from the South report continued heavy receipts at the ports, and a disposition on the part of planters to hurry stock forward as rapidly as possible; while from all parts of the country we hear of fine weather, and the crops being secured in better condition than was lately anticipated. In some quarters the estimates of this year's crop are increasing. At the close our market is active and firm at 35¾ for Middling Uplands, to 35¾@36 for do New Orleans and Texas.

HAY.—Early in the week the market was lower and heavy under larger receipts; but ere the close, owing to a falling off in them, a firmer feeling and a good demand prevailed.

HOPS.—The market for all grades has been quite active, the demand being chiefly for consumption. Prices have ruled quite firm, but show no change.

MOLASSES.—The market is extremely dull for all classes of goods, buyers refusing to operate except to supply immediate wants. Holders generally remain firm, however, and the stocks are not pressed for sale. We quote Cuba Centrifugal at 37@40 cts., do. Clayed 40@43 cts., do Muscovado 42@55 cts., Porto Rico 48@70 cts., and English Island 48@58 cts.

PETROLEUM.—Crude, in bulk, has advanced, and has been in good demand, closing firm. Refined, in bond, has also improved both in price and demand, and the market closes firm.

PROVISIONS.—There has been great activity and much excitement in the Pork market during the past week, the lateness of the season and the stringency in the money market making holders anxious to realise and bringing the bulk of the supplies on sale. The disposition to "unload" has, of course, given buyers all the advantage, and we note a decline of plump $1 50 per barrel. From this there is a slight recovery at the close, owing to a demand to cover "short" contracts; but not much strength noticeable. The consumptive demand has been fair, though the stock is not decreasing with the rapidity of the early portion of the month. We quote Old Mess at $27 50@$27 62½, New Mess $27 40@$27 45, Prime $23 50, Extra Prime $24@$24 50, Prime Mess $27 75@$28, City Mess $30 50@$31, and Clear $32. The most important sale for future delivery is a lot of *new* Western Prime Mess for November at $22 50. Beef is extremely dull on all grades, and quoted only nominally at $10@$13 for Plain Mess and $13 50@$22 50 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef is without market value at the moment. Beef Hams have been in very fair demand, and are steady at $32 50@$33 for New Crop. Cut Meats have become very dull; and, holders feeling anxious to sell, prices are lower, closing heavy at 11½@11¾ cts. for Shoulders, and 12@12¼ cts. for Hams in dry salt. Bacon is merely nominal in the absence of all business. We quote at about 14 cts. for Cumberland, 15 cts. for Short Rib, and 15¾ cts. for Short Clear. Lard for January delivery Cumberlands can be bought at 11½ cts. Lard has met with no demand, and a few large parcels forced off have run the market down 2½ cts. per pound, closing dull and heavy, with more sellers than buyers. We quote at 16 cts. for No. 1, 16½ cts. for City, 16¾@17¼ cts. for Steam and Kettle Rendered. The latest sales for future delivery were at 15¼ cts. for December and 14½ cts. for January.

RICE.—East India is dull at 9@9¼ cts., and in bond 8¾@8¾ cts., gold. California is very good jobbing demand at full prices, the small supply giving sellers the advantage. We quote at 9¼@9¾ cts.

SUGARS.—Raw Sugars were very dull during the early portion of the week, and somewhat inclined toward a lower range. Latterly, however, the reports of serious disturbances in the Island of Cuba has drawn out an active speculative demand, and caused much excitement in the market—many holders have entirely withdrawn their samples, and refuse to offer until further advices are received. Prices advanced, and closed firm at 11¼@11¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 11¾@12¾ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 12¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined are quiet at 15¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed, 14¾@14¾ cts. for Soft White, 13¾@14 cts. for Yellow, and 14¼ cts. for Extra C.

WOOL.—There has been more activity in our market for Domestic Fleeces the past week. The demand being principally from manufacturers, prices have ruled firm, but show no particular change. The decline in gold and the dullness in the goods market checks business.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 26, 1868.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W.	13½	Amoskeag	13
Merrimack, D.	13½	Lowell	11
Cocheco, L.	13½	Wamsutta	9
Sprague	13½	Victory	10½
Pacific	12½	Wauregan	10½
American	12½	Arnold	12½
Dunnells	12½	Hamilton	12½
Allens	12½	Richmond	12½
Manchester	12½	Gloucester	12½
Freemans	11½	Mourning	11½
Berge	10½	Lancaster	12½
Nanaus	10¼	Oriental	12½

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	16	Hartford	12½
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	13½
Caledonia	13	Glasgow	15

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14	Pocasset,	14
Lawrence, C	14	" F	13½
" G	14	Pepperell, E	14½
" J	13	" I	13½
" M	13	" K	12½
Bates	14½	" O	11½
Pacific, Extra	14½	" P	10½
" L	14½	" R	9½
" E	13½	" S	8½
Atlantic, A	14½	" T	7½
" H	13½	Boot, S	13½
" D	13	" O	12
" N	13½	" R	11
Superior IXL	14	Appleton, A	14½
Pilasville, C	14	Lacoln H	14
" G	13	" E	13
Agawam, F	14	" B	12
Stark, A	16	" C	11
Manchester	14	Lyman, E	14
" Bl	14	" C	13
" E	13½	" D	12
Indian Head	14	Utica	10
"	13	Tremont, A	14
Exeter, A	14	Indus' Orchard, A	13
" S	12½	" C	13½
Medford	14½	" B	12½
Augusta	14	" W	11½
"	13	Great Falls, H	13½
Gilboa	14	" E	12½
Pittsfield, A	14	" B	11
Kensing	13½	" M	14
Everett, AA	14	Cabot, A	14½
Shannon	14	" X	11
Bedford, R	13½	Dwight, A	14½
Conesto Co, E	9½	" X	11

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

New York Mills	25	Dwight	18
Wamsutta	22½	Ballou & Son	14½
"	20	"	12½
Tuscarora	20	Lonsdale	14
Williamsville	20	" Cambric	17
Bates	18½	Hill	12
White Rock	17	"	10
Forestdale	16	Bartlett	15½
Indian River, XX	15½	" 36-inch	14
" X	14	" 30-inch	13
Attawaugan, XX	13½	James' St'm Mills	14
" X	13	" 36-inch	14½
Masonville	17	" 31-inch	13
Blackstone	14	Great Falls, J	11½
Hope	14½	" K	10½
Langdon	14	" L	13½
" 42-inch	15	" Q	11
" 40-inch	13	Red Bank	14
Waureegan	14	Waltham, X	15½
Pepperell	10	" 42-inch	15½
"	9½	" 40-inch	14
"	8½	"	9½
"	7½	"	10½
Utica	7½	Franklin M'f'g Co	14½
"	14½	Bay Mills	14
"	12½	Pittsfield	11
"	10½	"	9½
Boot, H	14½	Green, G	14½
" E	11½	Pittsfield, A	13½
"	13	" Z	11½
Androscoggin	14½	Whitesville	14½
Canoe	8¾	"	12½

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	20	Otis Company, CC	18
"	20	" BB	23
Blue Hill	15	" AA	27
Oakland	20	Warren Brown	18½
Working Man's	25	Lewiston, B own	23½
Union	17	Columbian	20

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	23	Whittenton, A	20
York	23½	"	17
Uncasville	15½	" C	15
American	15	Eagle	11
Hamilton	15½	Thorndike	22
Everett	15		

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	9¾	Thorndike	17
York, 36-inch	11½	Methuen, AA	20
Amoskeag, A. C. A	12	Hamilton, Regular	23
" A	10	Wilbor Frocs	20
" F	9	Everett	20
" D	19	" Extra	23
Conestoco 4-4	15½	Hampden, CC	20
" Extra	9	Pearl River	20
Swift River	17	Pittsfield	10

CORSET JEANS.

Ameskeag	13½	Pepperell	15
Laconia	14	Bates	10½
Naumkeag Satteens	16	Indian Orchard	12½
New Market	13½	Everett	14

BROWN DRILLS.

Ameskeag	18	Appleton	18
Pepperell	18	Tremont	16
Laconia	18	Augusta	15
Stark, A	18	Wintrop	14½

DELAINES.

Pacific	20	Lowell	20
Hamilton	18–20	Sprague	18
Manchester	18–21	Armures	21

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	50	Ellerton	17½
Laconia	25	"	12½
Pemberton, C	30	Amoskeag	24
" A	28	Nashua	18

I. R. TERRY,

NO. 409 BROADWAY, AND NO. 19 UNION SQUARE

Importer, Manufacturer, and Dealer in

HATS AND FURS,

for Gents', Youth's, Ladies', Misses', and Children's wear, in every variety, style and quality unsurpassed.

☞ A liberal discount to clergymen.

BOYNTON'S CELEBRATED FURNACES,

FOR WARMING DWELLINGS, CHURCHES, ETC.

FORTY-EIGHT SIZES AND PATTERNS, BRICK AND PORTABLE, FOR COAL AND WOOD. ALSO FIRE-PLACE AND PARLOR HEATERS; RANGES AND KITCHENERS; PARLOR, OFFICE, COOK, AND LAUNDRY STOVES.

RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO., Manufacturers,
No. 234 Water st., New York.

Send for circulars.

New Patent Base-Burning FIRE-PLACE HEATER.

THE "IMPERIAL."

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

BURTIS & SANDERS,

235 Water Street, N. Y.

MAGEE'S

E-L-E-V-A-T-E-D O-V-E-N

RANGES.

B-R-I-C-K A-N-D P-O-R-T-A-B-L-E

FURNACES.

J. W. LANE & CO., Sole Agents,
No. 344 Water st.,
Send for Circular. New York.

THE

"WEBER" PIANO-FORTE

IS RECOMMENDED BY THE MUSICAL PROFESSION,

by the Press, and by the Conservatories of Music of New York and Brooklyn as the

Best Piano-Forte Manufactured.

Warerooms No. 429 Broome street, New York.

Barlow Stevens,

Manufacturer and Commission Merchant in

Floor Oil-Cloths, all widths.

Splendid assortment for Fall Trade.

Nos. 28 and 30 Reade Street, N. Y.

"BERRIAN" HOUSE-FURNISHING HARDWARE,

CUTLERY, TEA-TRAYS, PLATED WARE, FIRE IRONS, FENDERS, COAL-VASES, SCUTTLES, PLATE-WARMERS, Etc.

COOKING UTENSILS in greatest variety, at lowest prices. LEWIS & CONGER, No. 601 Broadway.

HARMONY Manufactured in this 25 VERY DEEP MANNER of White Material WHITE LEAD.

BANNER WORKS. GENUINE Pearl White Lead

F. W. & G. F. LEGGETT & CO.,

Manufacturers, Importers, and Dealers in WHITE LEAD, ZINC, GLUE, and COLORS, 301 Pearl st., N.Y.

☞ Special Quotations furnished on application.

SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST IN GOLD.

PRINCIPAL ALSO PAYABLE IN GOLD.

THE Rockford, Rock Island, and St. Louis Railroad Company offer a limited amount of their First Mortgage Coupon Bonds at 97½ and accrued interest in currency.

These bonds pay seven per cent. interest—Feb. 1. and Aug. 1—in gold coin, *free of Government tax.* The principal is also payable in gold. They have fifty years to run, and are convertible into stock at the option of the holder. A sinking-fund is provided sufficient to pay off the whole mortgage at maturity.

Each bond is for $1,000, or £200 sterling. Interest is payable in New York or London, at the option of the holder.

These bonds are amply secured, being a first and only lien upon 400 miles of railroad equal in intrinsic value to any line of similar length in the state; upon the Company's franchises, rolling-stock, and other property; and upon all its coal-lands, of which it has 20,000 acres, estimated to contain A HUNDRED MILLION TONS OF COAL. These lands, on the completion of the railroad through them, will be of incalculable value, whether considered as to their intrinsic worth or as a source of business and profit to the Company.

The cost of the line, thoroughly built and equipped, including the cost of all coal-lands, will be about $17,500,000, or $43,750 per mile.

To meet this expenditure the Company have a stock subscription of $6,300,000; additional subscription pledged, and which will undoubtedly be made and duly paid in, $2,500,000; making a total of $8,625,000. Less, expended on the line for labor and materials, $2,150,000; leaving unexpended stock subscription, $6,650,000.

The whole amount of bonds to be issued will not exceed $8,500,000.

The earnings of the line will probably be three-fold what is required to pay interest on the bonds. The road passes through the finest district of Illinois; and both its local and through business will be very great.

Of the entire line, 175 miles are now graded, and the work is proceeding rapidly and successfully. A large quantity of rails has been contracted for, to be laid early in the Spring.

The iron is being laid on the first division, giving an outlet to the coal; and this division will be in full operation by January 1st, 1869.

The Trustee for the bondholders is the UNION TRUST COMPANY of New York.

At the present price of gold, the bonds pay an income of over 10 per cent. in currency.

GOVERNMENT AND OTHER SECURITIES received in payment at market rates.

Circulars giving full particulars may be had at the office.

For sale at the office of the Company, 19 Wall Street.

H. H. BOODY, Treasurer.

THE

ESTEY ORGANS.

J. Estey & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.,

MANUFACTURERS.

The thoughtful and economical buyers of Organs for home use, as well as for the church and Sabbath-school, are respectfully invited to examine our stock, which, for quality and quantity of tone, we believe to be unsurpassed.

PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS.

That we have invented and adopted more REAL and valuable improvements in Reed Instruments than any other house in the country is evidenced by the fact that other prominent establishments, after vainly endeavoring to depreciate them, have been driven to copy them, and, when not successful in evading the patent right, to use our patent and pay a royalty.

The Patent Vox Humana Tremolo.

This most beautiful of all improvements in reed instruments was introduced by us three years ago, and has attained an unparalleled success.

The Patent Manual Sub-Bass AND Harmonic Attachment

are improvements of great value.

The Patent Vox Jubilante

is a new and beautiful stop, peculiar to the ESTEY ORGANS

A large variety of beautiful styles, adapted to all requirements and tastes.

Send for illustrated catalogues.

Every Instrument warranted for five years.

WHOLESALE WAREROOMS: 417 Broome street, New York; 18 North Seventh street, Philadelphia; 47 Dearborn street, Chicago; 205 North Fourth street, St. Louis.

New Pictures, Series Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5. 12 Scenes in each series.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

New Picture for the Zoetrope—Single Strip.

THE PROGRESS OF THE GRECIAN BEND. A FASHIONABLE LADY TURNS INTO A CAMEL. Sent by mail for 25 cents.

MILTON, BRADLEY & CO.,

Patentees and Publishers,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

NOW READY,

THE NEW MUSIC BOOK,

THE TONART.

F. J. HUNTINGTON & CO.,

429 BROOME STREET, N. Y.,

this day publish the above book. NEW, FRESH, the latest of the season.

PRICE: $1 50 RETAIL; $13 50 PER DOZEN

POPULAR, PRACTICAL, EARLY. It has that which the musician will delight to study. It is appropriate to the house of God. It is ALL PART-SONG DEPARTMENT select and nicely chosen, choice compositions expressly for it; also English and German, new and of the highest merits. Metrical portion full and complete. Anthems, opening and closing pieces far superior. It is believed, to that of any collection ever published. Last, its binding is substantial beyond most books of its kind. In a word, its getting up is only exceeded by the attractiveness of its unrivaled Music.

CRAFTSMENS' LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

214 & 216 Broadway, New York.

Energetic and responsible men, who can devote their time to the business, can now secure the agency of the above-named company.

No company has ever before been organized upon a basis so enterprising and liberal, so equitable in its provisions for the benefit of the assured; and with such extended influence and prospects of large and immediate success.

Address, with reference, Box 6795, Post-office, New York City.

WEDDING CARDS, NOTE PAPERS, MONOGRAMS, etc.,

AT

WM. EVERDELL'S SONS,

194 FULTON STREET, N. Y.

A PRETTY PRESENT.

Any boy or girl who will send us a nice short letter, with a postage stamp, shall receive a sample copy of the *Riverside Magazine* for Young People free. The subscription-price is $2 50 per year. Hans Andersen now writes for it. Send to

HURD & HOUGHTON, Publishers,

459 Broome street, New York.

LADY HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

A Gentleman of this city desires to obtain the services of a Lady to superintend the domestic affairs of his family of four children and servants. She must be an Evangelical Christian, of refined manners, and a good housekeeper. To such an one a position of social respectability and a satisfactory compensation will be given. Address WM. CURTIS, Box No. 3701 New York Post-office.

THE GREAT PACIFIC R.R.

—receiving the aid and supervision of the Government, and carried forward by the extraordinary resources and energy of the powerful Corporations to whom it was entrusted—is rapidly approaching completion, and it is safe to say that NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO WILL BE CONNECTED BY RAIL BY THE

FOURTH OF JULY NEXT.

More than two-thirds of the Through Line and Branches between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean are constructed, at a cost of nearly

ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS,

and the remainder is being pushed forward with unparalleled vigor. The

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.,

to whom belongs the Western and Principal Portion of the Main-Stem Line, receive from the United States Government:

I. The right of way through the Territories, with the use of timber and materials along the route.

II. An absolute grant of twenty sections per mile (12,800 acres) of the PUBLIC LANDS on the line, the minimum value of which is now fixed at $2 50 per acre.

III. A special issue of U. S. Six per cent. Bonds, at the average rate of $35,000 per mile, delivered as the work progresses; which the Company are allowed to repay within thirty years, mainly by transportation services.

IV. Authority to issue their own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount, having the preferred lien—superior to that of the Government.

V. It receives, in addition, donations and subsidies from the State and Cities of California, amounting to more than $9,000,000 in gold:

Or an aggregate of Cash Resources for construction of MORE THAN SIXTY MILLIONS UPON 725 MILES, independent of the ten millions of acres of public lands, and further subscriptions to the Capital Stock. The early completion of the enterprise is, therefore, beyond all doubt.

This Company have already carried their road successfully across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and are rapidly extending the track across the Salt Lake Plains, and have already a valuable way-traffic thereon. Besides a mileage upon all through business, this road, having the best lands for settlement, the most productive mines, the nearest markets, and being exempt from competition, will always command large revenues. The net earnings upon the completed portion are more than double the total annual interest liabilities to be assumed thereupon.

The undersigned offer for sale, and recommend to investors, the

FIRST MORTGAGE 30-YEAR GOLD BONDS

OF THE

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.,

bearing six per cent. per annum interest, both principal and interest payable in "UNITED STATES GOLD COIN." These bonds are the first lien upon one of the most productive and valuable railroad lines in the world—a line which will be finished within twelve months, and which is already earning, after paying operating expenses, more than twice the annual charge of its bonded debt. They are already widely known and esteemed in this country and Europe, and it is believed the remainder of the loan will speedily be taken.

A limited amount will be disposed of at

103 per cent., and Accrued Interest, in Currency.

The bonds are of $1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, payable in July and January.

The Company reserve the right to advance the price at